

Fate

Mike Will Made-It

Pretty baby, I won't lie
I can get it right, one try
Roll this up and let's skydive
I hope you not afraid of heights
(Mike Will Made-It)
'Cause I'm just the truth
Rolling like a fool
What have I gotten myself into?
Hurry up and choose

I'm in sky and I chill with this ice in my ears
I want to look good out and live
We shared that apartment with shears
I jump off a jet to a building, I take care of everybody billings
I wish they can stop with the killing
I thought you didn't need me, they kneeling
Ain't telling my business, they winning, winning
Ain't taking shit out, sick childrens
Somebody else die when you sit and chillin'
In the prison you already chillin'
You can kicking it right living
Ready to cap pell him
Hardbody this shit get realer
I could crack the ceiling

Yeah, take a bite out the Ritalin
All these VVS, I'm just pullin' it out like I'm Bill, yeah-yeah
Foolery, water, ice in the sky let ya nosebleeds
Had the Rollies and Pateks, don't post these
That that shit tall as ladders and palm trees, yeah
Started out with a lil' ranch, now I got a lot of blue cheese
I just had a deal 20 mil', she know not to start with me
I let the window down partially
Park a Rolls Royce or a dodge at least
Gotta put half on a car at least
Hollywood bitch, I'm a star at least
Got key the Jeep, that ain't much
She promise many ménage, getting that jeep outta garage
Get out my drip better go raw, 20 new jeans, Saint Laurent
My private jet don't get rushed
Peanut butter and jelly, like us
I pour a 4 up of D'ussé, ooh

Pretty baby, I won't lie
I can get it right, one try
Roll this up and let's skydive
I hope you're not afraid of heights
'Cause I'm just the truth
Rolling like a fool
What have I gotten myself into?
Hurry up and choose

Mafia, run it up, run a couple milli from ya clientele
Yeah, Alka-seltzer plus, serve it to the J's who come lately
I'll be glad when a nigga approach me wantin' problems
Run it up, nigga chop him I'll put him in the ground just like a cow, yeah
Outside with the dealers, at the projects

I'm from where the dope fiends shoot the product, yeah
I'm in Saks with a half a mil', get my sack on
Cha-cha, got extreme moves for a redbone, yeah
Pussy pink like a pig, beat it till it's red, ooh
Have ties, with city scabs all in red, ooh
Big up for still giving head, ooh
Spend a 100 thou' on a diamond for the dead

I'm in sky and I chill with this ice in my ears
I want to look good out and live
We shared that apartment with shears
I jump off a jet to a building, I take care of everybody billings
I wish they can stop with the killing
I thought you didn't need me, they kneeling
Ain't telling my business, they winning, winning
Ain't taking shit out, sick childrens
Somebody else die when you sit and chillin'
In the prison you already chillin'
You can kicking it right living
Ready to cap peel him
Hardbody this shit get realer
I could crack the ceiling

'Cause I'm just the truth
Rolling like a fool
What has I got myself into
Hurry up and choose
She ain't over me, yeah
She ain't over, f-fuck fuck it
I ain't over her just yet, I ain't over
I'll be on my way for sunset
Cancel the party, baby, I'm a wreck
I'm a wreck
I'll be on my way