

Tip Toe

Pouya

Yeah, kamikaze, um, kamikaze, um

Kamikaze caramel covered karma on the tip of my taste buds
Tip of the iceberg, tip to the waitress
Tip on your toes mama, don't trip on that mink rug
That's a lil' mud, mama don't trip on that pink stuff
That's a lil' pussy baby, don't trip on that pink stuff
I'm just tryna hit it once, no reason to break up
She look at me like, "This nigga don't think when he say stuff"
Fuckin' right, and that's probably the root to my problems
'Member I told you 'bout that time we almost got shot up
They came from the back of the back, and plot to come rob us
The funny thing with that, them niggas robbin' the robbers
My homie lost a stack, I lost like forty-one dollars
I said, "Both you niggas wack and if I see you, inshallah"
He had the gun to my neck, I don't know why he ain't wild out
Brocka-rocka, call my brother like them just killed Blocka
But no nada, I quote shottas
Haha, guala in my pocket, bitch, I'm ballin', Prince Ali Ababwa
Bwoy-bwoy life sucks on the other end of the blocka
We dodge them shots from the other end of the block
It's no end runnin' from niggas and cops
Damn

I been through the worst, I should've been inside that hearse
The mo' I stack my paper tall, the mo' they want me in the dirt
Six feet under, these women make me wonder
Would you still want my number? If that Rollie wasn't under you
r budget
I'll never know who really got the best intentions for me
So I keep my circle tight and I got that Glock in my reach
Without a question, see me runnin' to the check, no second gues
ses
Smith and Wesson if they steppin' out of line (bitch)
What's on your mind, lil' bitch? I ain't got no time for this
Back and forth, mumblin' under your breath, just tell me what t
he fuckin' problem is
These problematic bitches always want the finer things
But you ain't fine enough to get your finder's fee
She want to squall, she want assault, that's fine with me, fina
lly
Fuckin' hoes I only thought I see inside my fantasies
That Phantom Ghost inspire me to do the most
That Honda Civic made me hungry for some foreign motors
Upgraded to the Porsche before I drank my Folgers
Pour that forty on the soil for my fallen soldiers
Pour that forty on the soil for my dead hope
Never going back in time, never gon' be dead broke (Bitch)