

Behind Bars Freestyle

DreamDoll

You are watching a master at work
Uh

You know how the bullshit chit-chat goes
I don't hang around with none of you hoes
Get my money and I get low
O's and the X's, tic-tac-toe
Been with Johnny through highs and lows
Workin' on wordplay, workin' on flows
Gettin' my grind on settin' my goals
We gonna hit platinum after the gold
Chest full of diamonds, heart so cold
I don't need new friends, I don't need foes (Nah)
I don't do clown shit, I'm bred cold
Color my hair but I never told
Mans ain't real and that shit shows
Said more names than he had shows
I don't do clickbait, I don't repost
That's 'cause I know don't feed the trolls
I want the cover of Vibe and Vogue
Say I got issues, this I know
I been official, stripes on clothes
Bitches washed and I can't fold
She got my ex, he was suckin' my toes
I packed his lunchbox, he gotta go
There's a lot of shit I could expose
Who gettin' high? Who down low?
If you got hearing problems, that's no
I cut him off or I'll cut his throat
Say you confused but act like you know
You wanted the views don't act like you slow
Tell the awards I want the front row (Yeah)
This that new Dream, nightmare flow
Who really streamin', who spendin' dough?
Who's givin' head, still tryna blow? (Mwah)
These niggas can't touch me (Nah)
I gave 'em a season, don't give me a reason, you bitches lucky (Get back, get back)
They don't wanna fuck with me 'cause they know that they bae wanna fuck me
The prettiest bitch in the booth but the truth is that shit could get ugly (Mhm)
Dream

Uh
You know how the bullshit chit-chat goes
All that glitters, that shit not gold
Niggas get wild tryna get that dough
Jewelry get snatched up, shit get sold
Don't link me when I let this go
Lose my address, lose my phone
You be on a podcast, talk so bold
I be in the studio, talk like blow
Y'all better learn with the last one, though
Dream not a plaything, Dream not a joke
Sleep on Dream, well you better stay woke
Dream on fire, want all the smoke
Minding my business, I stay low

Niggas wanna cuff when shit get cold
Album on deck and I bet shit blow (Yeah)
Space on my wall where the plaques gon' go (Woah)
Space in the phone where the apps gon' go
Place on tour where the map gon' go
Brand new bank where the stacks gon' go
Fed time slime where the rats gon' go (Woah)
Niggas be tellin' (Niggas be tellin')
I don't do predators, few of my peoples is predicate felons
Except for Davis, I see the statements, niggas be yellin'
They talk and it's pussy come out of they mouth, these niggas is Ellen
Dream