

## Dumb Shit

Eric Reprid

Prada bae, run away, don't go  
I'm in hell, might as well, just go  
Losing' track, don't take, my soul  
I'm in first, you too late, you slow  
(Yea)  
Hop outside the whip and then yo skin gon' freeze  
All the other guys ain't really built like me  
They got janky motives don't know what they want  
They keep blowing smoke but I keep it blunt

Got these blues faces on my plate I cake it up yea  
Brand new sweater goin' with the ones don't lace em up nah  
Had to hit her up like what you doin' with that dud now  
You know that I'd do you right could never go and dub ya  
I been losin' sleep over dumb shit  
Met her at the function but I couldn't go function  
Mobbin' with my bro's had to get up on some grown shit  
You ain't 'bout yo paper than don't call up on my phone bitch

I, had to put my pride to the side  
I know that the timin' ain't right  
Come back when you make up yo mind  
(Yea)  
Took my focus and I put it on the cash  
Me and my bruddas wake up everyday to go and chase the bag  
It's a cold damn hell when I'm in my fuckin' head yea  
All that shit don't help want this random out my bed yea

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