

Gift

Mark Battles

Mama told me I'm a gift and it's startin' to make sense
All these fans love my presence, make me feel like Saint Nick
I got introduced to pain and it'll make you change quick
Saw my brother's last breath and I ain't been the same since

Nah, I never joined a gang, but it's Vasi Gang, bitch
I was young, gettin' money, on my Lil Wayne shit
Flame lit, game slick, I might hit your main chick
And I'ma take her number too, I know your nigga ain't shit
Baby, tell me what it is, free the bros that's doin' biz
317 'til I die, I'ma always rent the crib
I inspire lil' kids so I gotta do it big
Oh, you lookin' for some dirt, I found the perfect place to dig
If my children got a wish, I'll assist like Jason Kidd
Rappers screamin' 'bout the Dracos and the shootings that they did
But don't ever pull it out, it's like they tryna have a kid
I ain't into tellin' fibs, nigga, I'm just tryna live

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Only bought the Maserati just to fuckin' lane switch (Haha)
Textin' models with emojis, send a smiley face kiss
Yeah, I know she want the dick, send me back some rain drips
Flame lit, the game switch, but y'all on the same shit
Money buys a lot of things, but my soul, you can't get
I don't know everything, just know them niggas ain't it
Never switchin' on my clique, the same guys I came with
Vasi, tell me how it felt, made a mil' without a deal
She around me for the Percs and I ain't never pop a pill
I can't be another nigga that these fucking cops could kill
Think the music therapeutic, I don't know no Dr. Phils
Y'all can keep that other shit, I need some shit that I can feel
(I can feel, need some shit that I can feel)

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All these fans love my presence, I'ma- yeah
My- yeah