

Well Shit

Pell

All my friends been balling
I got real ones I can call on when I need too
Sky done been the target
Got the gas all in my pocket
For the refuel
You blew up my spot
We was cool and now we not
I don't need you
I'll be somewhere posted swear my life like locomotives
Time to refuel

Well, shit
Look what I'm doing again
I don't know where to begin
Well, shit
Got the south with me like pimp
Y'all screwed up and let they boy in
Well shit
Felt like a target
Of all of they ribs
But they ain't got taste like this

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I got real ones on a call off
They be making plays like a ball hog
When they see you they just see food
See a menu like the [?]
Probably snitch call the laws on em
Negotiate, Rich Paul on em
Get ya ass slid with that ying yang
From the window to the wall on em
Bet the house on me bet it all on em
Long paper that's a large margin
Word to God if they pay they tithes
At no surprise it be a large offering
Don't need you, don't know you
If you com around you hear the dogs barking
Catch you on the grass I'ma bust that ass
Bitch on ya bumper like when horns honking

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