

Fucc Life

Heembezy

(KD, why, why do people call you KD?)
(Ayy, Jaah, how you do that?)
(MLT go crazy)

Risk takin', bitch, I put the work in
My bitch booty fat, she must work out, Percs out
How the fuck this bitch want a Birkin?
And she can't even put it up in her mouth, in her house
We ain't really fuckin' with the sucka side
Been a different nigga ever since my cousin died
A bitch had looked me in my eyes and still was tellin' lies
Sorry, mama, gotta get it some way, fuck a nine-to-five, fuck life
The chopper got some monkey nuts on it, better duck twice
A bitch cheated on me, ever since, I been on dirty Sprite
Broke bitch, she ain't have the money to cut on the lights
But I'll still come and give you pipe even though we fuss and fight
Designer shoes came with the spikes
Can't trust no bitch and I don't even really like niggas
I don't like to fight niggas
Glock'll take his life with him
I know these niggas, they gon' love to get they hate on
An opp died, them bullets in his head like a Drake song
Shoot my bitch house up, neighbors know my name like Trey Songz
You want a lil' money, baby, tell me who you bank with
Go set this nigga up for me and find out who he hang with
Do you speak my language?
Bitch, I don't eat the cat, do I look like I'm Asian?
They would do the same to me, so if I want it, I'ma take it
I really want the mouth, bitch, please don't get naked
My heart broke, ever since then, I gotta stay faded

I'ma beat the road until the packs gone
Free all my troops 'til they come home, free Big Stone
All these niggas tryna sound like me, but I can't get cloned
Last nigga ran into the chop got chopped down
Really came from nothing, now we all up now
Free Lil JayRollin, used to ride on buses, now we all bustdown
Even though we homies, act like an opp, you gon' get flamed down
Let me catch that one nigga, I'ma strip his ass
Infant hit they block with a stick tryna get it crackin'
You niggas don't want war, we strapped like the army, brodie, stop the cappi
n'
Caught his mans on the wrong side, nigga, look what happened
I'm a nigga in these streets, wrong move, on my mama, I'm blastin'
Fifty, that's my dog, right or wrong, either way I'm gon' slide
Way y'all playin' with the gang, that's the reason y'all died
Touched a hundred bands at fourteen, nigga, why would I lie?
If this nigga touch my chains, this bitch wantin' to die
Stop callin' my phone, bitch, I'm workin'
Bounce on your block, get to purgin', let's kill somethin'
You niggas like to gossip like some bitches, I don't fear nothin'
Take a nigga life, that's for the gang, I'm tryna up me a score

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