

Hardcore

BBY KODIE

I'm so sick and tired of worrying about rent
I need the bag pockets filled with lint
Dirty ho's bad looking like Flint
I cannot act bitch I'm not Clint
Walk out the house smelling like mint
These niggas lame shout out Clark Kent
These niggas lame really what I meant
These niggas stain shall I repent
Thank you God for this new tint
Now I got a house to put the coupe in
Maison Margiela what I hoop in
Jodeci flow put the hoop in
You saving these ho's finna swoop in
This new CT costs \$210, 000
You can't keep up how much I spend
Kapital draws cost be a band
Heard your bitch text me again
As soon as you left that shit send
Close my eyes before I get in
Spent me too much on this Benz
I don't even got no close friends
Back in the days playing dead end
Remember them days had torn pants
Remember my brother used to keep cans
Traded them in trying to get bands
I remember he came in with his mans
And they both started throwing up hands
And I ain't even know what that meant
But I had to look down and keep playing
And act like I didn't see shit
Ever since that day I wouldn't snitch
I wouldn't talk shit like no little bitch
The shit I said just be a little slick
And they used to say I talk too quick
And that's how I talk my little shit