

Monitoring Me

Lil Durk

He said some in public, I got in his DM and made him apologize
I can't tell you what I had told him for real, my shit be monetized
Lil' bro want that fast shit, when he go to Six Flags, he don't get on rides
I be with the niggas who take the rapper's shit and make 'em buy it back
I don' charged a ball player a thousand-dollar line just to say he drinking Act'
Half the niggas who rap, that be in the 'Raq, don't even be in the 'Raq
One of the opps lil' fast you can tell his ass used to run laps
I can merch it, on all my kids, lil' boy, you ain't make a gun clap
You can't tell me shit, even though we cool, I can't tell him to give yo' gun back
I can't send no money in my name, 'cause lil' bro a killer, he killed his gump ass
I don't even know if the feds tryna set me up, cause you woofin' with yo' lil' gump ass
Ain't no killer said that they seen't you kill, yo' lil' ass just a stunt man
You know brodie got shot in his arm, that micro mini get shot with one hand
I ain't gon' say he gon' miss the target, 'cause he up too close to miss his one man
I just did it just 'cause I fuck with 'em, I'll air one before Jumpman
How you gon' tell a nigga, "Don't fuck with another nigga", and you ain't done shit?
How you gon' tell a nigga he safe, we in yo' city, you ain't even the gunman?
How you gon' tell a killer you can't send him none, 'cause you brought the bitch a lil' something
You know that money be different, they come to your building, to kill you and the doorman
I was a Jeezy fan, but I was seeing red, I ain't build me a snowman
You put a switch onna new Glock, bet the lil' bitch start jammin'
I don't even got to pay a nigga to do none, I got killers in all my friends
Name the top five bitches out right now, I had ass all in my hand
Ain't gon' say the name right now, it's a possibility you they man
That's on Pluto grave, lil' bitch, yo bitch ass ain't gettin' in that van
How you gon' wipe my ass, when you see me, when yo' lil' bitch ass wipe the stand
I know he was a real killer 'cause I seen 'em do it, he ain't even wipe off his hand
I ain't ever see you do nothin', I ain't ever see you shoot shit up
I ain't ever hear you say nothin', but I heard you told dude, "Get up"
If you post up in the hood, we gon' get up wit' you
If you post you gotta show, we gon' get up wit' you
Man, the nigga I love'll get hit up wit' you

See, Boona a bug, he gon' up wit' you
See, I pay 'em, just not to get rid of niggas, talkin' 'bout the one
with Twitter fingers
Bro' body came straight from a misdemeanor
How he put on that switch, you a pistol cleaner
Keep your mouth closed, you won't get subpoenaed
Feds watch FaceTime wit' a lip reader
You know Varney, he the one wit' the tooth missin'
You know shorty gon' leave your roof missin'
Why the fuck you gon' ride wit' a new nigga
I done mixed my Tris wit' a root beer
Fuck Wock' cause it make me take two shits
She be suckin' my dick at Ruth Chris
Can't tell me what you did, 'cause you ain't do shit