

# 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 Glockes, talking broad day, nigga fuck the ops  
(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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