

No Saint

Dej Loaf

I'm no saint, but I'm Saint Laurent steppin'
I'll make my own way, I don't need no favors
You can't be my friend, and my hater
Niggas gotta pick a side before you get shaped up
You too, we'll paint your face up
Got the big head, we'll tear your lace up
Good mornin', I don't need no makeup
Your ass and your titties fake, without it, tip dry
My niggas gotta eat, I sat 'em all at the table
I said we ain't gon' do no beef, we gon' bake potatoes
They thought I left, thought I put my cape up
Bet on yourself, nigga, put your cake up

Got the middleman out, get your pay cut
I can feel the hate, I know that they envy us
I been distant, I know that they missin' me
How can you bring up rap and don't mention me?
How many months? You gotta be kiddin' me
You's a fool if you think I ain't goin' down in history
I won't fold, I won't fold, I won't fold, I won't bend
Can't no amount of paper make me turn on my friends
Runnin' through my veins, it's in my bones, it's in my heart, a
nd on my skin
I be with some shooters that don't like to be on film
They can't fuck with you or your bestest friend
Breakin' for the baby, stop whinin'

He like it when I ride it
She says she wanna be our side chick, yeah
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