

## All Hits

Mike Stud

All hits, no misses, this is batting practice bitches  
Tryna fall in love with life, I don't need nobody else  
It's all hits, ah shit, I don't need nobody help  
Feels like everybody else tryna be somebody else  
Oh no, oh no, that's some shit I never felt  
Bet you can't afford a house but you got a Gucci belt  
Oh no, oh, no, that's some shit I never felt  
Fuck being cool to you and you I'd rather be myself, yeah

Don't tell me how bad you really want something  
Just tell me how you plan to go and get it  
And once you do then don't forget why you started out  
Sometimes you lose sight of where you headed  
But now they only call when they want something  
It ring and ring until they get the message  
Brrrrrr  
Phone jumping like Vince  
Brrrrrr  
They ain't talking 'bout shit  
Even if they set a pick I cannot switch  
Way before I had a shot I couldn't miss  
Swish, ah, they ain't got it like this, nah  
You say you want something different but you in the same place  
Going out every weekend just to see the same faces  
Got your mind so local, cause you in the same state, I can't stay

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Too much on my plate, I got more to eat  
I cannot relate, connect accordingly  
Nothing means more to me than loyalty  
Gave you all of me and needed more of me, I'm more than me, but  
You got caught in all the negatives, its on me  
You had inhibitions when you drinking, poured the mourn on me  
No matter who I see I swore that you are all I see  
What the fuck was wrong with me  
Let's take a vacation for all of the days wasted  
We're getting weed, we do not mean things that we say faded  
But you've been to strange places, deal with them strange faces  
You and your friends, getting it in, and my mistake vacant  
But then I found some things that I didn't wanna  
Now I gotta give it a minute, I'm sorry  
Now I gotta go out and get it, I'm gonna

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