

ABC / Guilty

Rapsody

Welcome to North Carolina, Eric. G
You gotta turn the blue light on for this one, right, Yo

A is for aiming steel
B is for at your neck
C I am not missionary, just like that middle sex
Niggas know top of me, Like a razor, I'm too Gillete, sharp
Dear ain't no saint, Tear these rappers apart, yo

A is for asinine, aiming arrows at all you niggas
B is you better get below ballin', I'm shootin no brick, and
C if I give a fuck if you like me, you know I don't
That's what d is for Dummy
E is for equals and evil joint
F is for fuck it
G is for all them real niggas I know, and
H is for all this heat I've been carrying up in this ho, and
I is for Iron, I've been pressing forward, you know
The J is for Jamla, yeah
And K is for killing em slow

L is for Lauryn, Latifah, Lyte, and the like that I know
M is for me and the microphone I've been melting the most, and
N is for nothing, no one, never, I'm fearin them no
O is for Optimus
P for Prime, transforming the roll of rappers you liking the most
My name moving higher it go

Q is for my brother, coming after me, trouble for sho
R is for reppin Raleigh, though Raleigh don't run with us all
S for the state of the situation, ain't stressin them, dog
T for the temper, they takin time to throw rocks at the throne
Porcelain

U for you know I'm shittin on all you go on
Vanish for v and vomit I'm sick of you children, I'm grown
W wait a minute, I'm winning, don't worry, I won't, waste a minute
X for the chromosomes, 2
Y3K, I ahead of the way, ha
Z Zero niggas here they needn't reply
R. A. P., A B C's, and the flow is too fly

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You can blame me for a lot of wrongs that I've done here
Checking your phone wondering who has called here
And when you gone, I be wondering who you chilling with

Insecurities steam emotions from past relationships
Highly insecure when all ever you do fill me with
Compliments of how no one touching me on this continent
Guess I need to trust you more, fucking find me some confidence
So I be silent
Arguing or faking it, thinking its on some hating shit
Really I'm just passionate hoping you know you mean a bit
Lot to me, Lottery of all the a million picture number one, know I be trippi
ng but where its coming from
I did hard, told myself nothing like that you play smart
And what I do,
Oh heart! Save me I'm guilty of being in love
I miss us
Guilty of doing things for attention
Social networks, I be wondering who you friending
Call your guy friends who drafting 'bout your interests
Checking his story, I'm making sure that the end is the same
And what you told me last night ain't been changed
I'm guilty, of loving you dangerously I put you through this bullshit
I'm sorry, don't wanna lose you like Harley lost Azea
I pray, forgive me my despair
What I have broken may we repair