

# Violate 'Em

Rittz

Uh, the summer's bout to get hot  
I'm steppin' out and rockin' fur like I'm a Eskimo  
Well fuck impressin' hoes, they never show me X and Os  
Gwinnett's like little Mexico  
Thought it was safe cuz it's the burbs  
Until you heard someone got murdered at the Texaco  
Right up the street, now you trynna sleep but you can't  
Thought that we would ease your mind  
And might relieve you of pain  
On a G like you a slider trynna be who you ain't  
All the flexin' like you dressed up in a G-Unit tank  
Now get your head bust, your homies gotta airbrush  
Your name with R.I.P. right on a tee cuz you got ambushed  
And fuck a college campus, education wasn't never for me  
Teachers kicked me and my homies out the graduation ceremony  
That was way back before rappers tatted their face with ink  
When girls would play N-Sync, when crank was baby pink  
When Drake was Jimmy Brooks, we didn't hit the books  
We used our fake ID's to get in clubs like we the legal age to drink  
Geekin' smokin' Primos, takin' bitches to eat Ruffino's  
Free B-day dinners and cut supremes at Rico's  
You'll get robbed for just a couple c notes  
Blow the money that we stole on slot machines and [?]  
I used to care that public didn't take me serious  
They used to stare at my hair and it made me furious  
You talk the shit online but in person you change the narrative  
He hidin', when I find out where he is I'ma find him and

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We violate 'em  
It's-it's-it's on sight when we see 'em it's up  
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You trynna catch a fade and go to your barber  
You're no Antonio Tarver  
Nobody's boxin', no dodgin' the bullet holes in your Charger  
A lot of blood stains on the sole of my Pradas  
The powder that I got is like ricotta salata  
Or got a similar texture  
Met a bitch and finessed her  
She said she didn't do powder  
She givin' into the pressure  
I guess I've always been a bad influence  
Smokin' wax, a little dab'll do  
That's right, my homies in the back for Chatanooga  
Who's the rapper that I hear you callin' out, dissin'  
Hope isn't me cuz if I give your album a listen  
And hear you mention me, it's fuck a freestyle or a written  
This ain't a cypher, I'm only battlin' alcoholism  
I'll kill 'em literally, you're failin' miserably  
I'll bring the heat to you and personal delivery fee  
I see the police waiting, lurkin' in the tinted Caprice  
They asked me for an autograph when I was fixin' to leave

Eatin' expensive cuisine, clean and livin' the dream  
This ain't no Zinfandel to lean  
Turn my ginger ale pink and purple color  
A southerner tell 'em word to mother  
If you fuck with us someone inside of the circle is gonna

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This the book of revelations  
See the mark of the beast  
We probably goin' on vacation  
If the dogs hit the seats  
Your man's a cold rat  
He can't even walk down the street  
You rockin' with me  
When I come up we all gonna eat  
It's all in my veins  
The honor is bestowed in my name  
Go get your gang  
Your big homies broke on the train  
Poppin' his shit  
Fraudin', he is not with the shits  
Pockets get ripped  
I know the code  
These rockets get sent  
Right at your mom's house  
I was at the compound  
Pussy better calm down  
'Fore I start to countdown  
I'm 95 southbound  
Cocaine caravan  
You stompin' on more than one block  
That's a square dance  
Break in with my bare hands  
Yo, they call me Snap God  
Cut you like a bear's hands  
Haunt you like a crack charge  
Fuck 'em though we had heart  
My country folk serve you out the back yard  
Fluffy white fat lard, fifty pieces, hundred pieces  
Bro, they need it, that part  
You really love the game  
Become a owner, not a mascot  
Bando with the padlock  
Survivor and a true provider  
And then my P.O got an email from his supervisor sayin'

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