

# Fatality

CalBoy

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CalBoy, the Wildboy  
808 Apes  
Win the game, yeah

I'm just popping a Xannie and it's all week  
I think I'm addicted and I'm sorry (Addicted and I'm sorry)  
I know I had some issues, that was always  
I don't know how I'ma fix 'em, I'm so sorry (How I'ma fix 'em)  
Sometimes, I can hear my phone and they just calling me (Calling)  
Anxiety, it hit me so hard, I'm so sorry (I'm so sorry)  
I put you through a lot of this and ma, I'm sorry (Ma, I'm Sorry)  
I put you through a lot of this and ma, I'm sorry (Ma, I'm Sorry)

And mama taught me if he hit you, hit him back (Go and hit him back, yeah)  
Don't you tell me if you never fit a pack (Feel the pain)  
Mama told me if you gunning, don't look back  
You kill these niggas, all my brothers told me that (Brothers taught me that )  
I was young and tryna run me up a sack (Run up a sack)  
See niggas thumbing and I wanted some of that (Some of that)  
Big girl was thumping and you know I hit his back (Yeah)  
You disrespecting me, you know you get whacked (Know you get whacked)

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All the killers and drug dealers taught me that  
Boy, stop waiting on them niggas, get your sack  
They gon' take some and we gon' get it back  
We got 30's, you know we do not lack  
I was 15, I see my bro Jimmy dead  
He felt so cold, I couldn't even cry  
That's why I sip lean, boy you ain't even gotta ask why  
They wanna shiv me with knives all in my back  
Oh lord left me, I cannot let them down  
Oh I been on my lonely for a while  
You- young, wild and reckless, that's how we ran around  
Snatch chains, watch, necklace, if you want mine's out of town  
I was down bad and they laughed, fuck that crowd  
Now I count out bands and fumbled bands wouldn't be allowed  
Used to run around bad after the streets so loud  
Came a long way, now the thotties on me now  
Yeah, yeah

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Sorry, yeah  
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