

# Sensitive Minds

Dizzy Wright

(You done it)

(DJ Hoppa)

I think it's about that time, I'm done with waiting in line  
Fuck all these sensitive minds, fuck the rules I'm coming to take what's mine  
Don't tell me what I deserve, no you can't stop me with words  
Tryna tell me I'll be fine, fuck the rules I'm coming to take what's mine  
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No time for sensitive minds, putting overtime I'm really about what I sing in these lines  
I'm humble but I don't show weakness, niggas are leaches, take what they find  
I do what I want 'cause I really can, shout out to all my Dizzy fans  
With this twenty two days into my first Canadian running I'm back on my mini van  
Ain't been fucking with anyone, gotta call it, I ain't with the stalling, this is for the fallen  
When you die the city come, bullets dodging, tryna stay solid, bought a gun and my lady call it a pretty one  
No enemies man, but I gotta think in advance, the chance I'm not willing to take  
I already been to that dance, fuck all of you industry plants  
We all looking for an escape, being petty no worth that's cheat code  
Y'all gon' fuck around and make me go beast mode  
Kicking that shit and it's sticking like taint  
I got a soul of the soldier, the traits of a giant, contributed to every play  
I know that you stressing to get out that deal, it's a blessing and I never make a mistake  
Controlling my place still, smoking heavy indicas and backwoods  
If you snoop than you must be the Dayquil  
I be chilling with niggas that rap good, but they said they was signing a death trap  
Or discouraged off setbacks, all I get is a head scratch, make it less worth  
I don't tolerate none of that fuck shit, where I rest at

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It happened the way that it happened, confident I'm the last one that's laughing  
Always felt like I was more than average  
If we didn't start could you imagine?

I was in it before they made tablets, way back in the day when Tracy was magic  
Tryna see light but I'm feeling contactless, and I'm tired of these glasses  
Bought my masters back, niggas I thought was down didn't have my back  
And niggas went tat for tat, didn't read that contract, something that us rappers lack  
The aftermath, damn, no one but myself to blame  
Put it on display, the more that you learn, the more that your message change  
Young but I did successful things, hoping that this knowledge makes us closer  
Wouldn't be your friend if I played sides and told you lies to hold you over  
I told the homie I'm committed, I got off them black and milds, I'm back in business  
I feel like I'm OBJ 'cause it was written, now they looking at me like I did it  
I didn't, I barely put a dent up in it, admit it it's complicated 'cause I know I'm not finished  
I'm not getting started, no I'm not that little nigga that you knew from the very beginning  
Niggas I meet gotta shine, over time, probably won't be around to remind  
How the people respected the grind, so for now—

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