

# Nobody's Teaching Game

Dizzy Wright

Uhh

Dizzy Wright nigga

I told my mama this is me until my dying day  
I'mma educate roll this weed and I'mma fly away  
I'm blunted keep it three hundred I don't found my place  
This sound the fake is all around my way  
But I just keep to myself that ain't no harm is it?  
I'm about my business so I keep niggas at arms distance  
These niggas iffy, money make a nigga move quickly  
Couple dollars and now he want to go and hit this city  
No way he strugglin but that money speed on getting bitches  
Spending your gas money on different mission  
This niggas fool these bitches pimpin niggas  
Y'all got the game twisted, better decisions when I'm living  
Get it my own I can't be sick  
I'm testing my awesome ability surrounded by positive energy  
My nigga the industry is fucking letting me down  
I'm looking around like damn, these are idles  
People faces with these titles ain't no point of sicking around  
Nigga I'm out, nobody teaching game

Ain't nobody teaching that's the game  
So we had to learn the game on our own  
Judging body teaching lesson bout nothing  
I can't even tell my right from my wrong  
Ain't nothing natural everything is in the back  
One day if we speed it the last of time  
So I'm working harder cause I did it god damn it  
If I just let time just pass me by  
Nobody teaching us nothing

Yeah we know too much to try to hole out  
Holding on your flash it can't even let your soul out  
I share sal and crasper, those who took the whole route  
I wonder if you see some shit that day  
Babies know what that about  
But I ain't trying judge cause I din't do my dirt  
But I'm just speaking up cause I I don't wanna see you hurt  
Let me tell you bout my dreams  
Cause I don't see the worst  
From Malcom X murder too me inside the Hurst and  
We just think we need a resolution  
And salve a dick that we ain't solved a shit  
Where we've been shooting  
You want your chance and your whips shit  
Get when you ride  
But can't take none of the witch when you die  
Gotta get back on my soul, gotta stay up on my mind  
Gotta do me cause this niggas they pay a fee to see me be weak  
I got my passion in my veins my God is all my soul blunt  
Roll riding raps is our struggle

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