

Do Not Disturb (Freestyle)

Major Nine

Open letter to my peers this is our year
If I don't make it let's just say I fell in love with fear
Or I gave up on my dreams in a deep sleep
Constantly drowning in my thoughts this a deep sea
I'm writing letters just to ask if I could use my name
Fake smiles and head nods just to play the game
Signing papers might just be a nigga next move
Warner brothers in my ear like what you wanna do
I'm making money with the music I ain't wanna do
And football saved my life I gotta pay my dues
What if Jay hit my phone and fly me out today
Or if I sign to MMG I'm moving to the A
My mama live to see me rich, I'm praying constantly
I'm on my grind so I can only see you once a week
And the more I come and see you can you pray for me
Cause the devil gettin' close he tryna stay wit me
Never thought that I would be in this position
Cause my fourth-grade teacher said some shit I wouldn't mention
Yeah I took it to the heart but I ain't no pussy lil nigga
I won't fold for no words I let it push me lil nigga
Then the doctor say I couldn't play ball cause a heart murmur
Let's just say '08 was a hot summer
News flash if I don't make it in this ball shit
I'm still a CEO, I'm on my boss shit
Never floss it that never happen often
Niggas like that where I'm from we like to off them
Mind yo business, pay attention to yo own paper
And I ain't tryna join yo team I got my own haters
I showed the whole team my grind I'm tryna own skaters
And you ain't gotta pay for me I got my own paper
Red eyes couldn't blink this
I'm super human cause yo dawg couldn't think like this
Take a look at a nigga this what that storm do
Drake and Khalid used some shit out of my dorm room
Rozay told me I was a young legend
Acknowledgements don't pay no bills but I get the message
When I'm broke I still walk like I got it all
Never ask my dad for shit man I got it dawg
I just wanna drop a bag on yo escalade
Cause you was there way before that fake love came
I hate when niggas act like I ain't say this years ago
Imma make it rain, sleet, hail or fucking snow
You can't stop me, I ain't even sayin' I'm cocky
I'm just sayin' I serve God he got my back do you copy
I'm holdin' on to my faith wit a thin string
I'm getting sick with this shit I need some ginseng
Like a Alka-Seltzer ooh I'm bout to bubble up
And when I buy my first house I wanna double up
You know the two-car garage, double doors
Somebody please tell the architecture glass floors
And when I pull in my yard I wanna see a horse
Real or fake even though I can't fit in a Porsche
My attitude getting worse but I'm working on it
Baby girl respect my grind this a working moment
I explain to my girl why I make my bed
Cause family members always move in and take my bed
Then I find myself Back in the living room

On the floor wit them rats and the roaches too
So familiar got me looking like them roaches new
Garage door was always open so them roaches grew
I rap wit pain cause that's all I feel
Mama say don't say that shit if that shit ain't real
So before I drop I song I send it to her phone
She say hell yeah drop that shit and leave me lone
Don't nobody got my back like my old girl
October 12th you pushed me out in this cold world
I watched you go through so much shit I had to man up
Got in a crash on yo birthday couldn't stand up
Fuck the doctor imma come and change yo bed pan
Even though my schedule tighter than a headband
You always tell me you ok and don't be scared man
God forbid you leave this earth mama you made a man
Wugga old girl died shit I cried too
Coco old boy died shit this world crew
And just to make y'all proud we gon stay in school
We from a city where the good guys don't make the news