Yesterday I thought I was having a heart attack
Panic Attack
Made a wack beat yesterday
I get ideas in my
I keep smoking weed
And I masturbate constantly

Keep hustling
Keep moving
I'm a nuisance
I'm useless
We fucked
This hurts

I'm a nuisance
DOA to the base
Face wet, legs shake
Grab my chest, feeling faint
These symptoms, can't help them
Where my health went
This hurts

Crackers keep calling me Aces
I put the spade on hook
All of you yuppies is pussy
You ain't never hit a jugg
Ain't no money on your books
I put Lemmy in the grave
I push the golden gun up on ya braids
Pew! Fade

And I'm getting cash you ain't never there, oooh, yeah
Oh, you fucking mad, 'cause I'm counting swag, oooh, yeah
Nigga, you's a bitch, you's a fucking hoe, oooh, yeah
I can't tell you
Pull up on 'em with the stick talk
Nigga you ain't bout that brick talk
Fuck with me you get shot
Shoo, shoo
I am a thot
Fuck it
I am a opp
Wrist cut, wrist cut, wrist cut
Grey death on the block

It's really just a panic attack...