(Likkle Dotz)

Cocaine and ammonia, you know I do this
You can't tell me 'bout the trap, bro, don't be stupid
You can't see me in the back row, I'm so elusive
I'm in love with myself, I'm 'bout to go exclusive
Rappers will be rappers and it's only music
So I won't talk about the paigons that I know you're cool with

Or rap about the killers that I went to school with That I went to jail with, that I went to hell for Staring at my cell door Thinkin' if I made pop songs, would I sell more? All the dreams that they sold, all the lies I fell for Knowing I won't sell my soul, but you'll probably sell yours In a heartbeat Thinking 'bout that crash, I nearly died in that car seat Even feds wanna kill me living life at this fast speed Laying in that bed, I see my life flashing past me One man kamikaze Now I'm in the station, I can't even call my auntie It's not the first time I took the charge for my chargie When I'm on my block, I feel like Jigga in the Marcy Streets in my soul, in my bones, in my arteries Potter still trap hard, they still trap hardly Dotty in my backyard, nanny never asked me It really hits different when the get-back's nasty I wish she was alive, I would've probably took her Bali Or somewhere exotic, next topic Potter just pulled up in a Jeep with two rockets "Potter, where you been? I don't seen you too often"'s what I'm hearing too often These days, you ain't tryna get a hundred Gs straight Probably why I ain't slept for a hundred weeks straight And I treat the weekend like a weekday I really mean free the lifers, we all got release dates Till then, I'ma hold it up till my knees ache

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