

Stop Breathing

Rittz

Strange Music in this bitch hoe
Ain't no record label better, cause I said so
Tech ever said to get them ready, set, go
I'mma dead them, I can let them think they got the best flow
Think about tryin' me, just don't
Had to add another rapper to the death toll
They go making death threats and I'm playing 'til they laying
In the grave and they engraving "Dead broke" on your headstone
Stacking dough up like I'm breakin' bread loaf
And I'm seein' more commas
The more that I tour around the country
I be sticking up like I'm a sore thumb, you
Thinking 'bout sticking me, you sort of unfortunate
Cause I be ready for you when you and your boys run up
Poor son of a bitch, give us a board at the morgue and the core
Runner sent the shots toward right to the door of your 4-Runner
More money is more drama
Fuck it though cause I was broke up rollin' up
Hopin' we gone get through the storm comin'
So fuck anybody tryin' to strong-arm us
Rollin' over snakes in the grass with the lawnmowers
They thinking I'ma start ballin' and crossover
And I can tell the haters see we have success
Well we ain't on the same level homeboy
Looking down while they gasp for breath and all I heard was

I can't feel my arms, I can't feel my legs
I can't breathe, I can't breathe
Yeah, cause we the best
Stevie Stone, CES Cru and me they wanna test us

We can, we can make them all stop breathing
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Anybody want it with us take a beating it ain't shit to me cause
We can, we can make them all stop breathing
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Keep it up, you giving me a reason
Bout to kill a motherfucker

Who said I'm a real one?
Got a text message from Rittz told me to kill one
I'm a send a few shots I'm 'bout it
Think a nigga replying, doubt it
I can have the whole block surround me
Find a nigga, I ground and pound it, and bound it
Yeah, anybody can get it, I got a vendetta
Ready, giving it to whatever that been better
Depend whether the creme de la
Then when they come into the ring, I'm here, swing batter
You don't really want to revel with the rebel
Gotta take 'em to a whole 'nother level
Got the holes and the shovel
You and your man, gonna bury ya together
You seem a little shook, hear ya heartbeat
A little situation when you cross me

I'm a feed ya to the gators
You a motherfucking hater, need to be a bunch of paper once you walk me
Fuck around lose a limb, nigga saw me
Pussy nigga don't taunt me
I have ya homies out bleeding from a lung
You're panickin' and callin out 911, what's the fuss 'bout

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Everybody wanna rap nowadays
Everybody wanna rap, they don't even need a reason
Everybody and they mama wanna rap
Who the hell they following? Is anybody leading?
Can't call it like a land line, can't stand on it like a land mine, homie hold up
You about to get everything you said you ever wanted, literally finna blow up
They don't like me, so what? Ain't a damn thing changed since back in the day
True dick finna go nuts, I don't rap like them, I don't play that way
And I don't wanna fan out, looking for a hand out
Or acting like an idiot because I wanna stand out
Following into the letter when it's planned out
Got a nigga suffocating with his hands out

Top of the morning, I'm taking my spot
Drop without warning, I'm neighborhood watch
Top of the line and I'll aim at your wig
Who you know? What set do you claim? Where you live?
Better roll up with Strange with the Tech and the Krizz
Stevie Stone, the game with the CES and the Rittz
Got them running til ain't nothin left in the limbs
And now they feeling the pain in they chest and they rib
Blaring they tongue twist
They suffocatin' and heading for peristalsis
And now they can't even get any air at all
It's getting darker, I think it'd be fair to call this
Prepare an offense or carry a coffin
I can make a call and leave you buried in Boston
Ever met a martyr? Now the killer married to karma
Never forget about Eric Garner, I can't breathe

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