

(Four3va the fucking Goat nigga, fuck is you talking 'bout)

I got her faded smoking marijuana, that's my problem, baby
Can you be my damn doctor, I got problems, I just need some more knowledge
With or without you, baby, I'll be stable
But don't just keep watching me, just like I'm cable
Devoted my prophecy because I'm able
Feel like I'm the only real, whoa, sitting at the table
He don't got no goals and he don't got no paper
I swear to god, that it nothing that I would love more than a hater
And I swear to god, we got big body gen 5, the shit is just for alligator
I pop a tab and I get the fuck on, they treat me like tow mater
If you play with my family, then I swear to god, take this shit off my ankle
Feel like Leonardo 'cause I'm painting pictures on all of 'em, baby
I feel just like Carlos 'cause I'm fucking Mexican hoes, we don't trace it
And she gon' get stuffed, sucking dick with them braces
Try to get my heart back, they hit me with that taser
I promise, I joined the mobb 'bout that anger
I promise, I want to see her, but, I hate her
If I see the bitch, this on God, I'ma face her
I'm from the east side, I don't beef with no niggas, I'm graceful
Me and my whoa, we pop out, shoot that boy like the Pacers
I got her faded popping damn oxy, I got a problem
That nigga just think he invincible, we might- him
She let me hit it, on God, I ain't quit it, on God, I ain't stopping
I knew my bitch was a hoe when I picked up that blunt, then, I dropped it