

# Stop The Madness

Lil Skies

(Ooh, stop the madness  
I stunt on my enemies, it can get tragic  
He don't want no smoke with me, I let him have it)  
Based1 got them bands, ho

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He don't want no smoke with me, I let him have it  
She said she wan' fuck with me 'cause I'm a savage  
I'm smoking OG straight out the package  
You can't tell me anything, I'm a savage  
Now I'm living like a king, they stuck in sadness  
She can't get a wedding ring, don't know what happened

Bad man, the good man always comes in last  
I stashed it and bashed it, my bank full of cash  
The demons start fiendin', the cops on my ass  
They hate me but low-key try take all my swag  
I'm the wrong one, you got me fucked up  
I said I wouldn't drink tonight, but damnit, I got fucked up  
I just copped an i8, I'm 'bout to get the Benz truck  
You said you was down to ride but time came and you switched up  
I don't need no new friends, I was with my new ho  
I just poured some Easter pink, no, this ain't no nouveau  
My shirt made by Louis V, every day buy new clothes  
Crush them like a centipede, I be high on Pluto

I just gotta know  
If you goin' where we go  
We gon' make it rain, make it snow  
I was dead broke  
Now it's ten thousand in my coat  
Fly my family out to the coast  
Now I'm never broke

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She can't get a wedding ring, no, I ain't acting  
My money like eight of mes like stacked on the mattress  
You niggas ain't on the team, boy, why you cappin'?  
Balance on the triple beam, let off the static  
They said they want smoke, well I want war  
I come to your front door, make you scream like encore  
I don't ever take breaks 'cause I always want more  
The industry is too fake and I am just an outlaw  
I just like to break rules, I am just a rockstar  
I just wanna have fun, you just wanna break hearts  
Swerving in the fast lane, like it when I take off  
They wanna rip my face off, I could never play soft

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Fifteen thousand on a coat  
Mink on the inside when I get cold  
My body warm, I'm out the hood, now my car crawl like a roach  
I made a loaf, my pockets keep a boast  
I came from crumbs  
They thought it couldn't be done, I made it happen  
Young Gunna a designer don, the god of fashion  
Pretty women in my penthouse, oh, look like a pageant  
Fifteen hundred horses, oh, you can hear when I'm passin'  
Nigga ain't wanna feel me, oh, 'til I start spazzin'  
Right now I need to own my charts, gotta bring that cash in  
I'm not walkin' inside your club, I need my backend  
She just know whenever we fuck, I break her back in  
Have fun with all this money, oh, I can't stop laughing  
This guy got matchin' Skydwellers, these diamonds dancin'  
Half of these niggas fly as fuck, my drip a classic  
Don't care if it's the month of March, can't stop the madness

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