

The Note (Scottie Pippen)

Propain

I tried to talk, but nobody listen
So I kept it in like a body piercin'
But what the fuck, man, I'm probably trippin'
I be on some old bullshit, Scottie Pippen
Yeah, I be on some old bull shit

But my emotions unlikely to show
That's why I lock the door when I'm writin' this note
So if you find it first, please politely just go
To anyone who gave a fuck and recite what I wrote
As I stare at this rifle I load
Standing on this chair, tippy toes as I tighten this rope
I think my mama, the nights in the cold
Fuckin' being poor, now she tried to lighten the load
I know at times it was mischievous
The whole reason, you and the man never succeeded
I caused trouble to the point that they would leave ya
Believe me, thought I was the only man you needed
Vodka, a corner left in this bottle
I'm sobbin', somebody pass this message to my partners
That money ain't shit, neither is these hoes
Just a bunch of shit you gotta leave here when you go, fuck it
This rap game ain't shit for me
Made a lotta foes, the only thing it ever did for me
Made a lil' dough that I never got to spend on me
'Cause everybody fuckin' hand was out like I was a Christmas tree
And these same niggas who envy me
Was all up in the club in my section, sippin' my Hennessey
Niggas runnin' up like, "Bro, what up? Remember me?"
How the fuck would I remember someone I ain't never seen?
The baddest broads I done ever dreamed
Was all up in my home, dome, bone, everything
But then it's crazy when you find out that they snake
It's like you better break us off, or I'ma make your fans hate you
Call up the laws and say, "This nigga tried to rape us"
And you don't stand a chance when they look this DNA up
Damn, lose-lose on some real shit
Type of stress that make a nigga hit the kill swit-

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Yeah, nigga, I be on some old bull shit
Yeah, look

Cheers to the haters
Boys wanted to see me down for years, they done made it
Tears smearin' on this paper
Takin' shot after shot, nowhere near feelin' faded
But a nigga is faded
Though ain't no preacher or a scripture, a Bible now that could save me
And tell my ex-bitch that she's the blame
And I'ma dedicate this kill tip every fuckin' time she plays it
Karma, bitch, this shit is karma
And here my stupid ass was, thinkin' I'm important
Goin' through your phone, seein' pictures of Marcus Thornton like

"When the fuck did she become a fan of the Hornets"
Bitch, fucked up
Watchin' SportsCenter like, "I know this nigga fucked up"
Burned soul on some real shit
Type of stress that make a nigga hit the kill swit-

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I be on some old bullshit, Scottie Pippen
Yeah, nigga, I be on some old bull shit, Scottie Pippen
Yeah, yeah, I be on some old bull shit

Pro', what's up?
Nigga, open the door, nigga
Pro', Pro'