

Crashout Mentality

OMB Peezy

(Digital Sauce)

Yeah

You know

All gold probably (Woah)

Look

Sincerely from a crashout, murder somethin' you ain't 'posed to ask 'bout
Niggas think they runnin' past, I'm trippin' shit, I kick my leg out
I got murder on my mind and I got bodies on my dreadlock
Bitch, I'm married to a dollar, but I fuck the block, gotta weigh it out
Walk in the closet, I put on the all-white lows, I'm rockin' a dope-boy 'fit
Dirty nigga, but I had to clean up the money, I'm on my Ozark shit
On the road, I get dressed in a phone booth, I feel like the old Clark Kent
Project baby, sip yellow with the big eyes, I feel like the old boy Simpson
I'm not a rapper, I'm not a trapper, I'm not an actor, I'm slingin' iron
Don't care what you sayin' 'cause you not a factor
Look deep in your eyes, can tell that you lyin'
Them crackers'll give a nigga a hundred years, I been feelin' like Plies
They gave my cousin Tim ninety-nine years for a fuckin' rod
I love this life, I won't jeopardize it, murk somethin' with this fuckin' ro
cket
Overkill, had to hit him while he was ****, that shit was traumatizin'
I might kick somethin' and disappear, I feel like Ronda Rousey
I made it out, I'm smilin' from ear to ear

They ain't think I would maintain the soldier-life mentality
Them white folks tryna hassle me, throw me down and wrestle me
Just to put on handcuffs and charge me with resistance
When they told me to throw my hands up
(You know, gang shit, nigga)
Yeah, this is to maintain the soldier-life mentality
(Diary of a crashout, diary of a crashout)
This is to maintain the soldier-life mentality
(Diary of a crashout, diary of a crashout)

This is to maintain, the soldier-life mental
I done got too big, I'm tryna hide it, postin' poles on my finsta
I can feel the ache and I'm off that drank, know I been soakin' my liver
Park the car, hop out, walk down how I take the soul out my victim
Park the car, hop out, walk down
Better kill somethin' if he draw down
Help 'em out, they still talk down
You ain't like me, so I don't like y'all, love 'em from afar now
I park my car, let my seat back, now I can see the stars
Feel like he gotta kill somethin' for the world to see he hard

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