

If it wasn't to get a favor
Or trying to get some paper
Wonder if you'd even call today (call today)
And they act like they don't need me
'Til they see the news on TV
That I'm dead, already gone away (gone away)
So I sit back and I reanalyze
Your love's a lie all today (all today)
So I'm cuttin' my phone off
Like fuck takin' those calls
Yeah, this is what I'm on today (on today)

Carried the word on my back for these bitches
I lent the shirt off my back to these niggas
I never asked to return any favors, you said it
Bet I won't hear back once you get it
Then they start actin' all different
Like a'ight so you mad at me then get to gradually switching
The subject or matter of interest
Is what I should charge a man
I'll hit you back in a minute
Me and my BM ain't even together
Still help with the bills 'cause that's family business
She textin' "I hate you", "I love you", "I hate you"
And I started feelin' like man, ain't no difference
Niggas demandin' attention
Like it was my bitch and get mad and their ass get to dissin'
If I took half what I'm spending back I spend on ungrateful cats, wouldn't have no expenses
Fuck it, I'm stackin' my riches
Went on tour and came back to the trenches
I don't owe you, don't act like you did shit
Nigga would have to add to the wishlist
I don't recall you add any visions
When my suicidal lives were attempted
Niggas got an inaccurate vision
I marvel at that crack in your lenses
I was homeless, ain't have any Christmas
But I rap 'cause I'm actually gifted
Now I'm on it, get at me to get shit
I say no then they straddle the fences
With the ops 'til I black on them bitches
If I die they gon' act like we friendship
And the women gon' act worse than them if
This is y'all, I ain't answerin' when hit
I'm cuttin' my phone off

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Yeah, like a grave plot I be one deep
With a gauge cocked in the front seat
They never aid I but I'm H-I sicker they while full like 1-V
Everyday's rub I be unclean
Still I made mine apostrophes
Walk a straight line for a hub G's
I go save mine for the lunch meat
Bumpin' Pac, "Only God Can Judge Me"
Ain't no back roads on front street
Niggas turn backs watching front things
Two fingers to 'em, I don't want peace
Niggas plant based, they don't want beef
Nor smoke with me to be bluntly
Full of peer pressure like a dumb teens influencer flew above me
All the sense made how they come clean
With they conditional love schemes
Or relationships I don't champion for like I never won one ring
You can't get in touch like voice command
Fingerprint list to a touch screen
Used to hate now they copy but one thing
Ain't no blueprints to become king (nigga)
Shit, baby momma almost made the gun squeeze
Going through it, can't let my son see (nah)
While people fronting like they love me (they don't)
Shit, when they call it'd only be for one thing

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