

# My Story (Dlog)

Mike Dimes

Hotter than a sauna  
I got more bucks, got more white than a bitch named Madonna  
Lil' nigga, come check my status  
Mike ain't never been average, I make it happen  
Give me a bag, I'ma pack it  
When I get mad, my chain get pissed  
When I get sad, my ears shed tears  
Been in the game three years  
It's takin' a while 'cause I'm pure  
I'm better than them, I'm sick, no cure  
Bonafide niggas don't have no fear  
Rick Ross, my pants make me look like a pear  
Made two bands up in two minutes  
My music make money slide  
When I leave, make bitches go suicide  
When I got in the game, I got crucified  
I ain't take no handouts, nigga  
Why you got your hand out, nigga?  
I'm flyer than any bird of a feather  
You focused on bitches? Bruh, get it together  
She tryna crease these lemon pepper steppers (Uh-uh)  
Almost put the ho on a stretcher (Uh-huh)  
Got five missed calls, won't text her (Uh-uh)  
Lil' shawty always been extra (Uh-huh)  
This all-wheel drive, no Tesla (No Tesla)  
I run this game, come catch up  
Step on somethin' apply that pressure  
Niggas mad, but I can't help 'em

I'ma just tell my story  
This DLOG, no man above me  
I wake up on bubbly  
Niggas mad 'cause I get money  
Leave my house, they tried to jump me  
This no lie, this a true story  
All I do is chase the glory  
Me and fye like Rick and Morty

These niggas be pocket watchin'  
Can't say shit, 'cause I'm twenty in the 2020 (Vroom)  
Movin' work in that Challenger (Challenger)  
While your bitch givin' brain from the passenger (The passenger)  
Niggas can't keep up with me unless I let 'em  
He gon' trust that bitch unless I tell him  
Promise your homie is not your real homie  
You think that's your homie? Then go 'head and test him (On God)  
Take her on a trip (Trip), put it on her lip (Her lip)  
Watch how young niggas get drip  
I got some baby mamas tryna strip (On gang)  
I got some young niggas tryna clip (On gang)  
Thought we was homies, now you below me  
It's funny that pussy can make niggas phony  
It's funny that money can make niggas ho me, hold on (What you say to 'em, t  
hough?)  
But like I said, Double Lamb OG  
All my niggas got beats, they eat  
Yeah, Mike Dimes don't do no feats

Before one time, I slide G3  
Yeah, my whip don't got no keys  
Yeah, my bitch don't got no weave  
All my niggas throw up L  
But this no loss, this shit low-key  
I get back, I get it back  
I get a bag, I get a backend  
I won't trip, 'cause I'm never lackin'  
I get a brick and make it a fraction  
I get it lit, I make it lit  
I get it lit, I get it littty  
Ain't no mark gon' have me slippin'  
But this Glock gon' turn you to Ricky, that's on God  
These niggas be fraud, these niggas don't rob  
These niggas be talkin' 'bout all that cap (On gang)  
These niggas be timid, these niggas ain't with it  
I send him the addy, he gone off the map  
I come through quick, come through quick  
The minute you drops, make fiends relapse  
This Glock my fan, this bitch gon' clap  
I feel like NAV, I'ma tap, tap, tap

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