

Untitled

Don Trip

I think I'm gonna throw away the chains from my heart
Cause lately I've been feeling like I'm free
I think I'm gonna give myself a brand new start
I'll get back to my roots and then me

I'm still on my gangsta shit
Chasing after C-Notes although I can't sang the bit
Cool as an ice berg, sharp enough to sink a ship
Still Chase that fast money sometimes I just can't resist
Again I ask, who is if I ain't the shit?
East Side, I never been nobody's goon and I don't aim to miss
Matter of fact I aim that bitch and shoot till it's time to change the clip
Fuck the witnesses and I ain't concerned with no fingerprints
The writings on the wall, I come from slanging bricks
Never did shit I regret or nothing I can't admit
Weapon's drawn don't make me paint a pic
Although my life's a horror film I wouldn't change the script
Prepared for war, that's right, I came equipped
It take money to go to war, it's a good thing I'm rich
But I will gun you down like I don't what famous is
And bitch I've been a rider since my training wheels

I think I'm gonna throw away the chains from my heart
Cause lately I've been feeling like I'm free
I think I'm gonna give myself a brand new start
I'll get back to my roots and then me

I wish Milton could've witness this
The taste of success is sweeter than a pixie stick
Mr. Trip, I got more lines than a fishing trip
You gotta know my people got them birds, no chicken strips
My life's a movie, limitless
And that's a theory that my first verse might contradict
I told what I live, my biggest fault is honesty
And honestly you would likely go blind if you caught a glimpse
Your girlfriend's my bottom bitch although I am not a pimp
I spit as if I'm gargling, I'm fly enough to park blimp in mid air
Pardon me, about my dough, no shorting me
Cause I will gun you down not for a quarter piece unfortunately
Grateful that my momma changed her mind about aborting me
But now I'm ill and up the knee and orderly
Now back the beef, I'm already
And more anxious to go ahead and it's strange cause I still got no respect f
or the authorities

I think I'm gonna throw away the chains from my heart
Cause lately I've been feeling like I'm free
I think I'm gonna give myself a brand new start
I'll get back to my roots and then me

It's fuck the world niceand slow
Fuck your president too, I forfeit my right to vote
Extended the clip on my bleakers appreciate my right to tote
Before I stab you in your back, I slice your throat
The truth lies in every single line I write or quote
Starring at my competition through my riffle scope
Is there a heaven for a G? That would be nice to know

Only problem is a nigga gotta die to know
Approachin' my goals in life a trillion miles to go
(I think I'm gonna throw away the chains from my heart)
Plus a million mouths to feed, I got no time to Loaf
I just get on my ass and get it, don't know how to hope
(Cause lately I've been feeling like I'm free)
And Milton's been dead for years, I'm still tryin' to cope
I'm well aware of how dark it is for Falling down the hole
But I'm shinning at this moment on a lighter note
School of Hard Knox we all know that I'm enrolled
I'm still tryin' to make the honor roll