

TOOLIE BEAM

Pouya

Dwilly I'm scared

I've been runnin' round
With this toolie beam
Word around town
I'm breakin' necks and shootin' things
C-call me outside
Bitch I'm looking where ya at?
Posted creepin' wit' a .9
I got a chrome
Upgrade the gat like

Open, open up
PCP and beans
Where the double cup?
Double dutch
Posted at your spot
Make them bullets jump
Leave 'em stuck
I've seen you around for a minute
Why you trippin'?
Hold it I got plenty round's for you bitches

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Yeah, my only role model was a liquor bottle
I was prayin' but my mama never hit the lotto
Waiting for my kodak
Picture perfect moment, baby bone
Had to get off my ass
And grip that chrome
And then get in my zone, yuh
Tell these hoes all around me
To leave me the fuck alone
I'm 'bout my bread like ducks
Ain't 'bout that paper
Don't hit my phone
I've been sedated, isolated in my desolate room
Slit my wrist and fall into the black abyss
That is my tomb
Impending doom
Looms around my mind
I smell the fumes
Coming from my head
The reaper said "Can't wait to meet you soon"

Ay, ay
I got that toolie on my
Getting up out my seat

And breakin' the seal
What's the deal?
Soul keep burning the sheep
It is hiding my death in these mils
Why is you speaking to me?
If your bank it not flooded
Might push up and pop wit the steal
He do the most
I get the bag n' I go
I shoot not to hurt but to kill like
Got blue hunnids on me
Bitch she fucking on me
Get a grip
You need to run it home
Say you 'bout it show me
Here's a tip
Wanna one up on me?
Make a hit and blow up
Then go get a fuckin' bag
And flip it, give me what you owe me

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