

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