

Don't Panic

BiC Fizzle

I can put your ho in first class like I'm Jack
Haha, keep that just like that
I'm goin' straight in

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I done seen so many hollows, the clip broke on the mag'
It done been so many times I gave knowin' they ain't give back
Like a tornado, every time they spin, know we spinnin' back
Let my niggas know hard times don't-
Like my nigga told me, he was fucked up and I felt him 'bout the crash
'Cause that's the same way I felt when I was fucked up on my ass
Ain't no advice, you livin' life, you gotta get it how you live

Make sure I get a check first 'cause she gon' fuck me just because how much
a nigga net worth
Still in the trenches, I don't know too much on how the 'net work
I don't like niggas, never did, I'm antisocial like I'm Squidward
Got my oldest, SpongeBob, 'cause I'm a big dog like Clifford, ayy
Took the silence off 'cause shorty would've riddled me
I run with pitbulls, don't make me send a kennel, ayy
I mean mob 'dem, don't make me send the Klan
Mama stay tuned to listen, that's what made your boy a man, look
Sticky situations, everybody changin', I know
You gotta Fizzle, but who got you when it's rainin' there?
About don dada, leave the whole city stained
Guess what? And 'bout lil' Jizzle, it's the same damn thing, yup
Soon as they paint me like a rapper, that's they grave
Okay, you can't compare me to them boys, we not the same
And I keep a dirty weapon, no one in the brain
Stashin' dirty Dracs, I take the wood off, it shoot the same
Look, abusing drugs, just threw it back, I don't even know the name
Raided the country 'round drunkies, I got perfect aim
And God that got me to this fast lane
I don't get even, I get over, Klan gon' play the first game

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I told lil' shorty, "Let's be cool, ain't tryna really be rude"
But she know I been tryna get to her since middle school
I won't do relations, ain't gon' lie, I'd fuck over you
But I'm a hustler, every hustler need a women to come home to
Fuck that, straight from the bottom, right out the trenches
Keep a throwaway, steady runnin' through that same city
I don't feel pain, drug user, I'm feelin' like Winnie, purple cup fuck my ki
dney
But what a hell of a feeling, ayy
Don't panic, uh
Two bitches, one me, romantic
I done bossed up, no, they can't stand me
Plus I pass first, plus I need a Grammy

Rest in peace to my granny

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