

# NRF Freestyle

Clavish

GO Beatz

HD Beats

Ah

I been through the wars, mad pain, not mentionin' stress  
Take away my taps, I still got a lot on my chest  
Crash, aimin' for your hat, why you coppin' a vest?  
I told ... but he's shook to finesse  
'Nough niggas gon' fail if they get put to the test  
A youngin talkin' 'bout an opp, he tryna put him to bed  
I'm always clean, but, when it's time to step, I'm makin' a mess  
They gave my nigga half a decade for a pick and a text  
Kurt gave me more weight so I can put it in pebs  
He just wanna see me shine, it's all love and respect  
He make sure we got guns that got lots of led  
And the funny thing is, he ain't even from the end (Word)  
Bitches think I'm weird 'cause we hit and don't chat again  
My niggas think I'm weird 'cause I don't want rapper friends  
Me and Keegz used to play with the .9 all night  
Then come back the next day and babysit the mache' again  
I'm C-L-A-V, I ain't doin' rap battles  
Might send two disses, nothin' that I can't handle  
Finesse food, switch sim, to me, that's no hassle  
Last ... I saw, gave him more drip then flannels  
Promoters think they can tell me how much people I come with  
If I can't bring my whole gang, then, fuck your money  
I'm in Dubai in the big Benz, fuck the Culli'  
Susie only wants rice, she said, "Fuck the curry"  
You can say that I just rap, but, minus that, I've still done more than you  
And, that's no cap, I'm puttin' that on my dead niggas, you should know that  
Leave his top red, now, he's twinin' with a Coke can  
I'm lucky there was no cam', I'm so gang  
I think I should 'low it 'cause I'll ride for you  
But, would you ride for me? Now, I doubt it  
The love's still there, just don't wanna be around him  
I don't do F, so, my runners literally cost me a thousand  
I'm married to the Queen's head, don't plan on havin' affairs  
If I say I need teeth, I ain't chattin' veneers  
How you still on the twos? You been trappin' for years  
If M got paralyzed, he'll probably trap in a chair  
Stylin' teachers is childish when I think of it  
I saw man drivin' 'round in somethin' equivalent to my pinky ring  
I'm in the club, dimmers tryna bring it in  
Locked eyes a couple times and that's how I know she's on minglin'  
I'm gonna miss ..., we were actually bros  
Broke my heart when I found out it's a statement he wrote  
Niggas ain't on bangin' out or trappin' hard  
Why the fuck he outside? You're better off stayin' at home  
If my nigga gets to jeet, that don't mean he ain't innocent  
She fell out with her friend, they're both tryna get intimate  
After my tape, I'ma go for my publishin'  
And, you'll still see me on my block like some idiot  
Pros and cons when the droppers start pissin' in my sheets  
Must be a magic trick, how you fit it in them jeans  
I don't give a toss, cuttin' through ... in a Porsche  
With a cute one, but, her back bigger than my dreams  
I was up early mornin', really lickin' all them fiends

Been shot at close range, I guess I'm here for a reason  
The tea that I'm sportin', of course, it's in season  
I don't do dates, I hit girls without treatin'  
I ain't got that many friends, drivin' coupes are not a problem  
Crash in and out of jail, each time is not for shottin'  
Uptown, if Jamies got his rambo knife  
When we're shoppin', I just hope we don't see no oppers (H-D Beats)  
In the hoop for five years, I just hope we don't see no coppers  
Used to eat in a restaurant with a rocket, gang