

To The Point

Lil Poppa

JayForeiign
We love you Kevin
Wildchild shit nigga

I'm saying tho
Why the fuck a nigga acting like
This fame shit done got to a nigga or sumthin
Like a nigga asked for this shit
Like a nigga won't give all this shit up
And head back to Desi block
You know twelve-double-o shit
Never on no hoe shit, always on some go sit
Come on tell me some more shit
Tell me some shit ion know

Why ion respond to none of that shit
Cuz I ain't no social thug
And no that shit don't come with a diss boy that shit come with slugs
I let the media do they job, they supposed to judge
Been losing love from mafuccas I'm supposed to love
And I don't know no other way so I'ma cope with drugs
One gotta stay cuz ain't no room for the both of us
One tried to play but ain't make it, he got his head bust
Pressure come behind me what you think that nigga dead fo'
And I been seeing dead folks but I ain't scared
That ain't what the fuck these meds fo'
Eyes red Corbin who these tears shed for
Them memories I play it too busy telling a story I ain't got time to diss th
e dead
But fuck them niggas they dead how many times I gotta say it
Don't speak on Desi let him rest bitch nigga better wear a vest
Play pussy and make 'em wear a dress
Too real for interviews and press
Keep it cool I ain't stressing
Cuz we turn L's into lessons
And all them L's turned to blessings
I'm that nigga in that gold Mercury with that chrome Smith and Wesson
Thought ya had me but ya wrong, bitch that's what you get for guessing
Real playa, got her leaking through the phone and we just texting
How you turn a bitch on through a message

She say keep talking that shit I like it
And don't compare me to these niggas they ain't nothing like me
I done seen it all, ain't too much of this shit can excite me
I made it out it made you sick nigga
I hear ya diss, get off my dick (die on the 6)
She said you finna put all that weed in that blunt
Bitch you know I roll thunks get to the point
Had to tell that hoe it ain't no seeds bitch this runtz
Had to cut em off they only call me for they needs and they wants

If you really love me why you don't show it then, that be that fake shit
Say youngin better slow down before ya crash, get ya brakes fixed
And a nigga ain't around if he ain't down to let that K spit
So just tell me what's the word I get ya served on some lil saint shit
Windows tented in these foreign cars I watch rain hit
Collect calls from my dawgs, won't change at all I'm the same jit

And they still on that gang shit, detectives think we bang but we don't bang
That's why we be the ones to blame when some brains split
Just cover the ones got caught and pray for the ones that we ain't get
Lately I ain't been thinking my mind been on some blank shit
Tryna break the bank shit
Bitch I'm wildchild you know it's Evergreen for life nigga I can't switch
And I just left the hood they all proud of this fame shit
But they don't know the pain that it came with
Shit worse than being in front of the house that day when the tank hit
And these niggas around me gone take hits while I'ma sit back and make hits

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