Outro

Nasty C

Huh
Ey What's a threat to a youngin that murder
On the lines of this page
All the power he yearning
When he rhyming on stage
All the haters are chirpin the fans shouting his name
End of the day his still locked in a cage
Cause really power, possession and false pride got me knocking my chest
I might go out in a club, ball out and I'll flex
I prolly think I'm the boss
But sum it down in a shell
There's some promoter nigga writing my cheque
Most of you niggas making music for that white nigga behind that desk
And what you own of it is only a fraction yeah I'll remind you
When you getting your shine I'm just that young nigga behind you
15 seconds of insta my nigga that's how they blind you
You letting the fame define, so much for doing you
Your only competition should only be you and you
So when I'm rhyming this is me letting the oozes and dueces loose
As for that nigga staring back in the mirror I do him too
Ain't got love for this niggas
Just a way I was bought up
Got a flight to catch ain't got no time to get caught up
I know you caught it
See they give you two times Christ they double cross you
Cause don't get to comfortable
No man is not disposable
Any dummie can claim he a rapper spit something quotable
Think about it, you right were you are cause the fans voted you
You gotta get to sweating my nigga that's who you owe to
Run

Making mis Citizens
Or I think, I think that this is the most selfish project I've ever heard
Got it
You know business right, track after track after track
Which is me talking about being the things that I've been through in every l
ife episode that there is to it

Huh, ey ey
I'm running laps with a Mercedes I approach niggas
That's the only way I know how to approach niggas
Everybody is talking about beef it won't finish
But I know better that to stick my nose in folks business
I met a white girl that told me she's obsessed with my voice
And that it took a lot for her to say it cause she wearing pride first
How stupid she felt for saying she won't date a swati boy
Its crazy how far we then came for dating 5 hoes
They know we bad
And ntwana I made moves
Cheap talk is Cheap and but doesn't pay dues
So we break bread then records and then rules getting fucked up
Fifty shades of grey goose
The weed made me get trippy
The liquor makes for the stories
The music made me get itchy
The pussy raised my worries

The money made me get greedy
Then everything got just blurry
Got selfish made me get needy
All just came in a hurry... ey
But I understand I am disposable
Any dummie can claim he a rapper but I am quotable
Think about it I am right were I am cause the fans voted me
So tell me why I shouldn't kill you to get what you owe to me
Run

I think, I think I worked if enough to you know
To say that I am proud of myself for that you gotta be proud
Be it your one day fan or day one fan

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