

Underground Kingz

MIKE

(We're living in a world of fantasy)

Threw a putt, you worried where this could be
I'm in a rut, I'm always where the thugs be
Don't give a fuck, all that talkin' to my bud street
She say it's up, but she never trust me
I make a run, tryna function in the front seat
Yeah, if you want me, shorty, keep it upbeat
They talkin' tough, but they frontin', won't confront me
It's too much time to make this money off of one scheme
Who would've thought? Still be runnin' off this dumb dream
Another artist out the south, I feel like Bun B
I seen a dot, it's like a sun, ain't see the sun stream
I gave my heart another jumper, let that cut scene
Thought I was talkin' to a plug, but he like Jump Street
My bro got 'za and he got uppers for the club scene
Know I'm the topic, I do numbers on the bun scene
Need that deposit, thank my brother when that stuff freeze
I find a pocket, I'ma dump before that bun breathe
I can drop shit, we gon' touch it all because me
I only drop the prayer to the one above me
It's no honor on my suit, it still get ugly
It's no honesty and truth inside this jugg thing
I leave my heart up in the booth, they think I'm lucky
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(Ayy, Tony)

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