

Frostbite [Intro]

Don Trip

(DTdaKidd)

(Beat those drums)

Pledge allegiance to the grind, I'm back on it
I ain't never turned my back on it
It's a new season, I'm still ballin' like I'm tryna reach a contract bonus
Turn your lights out, I got the clapper on me
Don't push me, I'm standin' on the ledge already
I don't see none of y'all niggas as threats
If I did feel threatened, you'd be dead already
I mean that shit
Heavyweight Trip, make the seesaw lift
Can't stop grindin' 'til we all rich
'Cause ain't no commercial gon' feed our kids
I ain't come this far to be y'all friend
I know enough gorillas, I could be Tarzan
Get too close to my personal space, might swing on a nigga
Like a tee-ball stand, tryin' to be civil
I just hopped off the line with a nigga that's about to take a long-ass ride up the river
He ain't even trippin', he was gon' lay it down
He just waitin' to find out how much time they would give him
He said his daddy, all three of his brothers, and both of his uncles are all in prison
Oh, my God, it's a cool, cruel world
Need a hat and a coat and a scarf and some mittens
We made it out of the hardest conditions
I'll never confess, only God is my witness
They said that God got a plan for us all
If that's the case, my story already written
So fuck it, let's go get back to the ducats
I'm standin' on business 'til I kick the bucket
Niggas get murdered by niggas they trusted
I'm strapped when I fly, there's a gun in my luggage
Woo
I worked too hard for this shit, I am not finna lose
Stop playin' with me, you niggas really must like eatin' hospital food
Whoever, whatever, whenever, wherever, that shit can get settled
Patch it up, never, when ties get severed
I hold a fuckin' vendetta forever
Forever and ever, shame on you tryna cross me out
Told y'all niggas I was standin' on the ledge
Suicide bomber, can't talk me down
Say it with your chest, don't all speak now
Y'all niggas let me down
Y'all lost all my respect
Now it's in the lost-and-found
Niggas I came up with
Twenty years later and they still on the same old shit
You should be fuckin' embarrased
I put the bait on your hook and you still can't fish
Tryna get wealthy, fuck bein' rich
Know I can be anything but a trick
Know how bad niggas gon' hate Mr. Trip
And I keep a shotgun 'cause I know they gon' blitz
Know they gon' try
They want a cut of my pie, but they ain't do shit to deserve it

That guilt shit ain't workin', I know they hurtin'
But I've never given a fuck like a virgin
Naw, I ain't fuckin' with y'all
I got some hitters that hit if I give 'em the nod
Honestly, honesty's such a commodity
That I'm the only one fit for the job

Long live Pif
Frostbite
(DTdaKidd)
(Beat those drums)