

Epidemic

Polo G

Dmac on the fucking track
Tahj Money

I'm so sick of "Farewells" and "R.I.P's"
In the trenches yellin' "Gang, gang, mob ties, what I bleed"
Don't claim to be an opp, 'cause niggas die from that disease
He gon' let that .9 blow with ease
Can I speak my mind, can I breathe?
I know she might cry if I leave
I been fooled by liars and thieves
Iced out my Rollie, but I know time cannot freeze

Once you give my pussy up, it's over with
Miss who you used to be, 'cause that's who I was closer with
I'm in my bag now, I act like I don't know the bitch
Before I knew what platinum was, was tryna go on hits
Well if he act like he 'bout it, then put him on the list
You better pick out a casket, 'cause they goin' quick
They gassed him up, now tears sheddin' when they post his pic
I know 'bout some flukey shit, I heard he died on a lick
My whole squad scorin', bitch, we don't do no assists
Potential wasted, couldn't stay in his lane, he ain't know his niche
Might catch him at the red light tryna load his blick
Every day a gamble with your life, all we know is risk
From the Windy City where you bound to see the coldest shit

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Switches on them glizzys, get to blowin' like it's four of me
Promise to my son that the streets won't get no more of me
Remember every line from that obituary poetry
See they peep I'm ballin' now, just go back to ignorin' me
Always gotta spazz, unleash the beast when they recordin' me
Lord, I'm tryna take it easy on 'em, but they forcin' me
See him in person and that boy won't stand on shit he been sayin'
Pop shit like Taliban, loadin' up them sticks in a van
You know it's fuck the other side 'cause my niggas gone
Always been fuck the other side, we don't get along
If we bump heads, like Marvin Gaye, let's get it on
Aim for the head, that chopper spray, we get 'em gone
Independent, her hair down, and she feelin' grown
Tryna correct her flaw, she filled with silicone
And she ain't all innocent, she did a nigga wrong
I got a playlist for your heart, girl, pick a song

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