

RAGE QUIT

KxllSwxtch

What's your rank, kid?
Bitch, I let them pistols talk. Come and speak my language
It's too crowded up in this bitch. No Russian the banquet
Send your soul right back to the lobby. I make him rage quit
Your pockets too weightless

Life been getting too plain, son
I'm thinking 'bout bringing your bitch to my crib, hip-
thrusting her face, tongue and all
Y'all talk but can't hurt a damn fly. You cowards ain't dangerous
Put some hair on your chest
If you feeling upset
Pussy boy, come say some
You ain't safe as you guessed
Boy, that bullet proof vest
Still a get your brain bust
Soon as I wake up, I grab my strap, load up two mags and count my cake up
Your bitches face stuffed right in my domain, punk
Got a problem. I break my goddamn fist right across your face, punk

I'm back in my mood, too grumpy like Scrooge
Trim some off top, peel his head back smooth, attitude on rude
Better keep that stick tucked and I advise you don't disobey
That MK4 slide side-to-side as I hit the brake
While a bitch complain

Yeah

They ask me, "How the fuck you make it, bitch?"
I did it, I just did it (I just did it)
Make her rage quit, pistol hitting in his liver
I was seventeen with cribs and whips, and, no, I did not win it
I get high as fuck, you see me fly as fuck, you cannot be me
Don't slide with me
I got a .45 line with me
Cut ties if you lie to me
From the 702, cop a LV, up a LV
Couple thousand every time I leave and don't talk
You sound like a ho look
Whole time I was down here with no none
Now, I got seven figures in the bank
Double "R" with a Range
Now you come to my show look

Who to think, who to call, who to blame?
Uh
Who ain't come around once, who the fake?
Uh
Did this on my own, I don't care about the fame
And I don't need no hand to hold
I hope that pistol let it bang

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