

Drawing Symbols

NoCap

This shit called the truth (Oh)
Dubba-AA flex
Know what I'm sayin', no rap clout (Oh, oh)
Nigga really be goin' through some shit (Oh, oh)
Gotta let a motherfucker know, know what I'm sayin' (Oh, oh)
You don't know a nigga like we do (Oh, oh)
This shit called the truth (Oh, oh, yeah)
This is the sound (Oh, oh)

They say Choppa got a baby, he ain't nothin' but fifteen
The bitch lied to his face, she didn't take a Plan B
Nine months later, now the nigga Chop with his seed
He can't handle all his problems, so he smoke a lil' weed
Mentally he hurtin', every day he suffer from depression
They ask him what's wrong, but he can never express it
This shit way too personal, stop askin' him questions
This a true story that they got a nigga confessin'
Conflict with his parents, they keep kickin' him out
He walked to his friend's house, he had to sleep on the couch
His momma think he goin' crazy, tryna figure him out
Dad think he fucke dup and he said that he foul
Startin' to feel empty and he don't know what to do
He disrespectin' all the teachers, he a menace in school
Students thinkin' he a dummy 'cause he act like a fool
But they don't know a nigga life and what he goin' through

I'm bipolar and I got anger issues
I'm scared of the outcome so I don't tell the truth
Runnin' from my problems, I don't know what to do
So much pain in my raps, I confess in the booth
Why these niggas steady hatin', man, I don't have a clue
Dreek tellin' me to chill, but I'ma give him the blues
If he run up on me, I swear to God I'ma shoot
It's my life or his, you know which one I'ma choose

He might be goin' insane 'cause every night that he cry
Tears rollin' down his cheeks until he close his eyes
He told his momma he don't care if he dead or alive
Fatal thoughts of suicide, he wanna take his life
Lovin' basketball but he don't live it no more
Fighting' with his teammates, cussin' out the coach
Yeah, ussin' out the coach, uh, bitch, ayy
Heartbroken, he can't show no love
Love would get a nigga killed and it's hard to trust
I don't fuck with too many, they might set me up
One phone call, they can get a nigga wetter
Sometimes I really wanna die and don't give a fuck
Put your tool in the sky for your loved one
Snakes all in the grass, I had to mow 'em
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You know which one I'ma choose, ayy
You know which one I'ma choose, ayy
Ayy, and bitch, this here the truth
Ayy, this here the truth
You know which one I'ma choose, you know which one I'ma choose
In this life that I'm winning' and young nigga can't lose, yeah
Bitch, you know which one I'ma choose
You know which one I'ma choose
This is the Sound