Might Not Make It

REASON

Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah
Like if I'm there and like, twenty-four hours left, like
This-this is just a joke
Fuck these sensitive-ass niggas, look

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

If I only had twenty-four hours left, I'd be harassin' the youth
Kidnap Trump and ghost-ride him, let 'em crash in the coupe
I'd have sex with Lori, Rihanna, a Kardashian, too
Might just fuck everybody like Kardashians do
I might duct-tape some City Girls and roll through the city
They scream, "Periodt" with period blood all over they titties
Pop a pill and act up, they got us rollin' more
I fuck 'em on a lil' boat since he wrote it for 'em
Fucked that Stallion in the stable, bend Meg all over the table
She screamin' out, "Drive the boat" while I'm tryna drive her disabled
I leak all of Dot music, Rock music, if I'm able (Hahaha)
Top call, I laugh at him, scream, "I'm the best in the label!"
I shoot every single fan in the stomach that leave a comment
"When Zay album comin'?" It come when it come, nigga
I might make these old niggas stop hatin' on young niggas
I might kill every rapper fakin' to be a thug nigga

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it
The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

Drink a bottle of wine with Ari Lennox on some linen sheets
Rub her down with shea, but her vocals make the sex elite
I make her do scissor with SZA, I be watchin', recordin' (And action!)
Marry Khloe in Vegas, give her cock, then divorce her
I fuck Mike Parsons' wife, sperm swimmin' through, coursin'
And punch her dead in the stomach, and give that bitch an abortion
I take every rapper screamin' mental health to sell records
Torture they kids until they all sufferin' from depression
Break Tekashi out of prison and drop him in the Nine Treys
Take a walk with Summer Walker down a homeless block in LA
Hit Cozz phone and tell him Top finna be pullin' up
As soon as he go to rob him, we gon' set that nigga up (Yeah, gimme the keys, nigga)
And tell Lori Harvey to sit on my face while I keep her balanced
Maybe not, 'cause she done been with more rappers than DJ Khaled (Another one)
I swear, if I only have one more day
Rewind the clock and turn West into the old Kanye

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye (Hahaha)
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it (I'm just kidding dog)

This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise
I got the Devil inside (I'm serious right now) I might not make it (I'm just kidding)
The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it (I might not have)
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

Everybody, everybody just so like
Why so serious?
Hahaha, why?
Is this camera on me? That's stupid, guys, like, hahaha
Yeah

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!