

Plea

Destroy Lonely

(Theory)

Why they hatin' on me?
Why they wanna be me?
Why they cap on me?
Yeah, I can't make a plea
Hope that you don't leave
Why niggas on they knees, suckin' dick coping pleas?
I smoke real gas, can't breathe
I'm movin' real fast off a bean
I want a big bag full of green
Yeah, cash nigga not weed
Yeah, don't ask cause I ain't seen
Yeah, take a bad bitch out the scene
Watch 'em get mad if you can't treat 'em
Listen, it's not what this shit it seems
Yeah, Glock rockin' with a beam
I might pop another seal of lean
Fuck that bitch, told her "spread eagle"
Then she ride it 'til she lose her weave
Yeah, I got rowdy rowdy off a Percocet
And them xannies, oh, they make me mean

I'm not talkin' to you through the Internet
I'm not beefing with a fuckin' screen
Pussy niggas, we not into that
We gone his nose fuckin' clean
And I know I said this shit a thousand times but I'm livin' out a fuckin' dream
And I only talk about the dollar signs so I gotta come fuckin' clean
There's a couple niggas tryna knock me down
Yeah, I think they wanna see me bleeding
My brother told me be easy, you don't always gotta be even
People talk but they don't mean it
If they walk, just let them leave
I'm going guap cause it come easy
I'm at the top, just caught a breeze
I want my rocks stuck on freeze
Bitch I'm a rockstar, fuck you mean
They fall and flock just like leaves
I done seen shit that you can't see
Know I'ma win, can't take defeat

Yeah, why they hating on me
Why they wanna be me?
Why they cap on me?
Yeah, I can't make a plea
Hope that you don't leave
Why niggas on they knees, suckin' dick coping pleas?
I smoke real gas, can't breathe
I'm movin' real fast off a bean
I want a big bag full of green
Yeah, cash nigga not weed
Yeah, don't ask cause I ain't seen
Yeah, take a bad bitch out the scene
Watch 'em get mad if you can't treat 'em
Listen, it's not what this shit it seems
Yeah, Glock rockin' with a beam

I might swipe the bitch some Celine
Yeah, I got rowdy rowdy off a Percocet
And them xannies, yeah, they make me mean

I can't pull up if it's not about a check
I want blue hunnids and the green
Bitch I'm ballin' just like Bill Belichick
I want blue hunnids, I'm a fiend
And he owe me money, I ain't get it yet
Now that nigga living in the sea
I'm the dark horse, baby giddy up
Yeah, yeah, ball with the team
I need help, there nobody picking up
Yeah, yeah, it's not what it seems

Why they hatin' on me?
Why they wanna be me?
Why they cap on me?
Yeah, I can't make a plea
Hope that you don't leave
Why niggas on they knees, suckin' dick coping pleas?
I smoke real gas, can't breathe
And I'm movin' real fast off a bean
I want a big bag full of green
Yeah, cash nigga not weed
Yeah, don't ask cause I ain't seen
Yeah, take a bad bitch out the scene
Watch 'em get mad if you can't treat 'em
Listen, it's not what this shit it seems
Yeah, Glock rockin' with a beam
I might pop another seal of lean
Fuck that bitch, told her "spread eagle"
Then she ride it 'til she lose her weave
Ride it 'til she lose her weave