

RAGE QUIT

KxllSwxch

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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