

# Desert Eagle

Felly

Mama!

I think they coming for my freedom  
They wanna gun me, desert eagle  
A bunch of egos, I don't feed 'em  
Know they gon' love me then they leave him

I was playing on a C-Note (brr brr)  
And make my baby bend down real low  
Look at my sneakers, swear they real though  
In NYC puffin' illegal, yeah  
You startin drama I'm like  
Bitch give me this, another bitch give me that  
I got some problems with myself, I put that shit on the bench  
Boy is you crying for some help? You better go and attack  
You see them tugging on your belt, you put yourself on the map  
Think I need Jesus

Think that I need need him I know that I need him  
I pray on my knees yuh  
It's cold, it's freezin'  
Cold as a freezer  
I came in this world, I don't know how I'm leaving  
I don't believe 'em  
Fuck the whole system  
I pick up the pieces and come off a dreamer  
I don't believe ya  
I never need 'em  
The world that I seen, I'm surprised I'm still breathing

I think they coming for my freedom  
You gon' bring that to NYC?  
I'm bringing that shit  
I'm bringing my whole percussion box  
I think they coming for my freedom

Pull up, key in, start  
Bitch, Canoga Park  
That's that shit out the two car garage  
Check off the list now I hit the menage  
Never looking back on a bitch and that's that  
I could do laps around underground rappers  
With double cup stacked, you can take a step back  
If you feeling like shit, go work the night shift

First thing's first, I've been up all night  
Dip and reverse brown piece on my side  
Cook up the herse but I'd rather not die  
Pull up to shows with my homies for life  
Needing my shawty to drive, you feelin' alright?  
We eat at La Tequila for beans and the rice  
Like every night

[GYYPS:] Ayy true, Fel can I ask you a question?

Yeah, ask all the questions you want bro  
Just know I don't have all the answers

[GYYPS:] Ayy yo, what's the message?

All of these kids, I'm too old for this shit  
Think they all got it backwards

[GYYPS:] Yo, what you been planning?

Build a militia and fuck with the system  
Let's get at the bastards

Ayy, let me get at this  
I only use to do ad-libs  
Don't let me fade in the blackness

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Damnside dimebag, call me young Darryl  
Running over squirrels in a Pontiac Fiero  
Rob another life, I'ma dance like dinero  
I could jock a side bag, I'm a fucking weirdo  
Sell a couple Vyvanse, library hero  
Visa Visa Master, that's a kapa kapa kilo  
Free the calipaint in California through an eagle  
Never leaving either even if it's just a guiro

Bless it up  
Motherfucking spliff to my motherfucking dome  
Penicillin scripts, I got something in my throat  
Calling on my phone, only pick up for my mom  
That's a bomb, call the bomb squad  
Life is bigger then the shit up on your I-Phone  
Fuck a signal, losing tension like a blind spot  
I'a slip until the slippers made of nylon  
I'm smoking lala

I feel like lately I can't take the pain  
I'm praying patiently for better days, ayy  
Know these relationships gon' fade away  
So I'll keep waiting on a brighter day  
Don't take away all my freedom