

# \$ix \$ix

Pouya

Better pay your dues, better stay low--key  
Bitch, don't mind me, ain't goin' back  
Put it on me, put it on- (MUPP broken your heart)  
I can be the one they hate, I don't got no time to be liked  
Better pay your dues, better stay low-key  
Bitch, don't mind- (Yuh)

Welcome to the south-side, here them cute hoes do you dirty  
In my city, we don't fist bump, we dap up and get to swervin'  
In that 06 Vogue, money on overload  
Momma we never goin' back to poverty, fuck that  
Hoes on the floor, like a Rugrat  
Crawlin' at my feet, rappers been mumblin', talkin' bout nothin'  
'

They gotta keep stumblin' off of the Xanny  
Now killin' themselves so, so, slowly  
Grippin' changin' is my lanes and payment rates, I raise the stakes  
I'll raise these rappers from the grave, so put some respect on my name  
Time is rainin' with no label, whoever take that bread, then lay low  
Why you sigh, you saw your fable  
Forty-five, blow off your halo

Sometimes I can't fuck with yo' bitchin', wanna buy you a flight  
Send your ass back to your daddy's house, so you can think twice  
But then I switch up my emotions, rather be with you than forgotten  
I cannot have this crib myself without you, I get too cautious  
And now I'm back to bein' alone, thinkin' about who you fuckin' with  
Never wanted to keep no feelings, not too good with apologies  
I was used being a lone wolf, ride with my homies  
Who hand my best to me, hands on me  
Back up, puttin' your hands on me (Woo!)