Interlude

Don Trip

Wake up, bitches it's me.
I've been gone for a minute.
Gave you bitches bout a year,
And you ain't did shit with it.
Fuck are you gonna do if
If I did quit spittin,
If I did say fuck the rap shit,
Move away and took care of my children.
Now I'm too mothafuckin hot to be chillin
Bout to light it up and burn down your village.
Hear ye, hear ye,
I get paid yearly;
One, two, three, four, five, six digits.
Meanwhile, I'm laid back in the six whippin through traffic like I'm runnin from the fuckin lieutenant.
Boy I keep blowin my money but I'm fucking with a woman that insist that I s ave every penny.
Nah, I can't say this gang is hopeless,
I'm so disappointed,
These niggas just loafin.
They braggin bout small paper,
Nigga that's a post it.
You just can't wait to get on instagram to post it.
Help is on the way,
I was pushin so hard tryn to get a message to ya just to open.
Message undelivered, return to sender, I guess I shoulda paid more for the p ostage.
I ain't like grand.
Niggas ashamed to admit
That they a fan
'Cause they rap too.
I remember when
I used to rush home
To watch rap city
Every afternoon.
I used to love this shit, I swear,
Now I'm like fuck this shit, I don't care.
All I wanna do is fight and the gang got scared
Now I'm movin with my auntie and uncle in Bel Air.
And if my words upset you
So what, really I could give it two fucks.
Add another nail to your coffin,
Mention me, now it's hammer time,
Better tool up.
I got a lotta loose screws, slow it down, to get screwed up.
Same bitch gave the whole team head,
See her wit a nigga, she act like she never knew us.
I ain't waitin for peace,
I'm wavin to peace,
and takin a piece.
You had your chance, however brief.
Now you should think about takin the C.
Look what I make in a week,
My pockets are greedy,
I don't take a break, I repeat.
You niggas doin the most,
You doin the most but you makin the least.

While I prepare every plate for a feast,
We see eye to eye,
We don't have to agree.
They say the heart is a house for love,
Right now I'm thinking bout breakin the lease.
You and your goons,
You don't look so crazy to me,
You look like the bravest to me,
My knives are sharp and serrated for beef,
We holdin court with AKs in the street.
I got no rules, I say what I please,
I do what I want, I take what I need.
Life is a bitch,
When she hand me lemons, I pull out the hammer and make lemon squeeze.
My flows a disease,
I'm bout my cut like a amputee,
Tricks up my sleeve.
Live everyday like I'm on the retreat,
Strapped for a war, but I'll never retreat.
Keep makin money, I'm never complete,
I'm never content, I'm never at ease.
All I ever knew how to do is compete,
And now all that's left to compete with is me.
They say when you no longer able to play,
The day you let go is the day you can teach.
On that note,
Even if I lose, I learn,
So I'll never know the taste of defeat.
Godspeed

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!