

## Mental Warfare

Rob Vicious

My heart cold but I keep heaters too  
Be talkin' that shit just like a preacher do  
Look at me and I'm gon' tell you what I see in you  
Look up to me but I'm too crazy to be leadin' you  
Makin' moves, now I got dirt all on my sneakers  
21, I touched my money and all my teachers  
Niggas really just want some clout, they back for features  
I ain't goin', no my bro ain't goin' either  
If you ain't gon' hold it down [?] I needed you  
Fake the real when you be round but that shit see-through  
Thought you would sneak behind my back but I done peeped you  
And lately you been movin' strange just like a creep do  
They cuttin' niggas off since back in preschool  
And if I cut you off it might be lethal  
Try to [?] they makin' cheap moves  
This shit ain't shit, it just [?] in them previews  
Everybody dependin' on you, you ain't mean to  
It's too much [?], but it ain't no redos  
You come and cry on my shoulder when they mistreat you  
But when shit goin' wrong for me who do I speak to?

Robby Vicious, oh no yes it's nice to meet you  
[?] ain't no places to find it cheaper  
Type of shit make you reach to turn up your speakers  
My lil' nigga I'll smoke ya for a bag of reefer

Head so deep and I'm still diggin' deeper  
Ayy, I still fuck with some demons, killers, and deadly creatures  
Ayy, I'm so sick I can't even fight off a fever  
My coldest shit, I can't get it up out the freezer, ayy  
I'll make it quick when you face to face with the reaper

That's why I keep a pole on me  
Free my nigga down the road, bet you ain't fold on me  
I go to war for few but I ain't got no homies  
You get for real about what you doin', shit gets sold on you

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