

# DISASTER

Dro Kenji

(Yo, Zay, what up?)  
(Census, what you cookin'?)

My heart beat faster when I'm fucked up and don't care about nothin'  
Let's make a disaster and throw it all away and watch the world burn  
Shawty say I'm so damn silent in person, I'm just thinking 'bout all these bands  
When I'm all alone, it's just me by myself, you was not by my side, what the fuck is a handout?

Bitch, I do what I want, you not changin' me  
I dropped twenty on diamonds for clarity  
I left Mary to go fuck on Charity  
Cold-hearted nigga, it ain't no declaring me  
On my pistol these niggas be pussy  
Too much drip, I ain't think the bitch knew where to look  
And this .762 free his mind like a book  
I don't hang with the hatin' niggas, they get banned  
Blocked from the squad, nigga you a fan  
Crackers hating 'cause the Porches too fast  
Love that bitch and she gon' take you through hell, all nine levels and back  
I just want seven more racks  
I cut off a couple of friends, and they're not allowed to come back here

Bae, you oh my, you driving me so crazy (Yeah)  
We been sipping all night, give me throat lazy (Woah)  
And this uzi came with thirty-two babies (Ooh)  
If that nigga keep talking, send two lasers (Woah)  
This ho told me she love me, she so crazy  
Bitch, you know I'm too busy to show face  
Lock on my heart 'cause these bitches be too fake  
I know you got scars that you hide with your real face  
And I'm here for your heart to protect my mind  
I just wanna know what's on yours  
At the same damn time, been alone so long  
That I find it real hard to trust your words  
Tell me you fine when you really not  
Everyone keep on lyin', it's hard to not  
I'ma keep me some distance from all of them  
On my own, give a fuck if you here or not

My heart beat faster when I'm fucked up and don't care about nothin'  
Let's make a disaster and throw it all away and watch the world burn  
Shawty say I'm so damn silent in person, I'm just thinking 'bout all these bands  
When I'm all alone, it's just me by myself, you was not by my side, what the fuck is a handout?

Bitch, I do what I want, you not changin' me  
I dropped twenty on diamonds for clarity  
I left Mary to go fuck on Charity  
Cold-hearted nigga, it ain't no declaring me  
On my pistol these niggas be pussy  
Too much drip, I ain't think the bitch knew where to look  
And this .762 free his mind like a book  
I don't hang with the hatin' niggas, they get banned  
Blocked from the squad, nigga you a fan

Crackers hating 'cause the Porches too fast  
Love that bitch and she gon' take you through hell, all nine levels and back  
I just want seven more racks  
I cut off a couple of friends, and they're not allowed to come back here