

# Rap Game Honest

Clavish

Hazey, baby

I keep it a hundred, got a hundred on the dash  
I don't trust niggas and I might wear my Fendi top the wrong way 'round so i  
t can see who stabs me in my back  
Face hot, told my nigga, "Slap me if I lack"  
A lot of niggas ain't down, that's an honest fact  
All I make is honest tracks  
Small waist, honest back  
Stop declaring beef with broke niggas 'cause they're honest tramps  
Aunty asked me what I'm on, told her, "Stayin' out of trouble"  
Uncle saw me with a fiend that's awks, I baited out my hustle  
Shawty give the best brain, don't spoil it by demanding cuddles  
VVs on my wrist, it's kind of hard to not miss the puddles  
Used to tell promoters, "If the gang can't, I ain't comin'"  
I got two sticks in a car, but I ain't drummin'  
Shawty got a man, and she ain't budgin'  
If your boyfriend ask you if you're hungry, tell him you already ate somethi  
n'  
If they say we're losin', tell 'em, "Just check the scores"  
She's askin' if I'm hers, I told her, "Girl, I'm not sure"  
I don't buy no designer to impress all these whores  
She gon' bust it wether my shoes AirForce or Diors  
Put my blade all up in that, he was bad, but before  
Obo on the block, they gave my nigga scratch, like a four  
Got a pack in my cheeks and a flick by my balls  
Feds try pull me over, had to dip from the law, woah  
Baddies always pree me 'bout I'm never doin' up my belt  
On point, I ain't got no time to live up in a cell  
Niggas wish just for me to fail  
I just wish 'em well  
I 'ma grind to the top, I don't need a wishin' well  
I got bitches onto me, I got niggas onto me  
In the Merc' I flick it twice, ain't drivin' in economy  
Compare me to the opps, where's my apology  
I'm tryna get mummy out the hood, they're usin' mummy's cars for robberies  
Bro got grabbed for doin' deals, still doin' deals  
She wanna talk feelings, girl don't tell me how you feel  
I miss my dead homie, no one asks is how I feels  
They told me I'ma blow, but never tell me when I will  
Fuck it though, my shank cutter drippin' red  
Need more streams than Trippie Redd  
Shotters keep gettin' robbed, that's what one of my bitty said  
Fuck what a nigga says, I got smoke, cigarette  
Rappin', but I got kittens on my phone, been a vet'  
I'ma have to get my blockin' on, 'cause you been a pest  
Paigon hoes wassin' 'bout me, prob' 'cause I don't give them sex  
If a shot's movin' funny, me and bro won't give him pebs  
Niggas say they take risks, I ain't see them risk it yet  
In all black, lookin' like a silhouette  
Fuck a diss track, in real life I'd rather disrespect  
If I don't blow, then I'm going to the phone shop  
And phone my big cousin like, "Yo, I need them Os off, now"  
You feel me?