

F.T.A. (Failure to Appear)

Morray

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
(Haha, JP)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
(Aria Made This)

I done made it out the pot when niggas thought they had me cooked
FTA, I ain't gon' show, gotta pay if they want me booked
She so bad, but she bad for me, stole my heart like she a crook Hard shell,
but read the signs, keep it open like a book
I'm goin' hard without tryin', high as a kite, I like to fly in
I'm up now, I been survivin', now I'm livin', fuck survivin'

It ain't over 'til that motherfuckin' fat lady sing
I'm deaf to it, if she did, I don't hear a fuckin' thing
Hard pill to fuckin' swallow, but it taste like with a sting
Bitch, I'm married to the game, kiss the hand and show the ring
I'm locked in, dog, had to learn to swing without a push off
Gotta push myself, so how the fuck I'm 'posed to push y'all?
Niggas must be smokin', guess they blunts is laced with fentanyl Fendin' for
myself, but as you know, this Fendi cost, dog
My closest enemy and friend went in the same, I call him twin
He a demon 'cause he spin and if need, he'll spin again
He done caught me plenty bodies, I want her, he get a friend
Before we even fuckin' speak, shorty gotta understand it
That's life now, I done leveled up, no time to pipe down
My world's a rollercoaster, buckle up and tell 'em bite down
Rather get a shooter, I don't have the time to fight now, rather pay my lawyer

I done made it out the pot when niggas thought they had me cooked (Oh, oh, oh)
FTA, I ain't gon' show, gotta pay if they want me booked (Oh, oh, oh)
She so bad, but she bad for me, stole my heart like she a crook (Oh, oh, oh)
Hard shell, but read the signs, keep it open like a book (Oh, oh, oh)
I'm goin' hard without tryin', high as a kite, I like to fly in
I'm up now, I been survivin', now I'm livin', fuck survivin'

Put my trust inside a bitch, I ain't gon' lie, that ain't do shit for me
Can't be number two, I'm tired of people givin' shit to me
Heart been broke so many times, so your love don't mean shit to me
Niggas givin' up their spot, that's cool, well, give that shit to me
Prayin' on my downfall, niggas hope I phased out
Despite all they attempts, look how far a nigga came now
Fuck the Undertaker, I'm on fire, feel like Kane now
May not be the king, but feel like it's my time to reign now
I been told the brand is dead by the niggas tryna kill it
I'ma go so fuckin' hard, they got no choice but to feel it
Told you so, won't be enough, but it's gon' start to fuckin' healin'
The music is my antidote, money is the penicillin'
And

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I done made it out the pot when niggas thought they had me cooked (Oh, oh, oh)

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