

Never Scared

EST Gee

Ayy, who dat?

John Gotitt (Yeah, yeah)

Yeah, what you know 'bout trappin' out them late nights?
What you know 'bout staking out on wolves and not the great wives?
I done been too deep inside of shit where I couldn't think right
Bullets numb my body, I don't feel nun'
Bullets hit your partner, why you leave him? Still ain't killed nun'
Laid up in the hospital, a couple niggas came for me
Niggas mention me, really infamous
Crazy to think them niggas been our factors
Ain't try to hit on none of them niggas backwards
Suppliers, they ain't have it
Been balling a whole season, niggas ball out for a quarter
Can't bite the hand that feeds you and my hands gave you them Porsche's
Hard head but my money long, call me once he dead
At night, I had sawn nobody gone
I came fast, can't talk your sweat, now sit your buddy home
Made a nigga rich just off a flip phone
Niggas can't get picky out the streets, ain't touched a hunnid loans
Nah, I ain't never scrappin', my mama knew I been a demon
We can take it there I'm doing no evil
Know my people's ain't gon' make it further
They ain't killing teddy bear, nah, I ain't never scared
Nah, I ain't never scared
My mama knew I been a demon, we can take it there

I'm tryna' make it hurt
I should sell some shirts 'cause all my murders merch
Youngin turnt, .55 and I throw seats like John Kirk
He kept it real later but lied first, I told him 'Find dirt'
I find a church, when I stay alive, when that iron burst
My eyes hurt, stalking these lil' niggas, chrome offensive
Guess I scared them niggas, blocked me from they doors and pictures
And you know what's the issue, I ain't get nothing that get you
I'm tryna' make it tense you, I can't sit and think about who diss who
I'm a real street nigga, these artists is artificial
And it's up with whoever, ain't no pick-n-choose to pick through
And know lil' bro want rap for mine, want bodies on his pistol
And know if I don't catch you, it's gon' fall back on your nephew
Fast, put that switchie on his ass like he got curfew
Crash, brains all over the dash, I'm staying six-two
And I ain't never hate her, he ain't laced but, shit, a bitch do
I heard he had a buzz, caught him, knocked out his potential, nigga

You know how a nigga be buzzin' a little bit?
Niggas be getting a little bit of attention and shit, then he die
There's a lot of that goin' on
It's like that, get yo' face hit
Burr