

Left Get

CJ FLY

If not for mine

Check!

This budget of mine always fucks with my pride
Until I feel we doing fine I'll be subject to crime
I bother why?, a tad bit out of touch with father time
Feeling like another abandoned child, that's been effected
Never half stepping, got a way with the words but no sense of direction
Like dice betting, nice women and nice weapons
Wasn't no one to teach me mistakes made life lessons
How I get it?, all the money that I'm spending
With my henchmen, doors opened and I went in
Know this was never really the path that I chose
The cash and hoes, the flashy clothes the links of massive gold
Only planning to give him a half of one dose
Top of the morning they'll be asking fo' mo', offers from chicks who actually do blow
Now I got the whole strip on lock, chip off the old block made
chips on the old block
Plus, some cats rub me wrong so I ain't feeling 'em man
What I'm pose to do think twice cause I'm killing a man
Feds is watching posting scoping while they sit in a van
Word was I was hot, so pan what they did with the cam
Trying to catch me in the act like cinemagram
I must be trash cause they trying to throw me in a can
Fiends rush me whoa homie don't touch me, ain't never seen you
before you ain't a regular custy
He begin to jibber jabber, trying to get a nigga madder
Got me pissed like I had a health issues with my bladder
All that he was say I acted like I ain't know about
"I know what you got in store, so why is you holding out?"
You a bit to fast homie, you gon' need to slow it down
Until I lay in the earth I'm forever holding my ground
Because I touch figures I don't ever trust niggas
It's just my luck, he was moving like a sus' niggas
Then I, started questioning his identity, heard bullets have no
name if they Fly then I guess they're meant for me
You and I are two different entities, you just pussy I love pussy that's gushy and titties
Wasn't friends with me so I guess that made him my enemy
Left me alone eventually couldn't evidence on me
If you know me I always keep a large clientele, how could I go
wrong while I'm getting calls on the cell
Said they needed a hit I gave 'em a fix, I would say it with so
me shit
The vocals that I laid come out crisp, and I'm supposed to give

a fuck if a hater gon' diss
Gone be my name on the disc when I'm making it big
Oh no soul sold, get a watch that's rose gold, I won't have to
ask for the time no mo'
The POPO is the reason that the poor poor
Ain't trying to be paying taxes we trying to make our own dough