

## EDGE Track

King Iso

Enemies... dames...

My psychoanalysis lookin grim doc'  
Truthfully it started when a nigga copped that big block  
16 years old whippin, used to make the chicks jock  
Then they killed Sarah, I got depressed, then this shit stopped  
I've always felt pain but this shit wasn't usual  
Especially all those fake ass bitches that showed to the funeral  
I kid not, I did watch, it wasn't suitable  
My lips locked with thick broads that's fuckin beautiful  
You niggas ain't shit, but you're rapping an image  
Livin off your parents - I just got back from the clinic  
I checked myself in - my bitch had left me to rot  
Started fucking with other niggas when I left for the spot  
Used to split the bills in half, now she tellin me to move  
Because her name's on the lease  
That's what a record will do...  
Fuck it... I ain't trying to live on section 8 anyway  
I pull a white bitch, get cake, and now a nigga straight  
I did some shit that you niggas could never do  
That's why yo baby mama hatin cuz I'm better than you  
So keep my name out of your mouth bitch  
That's on bloods and dead gang come to the south bitch!  
Now seriously, what you know about no-house shit?  
Diggin out of dumpsters trying to find an outfit  
You ain't 'bout shit!  
I swear these niggas out here bitch made  
That's why I keep the semi with me and a switch blade  
Better not switch lanes  
I'm a hood nigga I don't fucking rap  
How the fuck would I be on without a fucking pack?  
Imma put it to you like this  
I don't fuck with that  
Niggas in my city trying to fuck with rap  
Fuck them hoes that want me back all yall hoes are fucking rats  
Call it like I see it and you would if you was real  
Trying to start some shit with niggas in my hood will get you killed  
That's why I'm reali-t because I'm real  
Made a livin off of tellin niggas how I feel  
And to think, all of this started out as hip hop  
Now I fuck with platinum niggas in the big spot  
Now I'm gettin paid and yall niggas can just watch  
Stay the fuck out my line and out my inbox... nigga... you feel me?  
I'm on the edge... starting to lose my head...

I'm burning 16 blunts a day  
Recording and kicked it with niggas  
Then make a few hundred dollars and spend this shit on a stripper  
I got a high price lifestyle, this fame and fortune is over due  
In case I sign a deal I think to myself, so can you  
So don't diss, just support the grind of music  
I'm saying anything is possible  
Once you niggas put your mind to it  
Bitches hit my line now, back then I was dry screwing  
Now all of a sudden I'm the shit  
Yall think that I'm stupid?  
Pop another pain killer, wash it down with vodka

Take a look into the mirror, then I break down and I holla...  
How many was there when I needed them the most?  
Playing tug of war with demons while I'm sleeping in the hole  
I'm went a month without talking, I forgot what voices sound like  
Just picture a melodic conversation, yeah... that sound right...  
Just picture how the fuck I felt on my release date  
Told him if I see death around the corner, Imma keep straight  
Free ray riggs, bump him till this day  
Rope around my arm needle gun up to my head  
Like damn... ain't no comin back, at least, I hope  
Then I been trying to get this bitch to strap, I think I need to smoke  
Got a chick named Ashley  
Just know that when we was close to fame  
Fell in love in less than a week then never spoke again...  
I need a novacaine...  
Trying to find me? Blood you know the name...  
Brain...

I'm on the edge...  
I'm dealing with these enemies, lames, gold diggers...  
Round and round we go...  
I'm on the edge...  
I'm on the edge... fucked up in the head...  
Shoutout to all my niggas  
That don't switch sides nigga