

Admit It

Foolio

(Dremore Banks)

You just gotta hear my story
You just gotta understand before you say you hate me
You gotta read the book before you judge the cover
Listen closely
Life full of riddles
Don't skip over nothing, read closely
6

I don' took losses, I can admit it
Heart of the trap, I'm stuck in the trenches
Almost died, crazy decions
I'm finna blow, I can just feel it
I catch a (uhh), I'mma just kill it
Booked up, won't say nun, my lips I seal 'em
Blind man reading, I can just feel 'em
If you a threat then we gon' kill you
L-O-V-E 4L, I love that brand new gun smell
Broke my heart, what the fuck, I ain't no [?] was gon' tell
Thought I knew him so well, used to send him jail mail
Stab me in the back with them same scissors I cut off ties, oh well
I'm tryna run up them digits, won't stop 'til I got thirty million
Big bruh fell in love with the trap, that boy had married kitchen
Fell in love my gun, I grip it, I fuckin' lay down with it
Get caught, I lay down with it, go to the jail, I ain't doin' no switchin
Kshordy that's my lil' brodie, Kenny K told me take it slowly
These blogs all in our business, they actin' like the know us
If either one of us die, they just gon' laugh and post it
Bitch, I'mma go out blowing, for 'Dre the whole gang scuin'
Pull a million on my new bank account
Treat the opps like dinner, we take 'em out
Thought that boy my cousin, he snaked me out
I'd be dead ass wrong if I chase him down
Ask what that cold ass shit about
If I state my opinion then I'm chasin' clout
AK-47, I'm riding 'round
Ain't goin' in till I hear choppa sounds
L-O-Y-A-L-T-Y, cross me once might let it slide
Cross me twice yo' mama gon' cry
D-I-E, yo' ass gon' die
Can't compare the opps 'cause we not real alike
We don't do no drills alike
Lotta shit got killed 'bout Bibby
Opps ain't killed shit 'bout dude on the bike
Know 6, I'm a thief in the night
Like [?] get caught at the light
How the fuck you crap on the dice?
How the fuck you lose your life?
In the streets but you know you not
Diss me, got a lotta niggas shot
Say I got a whole lotta opps
So I bought a whole lotta Glocks
Nigga, funeral, funeral, court date
Hope 'Jack be the court case
I still be crying 'bout Kendre
Police killed him broad day
My pain was running deep than the ocean

I ain't have no emotions
I was drilling sober
Know [?], he a snake, he a cobra
Rock, paper, scissors, I ain't folding
Glock 45, I tot it
You broke, you ain't got no motion
Like a Ford, I gotta stay focused
Like a Ford, I gotta stay focused
They say Lil 6, I'm chosen
And [?] caught sixty-five, [?]