

# 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

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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

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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