

Sometimes Not Serious

Night Lovell

La quiere conocer...
Con su forma de actuar...

On the backside of the flip, never see
Never see me on the other side, I'm always green
Saying that I'm just a fucking layout
Sense me when I breakout
Catch me at the steak house nigga, catch me at your bitch house
I'm always watching from the distance like a fuckin cobra
My head snap back, snap back to my shoulder
Nigga saying that you wanna, that bitch straight from Rwanda
You still too dumb to see that I done broke the Magna Carta
Tip toe nigga, climb slow nigga
You never ready can't you see that fucking snow nigga
Below zero nigga, you ain't no hero nigga
Claimin that you painted pictures
Truth be told you get no bitches
Shit... I say I only tell the truth
You stay away from (stay miss[?]) pussy stay up in that booth
Thinking 'bout that time you said you make it out this shit
I made it out this shit, since I was a fucking jit
Shit we coming out of fog, sleeping in that o-
zone, to the floor
Bitch leave before the night and come back for some more
Want some more, never show that I got that bitch for the doe
Then I go, in the back, of that motherfucking store
Seein' dead bodies laid out on the side of the grass
All I see is blood, right beside the broken glass
Never got no time to make it out the damn back
Goes to show that I won't ever wanna go back, nigga