

Level 5

Hunxho

Shoutout every handgun
That's on my damn son
Yeah, yah yah
Blam some'
[?] You know I blam some'
Yeah, yah yah

Trying to be the best
Yeah, I done tried this shit a million times
I do my bitch, I got a son and I can't let him down
I put my pain inside my music, shit could never die
My cuz got thirty-five he did like ten on level five
Think the beam my favorite slider
Every jean, I think I got it
You're mad at me, come do somethin' 'bout it
You're mad at me, get out your body
Shedding my skin all on my body
I sold my soul to my block
I could never go Illuminati
I think they're my favorite opp

I can't wait to flip that charge
I done got my paper up
Ain't got no more paper problems
Crazy what I did for dollars
Crazy you ain't ever call up
Loyal to my people dog
It ain't me to go changin' on 'em
I wouldn't do that spinnin' personally
Like why drop paper on 'em? (Why drop paper on 'em)

Wouldn't do that spinnin' personally
Like why drop paper on 'em
Ain't never hated on 'em
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Like why drop paper on 'em?
Locked up with a hoe, but I had skated on 'em
Held 'em never hated on 'em
Waited my time, I been patient on 'em
He want cancer
His mama and them gon' have to call the patient number
Took off in this motherfuckin' boat so I ain't waitin' on 'em
They know I'm a motherfuckin' goat or [?] runnin'
I ain't had no motherfuckin' hope but I ain't done prayin' on it
I had end up gettin' all my shit, they know I stayin' on it
I take business, put it on the floor and then I stand on it
Mom duke made a star, I gotta shine, this shit like every mornin'
I know she look good but I like her better with no pants on it
Slide on his block in the G ride and then I blam on it
I done been to jail so many times I know my serial number
Rockin' with my gang, ain't no new guys 'cause they might tell on you
I won't fail my block all on my body, I raise hell on it
Anytime [?] got indicted, swear I dropped cells on 'em
High speed chase inside a Wagen each [?] with a [?] on it
I done sold a lotta shit it's one thing I won't sell, homie
Never sell my gun 'cause I got niggas out here layin' on me

Deep inside these streets, can't be my bitch if you ain't prayin' for me
I know I fuck up but you ain't right if you ain't sayin' nothin'

Try me, you bitch
Yeah, I done tried this shit a million times
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