

Ay, Redstar, Redstar, Redstar, Redstar

It's ironic how I live my fuckin' life, like a suicide
I do what I want, when I want, I'ma do and die
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I'ma walkin' Paradox, rock a pair of docs, I don't need the ice
Ink on me, I'm still in these streets, out in Riverside
Who the fuck am I? In my eyes, I'm the Krueger type
Even in your dreams I'm on the hunt, I don't sleep at night

Fuck the limelight, I don't need a night light
I don't try to keep up with these rappers, 'cause it's my time
I'm a victim of my mind, yet eternal on the mic
Let it rock, steady rockin' til we see the afterlife

Got too many options to make profit, I'ma run it up
Bring that money back, and spend it fast, then double up, yeah,
yeah
Track star, NASCAR, pushing gas out the tank
For that money, money, money, keep them racks up in the bank

Ha, ha, ha, ha-a, bitch, don't make me laugh now
Can't nobody do it how we do it so they mad now
I can't fuck with anybody with they fuckin' hands out
All we know is work, and hustle harder til we pass out

In-N-Out, people runnin' like a fuckin' traphouse
I still hold it down, hold it down, for the underground
If I catch you lackin' like a bitch then I might cash out
They know that I'm crazy, crazy, bitch, I love to spazz out

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