

Breathe

D Savage

Umys, is that you?

Drop that top I let out smoke
I'm in my zone and I can't breathe
I got bitches on my dick
They wanna stay I make em leave
I just drunk a pint a Wockhardt
Got me fighting in my sleep
I just fucked my bitch so good
She screamed my name I made her pee

Spend a dub on my wrist (Yeah)
Bitches a bitch (Yeah)
Margiela my fit
Hard as a brick (Yeah)
I pop all my shit (Yeah)
I sign her tits (Uh)
I got it lit (Yeah)
I got his bitch (Uh)

I smoke blunts that make your head hurt (yuh)
Bitch I grind for this money put in leg work (yeah)
Got a hundred round drum make your head burst (Buh)
When I jumped up in these streets I went head first

I got way too many crimes in my head going on
I got thirty thousand by the bed all alone
Let this nigga try, bet he not gon make it home
Checkin for me baby, want to see ya wit nothin' on
She got her, her own bag, that's the shit that turn me on
I got too much money in my pocket, what you on?
Hit her one time and then I'm gone
Hit her two times, she keep blowin up my phone
I got fifty thousand in my safe, bitch I'm growing
He ain't got no money, call him Rodger, go home
I know niggaas want me dead, so I'm sliding with that chrome

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