

Bipolar

Dave East

I ain't drink in a minute
I got a bitch that's going both ways
I'm paid
Now I'm smokin' out the back seat
Tell the driver to bring my daughter to the top floor
(Kairi you good baby?)
I got a bitch that's going both ways
I'm paid
So, now I'm smokin' out the back seat
Tell the driver to bring my daughter to the top floor

Red lights
Never see 'em when the roof gone
Bally sneakers, with the patent leather
Never see 'em
Floors seats
At the Garden, next to Spike Lee
Everybody dyin' before we flee the night scene
Bad coke, niggas' sniffin', I take the long route
Chrome out
Send a nigga' to the most high
Drove by
On a mission like it's '05
Henny' bottle, Fendi belt
My shit is felt
I was locking in
Six months without no help, it was routine
Hits the dips, push-ups between
Buncha'.50 clips
Gettin' ripped, nigga' lookin' like a king
I was fresh out, me and Gutta
Gutta I need you to do me this favor boy, hold this down for me, you know I'
mma be right back
Bodega, still pitchin'
Molly powder and Dasani make you feel different
Shell shocked, niggas' on you hit the kill switch'n'
Vietnam
Shit like it's 'Nam over here, you nigga's dyin'
Bipolar
Nine on 'em, with a lot of anger
Momma on him, like go to school, 'cause the bills due
Told him be safe, I can't afford it
'Cause they head-hittin', bed flippin'
Under mattress kept the four-fever
Uncle Butchy won't let us hustle out the same apartment
Trap spot, smellin' like death on a cold night
Summertime, playin' them benches, like we can't play
Hit the park, my gloves on, he think I'm O.J
Kim K, I want your sister with the long face
Long K
A million dollars make my mama smile
Kairi, your daddy love you, I'm a real nigga'
Strap on me
Never tellin', cut my tongue out
Give niggas' game from a jacuzzi, like this Run's House
Shop open 24/7, bitch we don't close
Graveyard

No gloves on, my hands was so cold
Black shit, black gun
Black Giuseppe's in a black whip
Black tape, wrapped around a fuckin' white brick
White chick, try to tell me what the price is
Nice kids, we were tryin' rob a hundred bands
Son of Sam, make the summer hot
All the spring, keep it clean
Niggas' run a lot
Duck tape
No breathin', that's my season
Get a warm coat
Dead broke, that was us

Let the Lord send 'em
Don sippers
I ain't going back and forth with 'em
I'm different
If it's murder, we could trade it off
Tecks, Glocks, no Xbox
Bitch I came to ball
Backwoods all by myself, ain't gotta' hang with ya'll
Let the Lord send 'em
Don sippers
Never going back and forth with 'em
I'm different
If it's murder, we could trade it off
Tecks, Glocks, no Xbox
Bitch I came to ball
Backwoods all by myself, ain't gotta' hang with ya'll
Black shit, black gun
Black Giuseppe's in a black whip
Black tape, wrapped around a fuckin' white brick
White chick, try to tell me what the price is
Nice kids, we were tryin' rob a hundred bands
Son of Sam, make the summer hot
No breathin', my season
Get a warm coat
Dead broke, that was us nigga'
My bitch said I'm bipolar, I hope the pills help
My nigga said I'm bipolar, I hope the pills help
This bitch said I'm bipolar, I hope the pills help
Bipolar
Nine on 'em, with a lot of anger
Bipolar
Nine on 'em, with a lot of anger