

Bullshit

Ralo

Got no feeling for a fuck nigga, I don't know how it feel
They keep telling me to chill, I don't know what that is
Catch me piped up, got them pipes out everywhere a nigga live
Fuck how nigga feel, I'ma tell you how it is
I'm on that bullshit (Yeah) I'm on that bullshit, yeah
I'm on that bullshit (What you on?) I'm on that bullshit, yeah
I'm on that bullshit (Yeah) I'm on that bullshit, yeah (What you on?)
I'm on that bullshit (Yeah) I'm on that bullshit, yeah

I'm on that bullshit, ridin' around with a full clip
I got GPS on the opps, I wish a fuck nigga would trip
I wish a fuck nigga try me today
Try me today and got shot in the face
Play with some safe and you will be erased
Murder ain't nothin' but a criminal case
Don't be slippin', better pay attention
They gon' put you on a dead mission
They gon' point the fingers at the opps
Niggas ready for my shit to drop
Niggas ready for that FamGoon shit
They know I be on all the goon shit
They know I be on all the fuck shit
They know I be on all that bullshit
I be on it, I be on it nigga
I am petty than a lonely nigga
I told my bitch she can't come outside (Why?)
That pussy too good to be outside
Got no love for the other side
We gon' ride 'til them suckers die
We don't fuck with the other side
I lost the feelings when my brother died

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My niggas witches, they keep something on them long as a broomstick
I'm on that bullshit, I'll let the tool spit, I'll get you dropped while I'm
on a cruise ship (I'm gone)
You scared, go in that place with the pulpit, or get wet like a pool, bitch
I'm in the trenches, I got on my full kit, you know a nigga gettin' smoked i
f I pull this
Ralo, get all of the choppers out
We gon' show niggas what drama 'bout
Opps keep calling my phone like, "Tee, why you keep riding past my Momma hou
se?"
Better show your face before I run in that bitch
Tellin' me to chill, no fuck that shit
Tell that nigga don't ride with no kids, you know I'm 'bout to throw a whole
drum in that whip
Ain't you fucking on famous bitches?
Why you still you still fucking with the hood hoes?

Don't you got a mansion, why not go to Walmart?
Why you still fucking with the hood stores?
Why you still fucking with custo's, buying work?
Why you still tryna get the drugs sold?
Don't you got a Bentley, why you riding in a 18-wheeler?
Bitch, that's a truck load, I'm on that bullshit

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Yeah I'm on bullshit, still got a 30 clip
I'm 'bout that steppin', I get to pressin', I'm over bullshit
Try me, I send a blitz
Rap 'bout this shit, so I'm living it
Glock on me right now, you could get shot while we speakin'
Focused on mission, on Addy's I geek
24-7 on creep, we don't sleep
I don't show love, you get whacked where you eat
Free that boy Ralo, he shot on you geeks
50 some shot, let 'em sleep in the Jeep
Saved by the bells, ain't talkin' bout Screech
Crash out in 'Raq cause I'm good in the street
I don't sell a feature, I go sell a P'
I got them numbers on deck, I'm rockin' different sets
Rollie busted, ran for me 40
I'm thinking 'bout going baguettes
Flash out, trip by the Jects
Look at me wrong, boy get you stretched
I'm 'bout that foolishness, VL ruthless

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We do not fuck with them niggas
We shoot that shit up and we don't give a damn how they feeling
I got some niggas gon' run in there poppin' with cutters and kill everything
in the building, yeah
We on the shit that they not, aye Ralo
We 'bout to just hit they whole block
Go crash on 'em with a bunch of Glocks, talking broad day, nigga fuck the op
ps (Nigga fuck 'em)
Tell them lil' niggas don't tempt me
My shit is fully, not semi, so don't boy don't you tip me
I will just lose all my memory, jump in the Bentley and ride, until that bit
ch empty
Acting street, but I ain't street, nigga
I got no feelings for weak niggas
Trigger finger itch around you busters, so I don't even like to greet niggas
Blicky and a strap, that's cold case, yeah
Hitters walk down, heat his whole face, yeah
Call big shots, like a coach play, yeah

And they gon' hit the boy, can't relocate, yeah
They gon' do bodies on bodies
They gon' get so damn retarded, accept no apologies
I really ride, like a Harley
It ain't no warning when I'm out my body, I slide

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