

# Kill Me

Propain

(Tony Tone on the beat, fool)  
Look

Up out the mud, now we up now  
I'm guaranteed to see some money, it's in my bloodline  
I done seen the lowest of this shit, it's a tough grind  
Whole life savings in the mail until it touch down  
Man, my lil' dog just caught a case, they got him confined  
They planted shit on him, nigga, fuck one time  
And he just had a lil' baby girl, he call her Sunshine  
By the time he see the streets, she gon' be shoppin' for prom gowns  
Boy, it's a war goin' on outside, my people done cryin'  
Ready to treat a pig like they done passed up the gunline  
The same time and smoke with each other, we in some dumb times  
Hatin' niggas rather your mama just see her son dyin' (Brain)  
I'm gettin' dough, fuck what these niggas do  
Rose from the ridicule, money comes, shit rolled like a innertube  
Day ones started on the floor, now makin' bigger moves  
Shit, I be at them shows in custom clothes and Gucci tennis shoes  
These rap niggas lame, it's one Pro', it's 'bout ten of you  
They can't fuck with me, on my soul, bitch, I been a dude  
Solid from the jump, ain't break the code once the digits grew  
I let these niggas know from the door, I'm here to get the loot

If it ain't one thing, I swear that it's another  
I stand on my word and never change on my brothers (Ayy)  
They say, "Black lives matter," but the world don't seem to love us  
I can't breathe, they gonna kill me  
Yeah stomp down when it's crunch time, I'm on that gunline  
Ayy, they all know we slang and you still could get punched down  
Ayy, ridin' dirty like Chamillion', I want the millions  
How the fuck you beat the case on camera killin' civilians? (Ohh)

This world wookie  
Early bird get the worm, got that from Uncle Bookie  
Weed man finessin' hearts sellin' fake sookies  
A bunch of hoes in your squad, you niggas all coochie  
Bro, watch your hands and load your tongue when you talk to me  
Yah, ayy, niggas' smile ain't matchin' they handshakes  
I showed that nigga love after love and he still hate  
I'm the type to see you strugglin' hard, split my plate  
Last of a dyin' breed, other nigga they fabricate

And I ain't smiled in 'bout a week but wakin' up with a battle face  
I don't trust a soul, niggas fraud and they rattlesnakes  
They thinkin' college where I'm from, ain't no Sallie Mae  
These youngin's really clappin' at your ass like it's patty cake  
That's how the shit go when mama broke and your daddy shake  
A tough pill to swallow and that bitch got a aftertaste  
All we know is rap, pick a sport or we packin' weight  
Feel like we in Hell, it's hard to hear what the pastor say

Ayy, I'm still in the trap house, got bags for the 2K  
Ain't nothin' here, black, concealer couch and some toothpaste (Ayy)  
You could get it today, I'm speedin' down the two-way  
Send 'em tabs in the mail, they hittin' like Bobby Boucher  
Oh, my heart bigger than my body (Who you—)

Who you really is how you act when no one watchin' (Ayy)  
Hit the streets, I had to grind hard 'cause I ain't have a option  
I don't chase hoes, chasin' bankrolls, these bitches toxic

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