

Torch

Fat Nick

Sleeping on the couch, just trying to get it how I live
I got a few dollas on me, man I gotta get on my shit
Selling weed to my boys, to get a lease on a Porsche
All these rappers know that the Underground Underdog hold the torch
Don't play with my money, don't you make a stupid choice
You ain't bout that business, you ain't dyin' for your boys
Pull up to the show, they hear my voice, the crowd rejoice
I'm a God baby, praise me, kiss my feet, get on your fours
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Drink a pint a night, so all my nightmares getting worse
Pussy boy don't want it man, this uzi dick gon' burst
Triple six forever be my lonely soul is cursed
And I'm only gettin' money swervin' Porsches on the road
Bitches are twisted, keep [?]
I love when a bitch I don't know in the game
[?] vacant
No fuck bitch I owe you no payments
For the sure, till' there's blood in the pavement

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She told me to go to hell, I told her I'm already on my way over there
Ain't nobody care
Keep a gun on me cause life ain't fair, I swear
These hoes wanna get to my share
Got cash on me, I'm no square
Underground Underdog, better beware when I geeked on these rappers right under their chair
Fuck you and yo mama bitch
I cannot relate little bitch
I'm sick of these faces, bitch
Everyone wanna be famous, bitch
FTP, bitch, suck my dick
Fuck around, get hit with the stick
Underground Underdog run around with a gun deep in my drawers

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