

# Different

Pouya

Well they been looking at me different  
Got me thinking  
Maybe I'm trippin'  
Some of the homies gone and missin'  
Well they been looking at me strange  
Things have changed  
Ever since I started rappin'  
These bitches don't love you  
They just want the fame

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I done told you  
There's no stopping me  
Follow me  
This my prophecy  
Stackin' up the monopolies  
Three bitches on my property  
Never practice monogamy  
Ain't nobody as hard as me  
And my bitch bad like the economy  
Fuck them labels that wanted me  
Independent I'm proud to be  
Its okay that you doubted me  
Got yo' bitch on the side of me  
Ridin' round in that passenger  
Feelin' like I'm a scavenger  
Boutta commit a massacre  
Ducked off in the challenger  
I don't see no competitors  
Eat the pussy like edibles  
You wifin' a ho?  
You must be smoking that medical  
Suck em  
Fuck em  
And let em go  
Baby bone gotta let you know  
You gassin' em hoes  
Like you workin' up at the Texaco  
Its time to double up  
Went to the casino and fucked it up  
I lost it all  
But its all good cus I'm with my dogs  
They gon' hold it down  
We don't fuck around  
Like a version virgin robe  
We gon' lay it down

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Everyone around me changing by the second  
I remember in school  
I couldn't stay up out detention  
Not to mention CSI  
Now you see me  
See its I  
Makin' moves  
The prize is mine  
Dropped out of school  
And I'm doing fine  
I remember what you told me homie  
Now you acting hella phony homie  
I guess you never was really my homie  
Homie  
Why you front?  
Like you had my back  
Back the fuck up  
Now yo' bitch back  
I'm behind that  
Back it up like a pickup truck  
He still talkin' shit  
We gon' fuck him up  
Don't worry bout a thang  
Baby bone I does my thang  
Got yo' eyes wide  
Like you going insane  
When I'm going up in it  
Baby just give me a minute  
I'm feelin' at home  
So why is you trippin'?  
I rep for the FLA  
More specific that MIA  
305  
I reside  
Droppin' the top I'm feeling fly

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