

# Why Worry

Isaiah Rashad

Too busy livin' big  
Too busy checkin' of my list of shit I never did  
Drop top on all my whips  
Ain't none these hoes my bitch  
Ain't none these hoes my gig  
Can't even hold my piss  
Oh, that's your family, yo man?  
When? How could you stand 'em?  
He always try take advantage of a nigga  
There the mink is  
Bills paid for the shrink is  
Lay back and calm your thinkin'  
Ink pens, ink blot, I'm sinkin'  
Sober so far and shrinkin'  
Smokin' out my new Lincoln  
Baby

Yeah, yeah, dollar signs in the mornin'  
Where the fonk at?  
Follow me, yeah  
With all that money on your head  
Bet it's trackers on your phone  
Yeah, follow me, yeah, wayment  
GPS another spot  
Where the fonk at?  
Uh, follow me, huh, yeah  
With all that money on your head  
Bet it's trackers on your phone  
Yeah, follow me

What about our friendship, what about our kinship?  
Pullin' up like uncles, chonkin' out my window  
Worried 'bout my M's and my new utensils  
Ho, just be gentle when we swervin' that, this ain't a rental  
I got a blindfold when I'm aimin' that with no specifics  
Now life is? For those who spite me with them false advices  
Bootleggin' my CD, talkin' 'bout you bunkin', talkin' like you ballin'  
Talkin' 'bout you got it, pattin' on my pocket  
Bitch, know I know you  
From frozens and black soap operas  
My mob is slim as my goddess  
You can't reach the top and everybody  
I got things in order, who important  
You ain't Uncle Bobby, or my cousin Risha  
Please don't lean on me, bitch, I'm vibin'  
Please don't pretend, can't depend on me  
But bitch I got it, I'm on fire  
You so Shang Tsung like, you switch like on lights  
For all the chrome right, I'm gone and won't write  
My perch and dome right, I'm in my zone right  
Oh, he good, drop-top my Lincoln  
Fuck I was thinkin'? (Oh, we should) Ayy, ayy

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Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Me