

Wat U Thinkin

Rob Vicious

Park my car, when I swing my door, smell just like liquor
I'm a drinker, not a sipper

Life I live is very fleetin'
Somebody with me or right now I think I'm dreaming
And yeah, that money dirty, ho, I need to clean it
I ain't know that money wasn't shit until a nigga seen it
But I know what you thinkin', what you thinkin', what you thinkin'
I know you might be thinkin' that I'm just talkin' 'cause I been drin
kin'
I know you won't believe it 'til you see it, but I need you to believ
e it
I ain't gon' say this shit, I don't really mean it

My young boys really demons, rip a nigga into pieces
Pray to God you with that shit that you be streaming
Swear when I be drinkin', I see angels, I hear demons
Might sound crazy, but that bullshit keep me breathing
Park my car, when I swing my door, smell just like liquor
Need to slow down on the drink, I feel it in my liver
Know I got my pistol if I ain't got my nigga
Don't know where I'd be if I ain't have my pistol
Fuck them critics, don't compare me to no nigga
Robbie Vicious all I see up in that mirror
I thought money'd show these niggas the bigger picture
And yeah, it's fuck them niggas, but I don't heil Hitler
Who ain't eatin'? I brought my whole gang dinner, ayy
These niggas beefin' like them poles ain't in here
Get out my ear, don't wanna hear no lame nigga
All these years and I remained the same nigga
Yeah, that money dirty, ho, I know I need to clean it
I ain't never touched a hundred 'til I seen it
I ain't really map it out, I just said fuck it, I'ma wing it
This the house you trappin' out, then I'ma sting it

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