

Off Safety

Philthy Rich

DJ J12, the people's choice
Funk or Die
Traxamillion

No I can't trust niggas lately
No I keep mine off safety
No I been gettin' to the money, no
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I can't trust niggas lately, I keep it off safety
Waitin' on you to keep it real, I ran out of patience
Bitches wanna take the rubber off and have my baby
A lot of fake shit been rubbin' off on her lately
You know how many niggas done changed up on me baby
Know how many bitches done fagged off on me, it's crazy
Sippin' all this syrup, probably drive me crazy
Tryna cope with all the pain, I'm how the hood raised me
Salute to Mone and Main, how them niggas raised me
I don't fuck with Dame Fame, no if's, and's, and maybe's
My first gold bitch got a shit load of Macys
I love my kids but I know my baby mama hate me

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If I didn't rap I'd tote this stick
Even though a nigga rap I still tote this bitch
When I was broke I always knew that I'd be rich
Even if I didn't rap I'd still be lit
And I can't chase these niggas
She'll fuck a nigga man so I don't trust these bitches
VVS on my neck, don't try and touch these bitches
I got hollows in these clips and you gon' love these bitches, and
Shit been crazy nigga
One up top and you know Glocks don't got no safety nigga
Run him down 'til he down, tell him face me nigga
Had to hit him one more time just for safety nigga

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Yeah, that boy was a sucker, we don't sympathize
Blowin' out these poles, bitch I empty mines
If you don't go behind the gang you get penalized
Pull out an ounce for all the devils before I sip with slime
On my mama's kids, remember all the dirt we did
That lil brother a rat, he don't deserve to live
Ayy I been stayin' on my shit, gettin' to the bag
Aimed for a quarter last year, I'm finna triple that
It's residue on the counter where we broke it down
I hustled at the yellow store before they tore it down
Pythons in a line, I'm finna mow it down
Osama llama Bin Laden how I roll around

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