

I don't trust lately, it's crazy to play with me
Make no mistake I'm a staple in it
You prolly waste paper to fake the image
I sent more letters than A to Z
Tryna make em see, this freckled face
Is from the blood splatter, all the love matter, nada, none
When it comes to funds, niggas wanted some
Leaving me with none, leaving me to hum
Leaving me to drum, leaving me to plot
Leaving me to jot, leaving me with many
Niggas I should drop, so I dropped em
Drop one, rock star now
Had to loss em, I told em
Boss up now, had to toss em

Are you still the shit when the cologne fades?
You just see a mirror but for me this shit go both ways
I don't give a fuck about what you did in the old days
Ah choo at you I do think I need flonase

I let a lot heal
Its not a thing I cannot kill
Ain't been the same since my pops passed
I'm traumatized by the cops still
Snakes in the grass as I walk past
I chop em, I burn em, I go
Snakes in the grass as I walk past
I chop me, I burn em, fasho

I kill niggas off energy shifts
Fuck with me if your vibes consistent than a bitch
I wish my kicks was less dirty
More or less thirty times
I pen dirty rhymes, I plan your demise
You think its outrageous
Cutting all tires and cover all traces
Please stay behind me 32 paces
I see an opp I'm burning through faces
I had to change up my scenery (scene)
You in the way of my greenery (green)
Hot like I'm fresh out the steamery (steam)
Plot like I'm testing for schemery (scheme)
My car look a lil more beamery (beam)
Rubbing the lamp for my generie (damn)
You need a pitch from the underhand
Bitch when I hit I'm a little more jittery

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