

## Fell Off

MoneySign Suede

I'm a Parkside baby, nigga

My bitch on my shit  
She like "Why you love the streets?"  
I love the streets but I know they don't love me  
In my city, I'm a trophy. I'm the only one to be  
They're saying I fell off, but I got bands in my jeans

They're saying I fell off, but I make bands in my sleep  
I came a long way and how, they're paying me just to meet  
Just for a picture, a picture for their feed  
A nigga popping now but I still want beef

He don't want to race, but I wanna give that nigga peace  
Sometimes, I don't wanna talk 'cause they don't be knowing what I mean  
I ain't like these niggas  
I don't need a strap with a beam  
One thing about me: I don't care what you think

Ay. Nigga, you know what's up and what time it is  
I'm 'a make the spot hot for what the climate is  
I'm the nigga around this bitch  
I got a badder bitch  
My metal heavy  
You be walking with a jammer stick

I'm out on bail but I'm gon' pull up with a blammer kit  
You be capping in your songs  
I call you "Kaepernick"  
I told my girl, "This is me. This is the way I live."  
Sometimes, I just wanna go back when I was selling nicks

Niggas wanna beef  
Finally, I ain't backing out  
Niggas disrespect. Fuck that. We're gon' slash 'em out  
I think these niggas mad 'cause my pockets way fatter now  
I don't care about these niggas and what they're talking 'bout

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On God, I still want beef  
A nigga saying I fell off and shit 'cause I switched the flow one time