

## Rag3 Kidd

DC the Don

Screaming fuck that!  
Imma go if my niggas go  
Take off  
Tell her bye and good riddance hoe  
Inside tryna find what I'm missing hoe  
Rag3 Kidd we gone pop out let's get it hoe

Red flags got no one left to lean up on  
Mil God got more choppas than Vietnam  
Free the guys  
Fuck the law for just keeping 'em

We gon' fight  
Till they home and they freeing them March to freedom  
Are we there yet?  
Like Nia Long

Ray Charles fuck the hate  
We ain't seeing 'em  
Old niggas swear the newest  
Mistreating 'em

Go figure blaming them  
But you leading them

See I told ya  
You niggas can't defeat me  
Balling like LaMelo love  
They tryna overseas me

Get yo shit together love  
This shit don't come easy  
Like I told you once before  
The world is yours  
You don't need me

I spot a red dot on my opps  
Watch em die aye  
We bringing big smoke  
Make him artichoke  
That's a different diagnose aye

We had to beat the pot  
To have a pot to squat in  
Make a profit  
Bye then adios

Jaden Smith shit karate  
In a Bentley body  
We be kicking knowledge to you folks

I'm finna yippee ki ya yay  
We tryna hit the sky ya yay  
Adding shit no divide ya yay  
Leave that bitch hypnotized ya yay

This shit a piece of pie

I'm a different guy  
Wizad flow my switch-ups got em mesmerized

Now yo new nigga hurt and I sympathize  
And lil bro got my new music memorized yeah

Sometimes I want to go back  
And visit the city lights yeah  
This LA life no good  
I haven't been feeling right yeah

But I had to take off  
I didn't wanna be victimized yeah

Just tell me would I really be wrong  
If I came back to stay the night yeah

Night yeah  
Ohh  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah

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But that's whatever  
Tryna get my bag together  
Tryna get my bag together

That's forever  
Tryna go change the weather  
Tryna go change the weather  
Gotta get this shit together