Pouya

Alive but not living
I'm tryna get with it
The size of my dick
Is not rising I'm thinking
Of finding new women
The void that I'm filling
That gaps that I'm bridging
The pistol I'm gripping
Got me thinking bout the old times
How many rappers need a cosign
24/7 I was always on the frontline
Underground underdog cannot be confined

Sit back relax in the black Cadillac
On them 22s screaming fuck you
Out the window to the people I don't fuck with
The same hoes I grew up with
That never wanted to suck dick
Now they want me to cuff em stuff em with a combustion
Back in the day hoe you was so reluctant
Now you looking at me like you looking at your husband
Why you switching up you said you was never the one for me
Had me running in circles and chasing the cat
I see how the tables have turned now I got that cat on my lap
Hate me love me don't say you know me
That money make me feel less lonely
The women make me feel so phony
My own homies wanna buss my dome piece

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I know you maintaining baby
You run around and drive me crazy
Late night you my Chelsea lately
Never will I bend never will you break me
And the Smith and Wesson always stainless
One shot and I'll fall to pavement
Let my brain fall flat by the bay side
Homicide won't find me til the daylight
When the right time comes
Grab me from behind
I hope I fucking struggle while you sucking out the life from me
Is this what you wanted
When I'm finally gone from this moment will you become proud of me
Cause I can't be myself if you don't want me to be
And I can't stand myself if you can't understand me

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