

## 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