

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
Wizard 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