

Versatile Love

Foolio

Man, this shit right here versatile
I'mma talk 'bout some love shit then some killing shit then some love shit then
hen some mo' killing shit, ya know
(O'beats, I love you my brother)

You cried to me then lied to me with yo' lil raw ass (Yo' lil raw ass)
We both cheated on each other, our lil dog ass (Our lil dog ass)
But I still love you, bae, and don't forget that (Don't forget that)
And you karma real, the 6, I got my getback (Got my getback)
Wanted the truth and we both lied, I'll admit that (I'll admit that)
Evaluate the situation, I had to sit back (I had to sit back)
Then I put two and two together and got six back (What the fuck?)
You said I loved you and I cussed you, boy, that's big facts (That's big facts)

Rockstar lifestyle, might don't make it (Might don't make it)
Your love is a drug and like liquor, hoe, I taste it (And I taste it)
Maybe it's the best for us I gotta face it (Gotta face it)
Percocet poppin' and this Henny got me wasted (Got me wasted)
Up all night, stuck up in my thoughts, it got me restless
ESPN, the 6, bitch, we muhfucking restless (Yes, we reckless)
We love killing people, it's a muhfucking fetish
I'm finna switch my flow, now time to talk about some gang shit (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

Brand new stolen car, this bitch from 'round the way ('Round the way)
I'm in my feelings 'bout Trey D, someone gon' die today (Die today)
Got his day ass big brother, it was a DOA (Brrrr, baow)
(Brrr, baow, baow, baow, baow) We let that choppa spray (Brrrrr, baow)
His whole family hurt, they wanting justice now (Justice now)
At the funeral, crying, head down (Oh, my baby)
He dropped that bag, I ain't dead yet, bring some mo' bread out (Bring some
mo' bread out)
Ain't make to the hospital, on the scene he bleed out (TTG)
Ayy, I'm smoking whoopty-whoop, this called a alley-oop (Alley-oop)
A foreign stolo, out the window, shooting out the coupe (Out the coupe)
Bitch this not a Dicky fit, it's a steppa suit (Steppa suit)
I just kicked a nigga ass in my Yeezy boots (Yeezy boots)
Ayy, I'm sick of all you niggas like I got the Flu (Cough, cough, cough)
Ayy, I'm smoking BB, QP, and lil Freddie too (Freddie too)
Ayy, I'm smoking QP, BB and the lil Ralo too (Marco too)
And bitch these Palm Angels not no Jimmy Choos (No Jimmy Choos)

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Maybe it's the best for us I gotta face it (Gotta face it)
Percocet poppin' and this Henny got me wasted (I'm wasted)

Up all night, stuck up in my thoughts, it got me restless (Restless)
ESPN, the 6, bitch, we muhfucking restless
We love killing people, it's a muhfucking fetish (Brrrr, baow, baow, baow, b
aow)
I'm finna switch my flow, now time to talk about some gang shit (Bow, gang s
hit)