

ROYALTY/FREESTYLE

midwxst

(Yeah-yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah)
(Yeah-yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah-yeah)
Oh, yeah

Niggas be scary as fuck, that's why I watch out who I keep my ties with
Gotta keep my .9 tucked in case someone were to come and try shit
Manager said watch how I spend, I don't care, 'cause I'm gon' buy it
I don't even write my songs no more, at this point I'm just freestylin'

And I throw all my fits myself, I don't ever need to get no stylist
Niggas wan' beat around the bush, won't get to the point, I ain't talk about
stylus, yeah
Niggas wan' talk 'bout some loyalty, huh
I'm flushin' you niggas like royalty, huh
Lil' nigga, you know where my tool'll be, yeah
Niggas beefin' online, you not foolin' me, nah
You showin' that stick but won't shoot it, huh
You talkin' 'bout start it, then do it, huh
Niggas crashin' out over some hoes
Already know that that boy goin' through it, ha
I seen that you gone on tour, huh, but you ain't doin' that in the States
We already know that you're fallin' off, bro, but I never thought that it would
get to this place
Nigga, you need to stop droppin', every song that drop, already know that sh
it is deadweight
I never had someone get in my car and say throw on your song, nigga, ain't t
hat a shame, huh
Huh, yeah, but it's not really a shame, huh
I had to get that bullshit you just dropped, get it out of my brain
Unlike you niggas, I stay out the way and I count up my paper all day
Last time that we spoke, you ain't want that ho, all the sudden you changin'
your ways

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Yeah, I'm finna do it, baby, that's no cap
I'm in the zoo, baby, that's no bap
Nigga wan' talk about me, okay, bet
I'm in the streets, baby, with my vets
Nigga ain't real, he ain't pass the test
Sayin' I'm fake, you ain't see my text
It's not my fault your bitch wanted next
And got my name tatted on her neck
That's your bae though, bet
Gang may slime you out like slatt
Logo chain still on my neck
Give a fuck what a fake gang say, and a hater say, give a fuck 'bout that
Niggas wan' live through they cap, I'ma let you keep doin' that
Oh, yeah, huh

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(Freestylin', yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Okay, yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, okay, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah, okay, yeah)
(Yeah, niggas ain't hear my shit, yeah)
(BACK IN ACTION 4.0, a mixtape)
(You are in the mix with mid-fucking-wxst)