

No Mo

Caskey

I can't fuck with chy'all no more, ya
You alway on some ho shit
Its like you talk about it, you ain't even know shit
Y'all so flawed
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Check, I need a news station unlike Fox News
Where political gossip don't get infused with the dialogue daily
Am I crazy for thinkin' this ain't about my people, it's about ratings
What happen to the terror of Joe Kony
I swear it came and gone
At a rate that got me thinkin' it's phony
They painted North Korea and Kim Jung as true evil
Then Dennis Rodman gon' say he cool people
I can't believe none on the tube
Seems like whenever 5: 00 strike all the lies gettin' cued
They must be payin' for the slots like my grandma in Vegas
Some folk believin' what they watch and that plot is contagious
Talkin' WikiLeaks scams, dialogue, and Ed Snowden
They want him dead for the lies that his head holdin'
And by lies I mean knowledge of 'em all
Still we talk about it like he broke the law

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Ya, the gossip and slander
That shit is not the answer
It tarnish yo' mind like propaganda
And it turn a girl shallow
Was a dancer at Rachel's
Word to my ex girl
Her pockets big Jose Canseco
But still her mind small
Least from what I recall
She politic with bitches about things that only dissolve
My enigma is women who swear that intelligence is a stigma
And don't know how much that it signa-fy
I don't even kiss 'em good-bye
I severe ties with they premature minds
I don't wish you would die though
I'm just thankful that she ain't my ho
I know how it is
Pickin' that bitch up from the club
Talkin' about what girl suckin' dick
Who doin' drugs

Who fell in love
Who Louie Vuitton's fake
Who baby daddy a scrub
Shut the fuck up dumb ass bitch
Word to Kendrick
Everything about 'chu too eccentric

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Ya, one of my homies, he a dead beat father
He got two kings and one daugther that he never see
I'm starin' at him with jealousy
In my eyes they worth more than he can ever be
He ain't even callin' they momma cell
Askin' they whereabouts
Mine show up missin' I'm raisin' hell
And I go through hell and back for them
That's a fact
Only time he claims his, is on his income tax
Small bullet but the big gun match
They go together like him
And some false perception of blacks
And his mind focusin' on what he lacks
Swear he would put a hole through one of his brothers
If he showed him the stacks
There's no loyalty in the heart of a man
When takin' care of his own ain't part of the plan
And I ain't fixin' to be part of your fam'
Not at all, you send 'em to voicemail when they call

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