

Aaryn's Interlude

Kirko Bangz

Yeah

These type of raps I gotta spit for myself
Just to let myself know that I ain't here for the wealth
I got it
I don't know which type direction to go
Talk about the hoes or talk about the election I don't know
I doubt it
I'm stuck between all this political shit
And sayin fuck the world and being on some ignorant shit
Shit, truth be told I be on some lyrical shit
If I was livin right then I'd be on some spiritual shit
But shit a nigga like me got a whole family to look after
I ain't got a son but got a little man to look after
And what I look like tellin him that he can't get the new Js
Cause I'm tryna be nice, Eminem the new Jay
That's some shit I gotta live with some shit I die on
Some shit I cover up whenever I go get my fly on
That's some shit that he won't understand until he my age
And when he my age, I hope he livin like he my age
At the present nigga my presence a present nigga get your gift
Got a 9 above my hip my mamma always trip
She took my car to the gas station and saw a gun
She sat my down and said "I ain't tryna lose my oldest son"
Wish I could tell her how they plottin on me
Wish I could tell her how my niggas puttin they problems on me
But she look at me like a soldier and I gotta stand tall
I'm the brick that hold her up when her back on the wall
Livin' like I'm 'posed to 26 with nobody to answer to
Negative vibes kill your dreams like that cancer do
The poorest kids turn to kings nigga I'm the proof
These problems raining on my family nigga I'm the roof
My sister gettin' older, goin through them growin pains
My brother ain't speakin to me now, I ignore it mane
He got some wounds I couldn't help him patch up
He fell a lil behind in life I'm tryna help him catch up
Through talks and motivation nigga look what I do
I got a? that fell off and I still stay true
The whole hood count me out, the whole city and shit
Now they talkin like "Kirk he on some serious shit"
Man rap ain't treat me that good I kinda left it alone
Came back, Back Flossin, now the whole hood strong
East side till I die, SME LMG
Everytime you ain't play my song you was feedin the beast
So I went fixed all my wrongs with my Sound M.O.B. niggas
I will never lose my throne to no Soundcloud niggas
Niggas got me tangled and twisted tryna play the young don
I got them Michael Jordan stats but I'm proud of my son
Happy that you went to college, happy you got recruited
But next semester you'll be workin as a three man mover
These niggas out here fuckin with me man I'm takin off heads
I told my barber how they tryna take off with my edge
I'm a murderer with the pen like I been in the pen
By age 30 that's the end, God forgive all my sins