

White Lines

OmenXIII

Woah

So rare, OmenXIII and Nedarb

Yah, yah, yah, yaaaah

Last night I heard gunshots, lives on the sidewalk
Blood on the asphalt, crime in the backdrop
Tears in the streets now, fear in the hood
Would you really make a difference if you really could?
I don't think you could, and I don't think you would
I think you just a bitch that just makes music for the looks
You don't do it for yourself, you just do it for a check
And you really wasting time 'cause you don't even get that
What's a bitch? I ain't got one
Guns? I ain't got none
Blades? Yeah I got some
Wine? Yeah I'm on one
Every night I'm on something, Rossi with my demons
Every night I'm tryna sleep 'cause every day is the weekend
Bitch I got my own house, bitch I got my own clout
Bitch I got my own shit, so what the fuck you talkin' 'bout?
XIII do the most, OmenXIII doing shows
All your music fucking whack but OmenXIII really on

Bitch I'm young Ned, I doin' good, I'm feeling great
Riding 'round LA and I feed my bitch steaks
Got a freak hoe so I fuck her in the face
She a "6 Kiss" shawty so you know she fucking based
I don't got a lot of cash but you know that I get by
I keep myself busy, I don't got no time to fight
But I got some fucking time, for some motherfucking drugs
Tried it all, you down to ride, shawty do you need a hug?
Bitch I feel like Cold Hart, glo'd up all the time
Check my pockets, I got nothing but nickels and dimes
I threw cash up, bitch I'm finna spazz out
Bitch I ride around town, smoking cig, I never fall
Light this fucking shit, keep the head up, don't feel down
Get the fuck up out my face, you acting like a clown
Fuck around with me, bitch I'll make you fucking drown
Fuck around with me, bitch I'll make you fucking drown