Cobwebs

BLP KOSHER

Why can't be friends cause you did me wrong and I hate all my thoughts about you
Why can't we be friends cause you did me wrong and I hate all my songs about you
There she goes again imma grab my pen
I fell in love with ending shit I'm burning up, my friend
Blame it on the meds or blame it on my ex
I walked into that lil web and saw her looked like she was dead

And I'll find the dot all the stars aligning keep dissing on the dead till we intertwine
Rich opps in my cup you can hear em whining Rollie ain't even set on the right time
You don't give 2 fucks but the chop sound double F
I was toting 9 clubs now I stay at SLS
Mob ties in the field no JMF 22 jump the whole street like my name is Jeff
Lucy in the sky like diamonds
Prima donna girl like Marina And The Diamonds
Locked down in the yo transcribing did my first charity now I'm a keep rhyming
Imma let the llama rip like a old pet fat Glock make em hit notes but I don't know frets
Fuck Cracka sent the lo and I'm like bet cause I'll pull a bitch card but I don't Jwett
I had a speech impediment but now I spit bars
Smoking dead fuck Crackas I spit tar
If it's smoke get up close but not the cigar cause I know straight killers who flip cars
She used to work at the five guys and her body count was like five guys
I bought a chop with and extended clip oh yah the Glock batti and I take pride
Them boys flaggin right before my eyes beat a Cracka ass like I'm John wai
And even though my life like a movie, people still jealous so I take 5
Take his jewelry with that 47 every kiss begins with K
But I go to icebox big diamond dreidel and they made it out of clay

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