

Mood Swing

Foolio

Swear to God

(Ooh it's Wavy808)

I be having mood swings when I ain't on them percs, boy that shit crazy

I don't even wanna be by myself when I ain't on them bitches

I don't even wanna hang around myself when I ain't on them bitches

Bipolar as hell

Start this off we statin' facts, 6 Block we got plenty hats

I'm from Hilltop Village bitch, Northside this the biggest act

I was stolo car ridin', it was me and Cracka Jack

Killin' opps back and forth, me and Spazz created packs

They yellin' out "Who I Smoke", I'm yellin' out "Up the Score"

Makin' niggas use they feet, duckin' down and gettin' low

Divin' all on the ground, bitch get up and blow your pole

Smokin' straight dead niggas, on my body could smell they soul

In my eyes could see the blood, dirty Glock straight out the mud

VVs'steeth to feet, tsunami my water flood

In his bushes for a week, fell in love with the bugs

We don't talk on the daily, but Stony know its real love

Is my dog the biggest rat? Did D. Rose backdoor Cracka Jack?

Did D. Rose backdoor Foolio? It's crazy but that shit be facts

Did Johnathan get killed [?], that whole month I couldn't sleep

I told Durk to pick a side, but he wasn't hearin' me

Vonte died weeks before, these niggas playing backdoor

I don't trust a fuckin' soul, but I'm steady smokin' souls

They know how we rock and roll, I'm frontline through all the smoke

This my third shootout this week, I ain't get touched bitch I'm in vo
odoo mode

Having mood swings off percocets, headshots like fuck a vest

Put a bag on my brother head, jit finna die but he don't know it yet

Do more and I talk less, shootouts all out west

Teki died I was tryna slide, tryna leave a fuck niggas block wet

Back to back in stolen cars, 4 Glockes and 2 ARs

My momma told me I'ma star, I just pray I make it far

I just pray I see it through, hoodie on hanging out the roof

Me and bro went 2 for 2, you ain't tell then I salute

Stop fakin' on that molly nigga, you ain't catch no body nigga

'Bout Bibby we get busy, that ain't no threat nigga that's a promise
nigga

'Bout Bibby we gon' come bitch, chop sound like a 808 drum kit

Bruh miss me with that dumb shit, we really ouside tryna slump shit

This for my all my brothers that I ain't talk to thats round the way

I know we don't communicate but I'd die for you any day

One phone call I'll lose it all, I'll pop out broad day

I love y'all for real don't let this flaw shit get in the way

Couldn't say it to y'all face cause y'all know I dont know how to ven
t

Sometimes I get depressed and wanna end all this shit

Just know we been rockin' hard ever since we was jits

At the end of the day y'all know who I'm rockin' with