

# Believer

ericdoa

I turned a bad bitch, to a believer  
Shame like I'm having a seizure  
I'm fuckin' her once, ion need her  
Sip sweet, margarita  
Goin' fast yeah I'm breaking the meter  
Smokin' cannabis straight out the beacon  
I can't link if I know you're tweakin'  
In the party, got blood on my sneakers

For the money, I'm up, I'm eager  
Talk bread when you ask for a feature  
Blowin' up, lil' bitch like a creeper  
Said he got a homie, yo homie a dealer  
You didn't say lil bitch got a fever  
She eat dick, I gotta feed her  
I'm alone, I don't need her  
[?] to the money I changed my demeanor  
Whatchu doin' you not doin' it right  
Callin' sport and you know he gon' slide  
Baby Glock, it don't matter the size  
Only money moves, I'm makin' strides  
In the Beamer coupe had a Glock  
Down bad, yeah your card got declined  
Slidin' with straight and slidin' with pride  
Mess with my brothers, y'all gonna die  
Goin' up, yeah this shit is a breeze  
I get to the money, I get it with ease  
Sound like a cop, makin' em freeze  
You lookin' for work, then it ain't comin' free  
Big blade, yeah I'm lookin' for war  
New world, yeah we bought the whole store  
She see the CD, that's Christian Dior  
I step into Guess, yeah I call that shit gore

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My bro got good lean by the liter  
She talkin' down then I gotta delete her  
Sayonara, yeah I won't wanna be her  
I got that choppa, it sing like a [?]  
She blowin' my phone, so I turn off the ringer  
This MAC on my hip, it come hot like fajitas  
I'm the star of the game, and that boy on the bleachers  
She is a thot for the team, you can keep her (Yeah)  
I gotta choppa, gon' blow like a whistle

We gon make [?] he might need a tissue  
That choppa got lips, it's gon' pucker and kiss you  
I feel like a teacher cause I'm gon' dismiss you  
The way I've been rappin', it sound like a riddle  
He claimin' he hard, but he sweet like a Skittle  
Just like he Malcolm, get hit in the middle  
He think that he big, but that lil' nigga little  
I'm swervin this bit back, it's a Bugatti Veyron  
The size of these bullets, they look like a crayon  
I go hard for my warriors, feelin' like Draymond  
Feel like that nigga, I'm feelin like [?]  
I just walked in with [?], she all on my dick, and she ask for a pic', but s  
he can't take a flip  
My bro got that choppa, he shoot off the rip  
I feel like that lil' baby got too much drip  
He playin' with me, he get hit with the stick  
Better not let me catch him talkin' out his lip  
My shoes, they be tied, so I cannot trip  
He tweak off a bitch, need to get a grip  
She stay on my body, suck me like a tick  
A lotta blue hunnids, but I'm not a crip  
I see all the money, now I gotta itch  
There's too many hoes, now I gotta pick

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