

Ain't Me

Rob Vicious

Sledgren

Yeah, hah, bitch I'm Rob Vicious

Yeah, yeah, ayy, ayy

Uh, they can't stop me so nigga they just hate me
And when I die I pray to God that Jesus take me
Real nigga, you could never be the fake me
Broke nigga you just hate me 'cause you ain't me
Picture perfect, pistol paint the perfect painting
She my favorite junky so I call her A-Team
Rock so fly, she hit it once and now she fainting
Let's get money, I ain't here for all this hating

I came up in this bitch and I had motives
Serve every junky on this block, now I got boulders
Young and rich but I got demons on my shoulders
Block is hot, I swear to God my heart is colder
Who the fuck these pussy niggas? we don't know you
Ain't no choppers in this bitch then let me show you
Baking soda with the coca, not no Cola
Got the smokers on the corner going loco
Ayy, bitch I'm Rob Vicious
You ain't savage nigga, heard you rob bitches
I'ma fuck this nigga bitch in five minutes
And if I'm rapping 'bout it, nigga I did it

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Fuck all that hating shit, let's go and get some M's
Too many haters out here to be making friends
Get you some paper, baby go and get some bands
Fifty K and I'ma do my money dance
Comin' in, I got checks comin' in
Get it in, I'ma tell you how it is
Ain't no flex, we got next, we gon' win
Off the money, drugs, and sex, how we live
They looking at all this fashion, drippin' like I been had it
Whipping my wrist like magic, balling like I'm a Maverick
You know that I'm vicious and savage, and I might never stop trappin'
Most of you niggas just cappin', not with the shit that you rappin'

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