

massa freestyle

Samara Cyn

Uh, ayy

See, I won't sit on top of feelings
Gotta stand up on business
The Devil couldn't get me
Fuck that bitch, on Jesus
I'm genius, don't need to explain it for you to see it
Now all you niggas 'round me go fuck around, turn me Yeezus
All these feeling bubblin' at the surface, you gon' hold 'em in
Emotional intelligence, he still insult my common sense
I still complain about that bitch
I'm quiet, I ain't stupid, motherfucker, I'm just processin'
Really, I'm just takin' in, deep breath before I lose my shit (I just need a hug, I'm sorry)
And screamin' with this nigga while the whole world tryna box me in
Six feet under, politics and music, trends, and bein' thick
Line between providin' and trickin' is paper-thin
[?] you masculine for sassy men, oh, no (Yeah)
Decided at a young age in this life I want more
I'm only happy outside when I bring it in though
Only touched six figures after touching piss-poor
Well, I still feel like [?]
Greatness, oozin' out of every hole
R.I.P. to every ho, I'm too much to handle
To haters, wasn't working, so they try dismantle
My name is Sam, was sent from Heaven, just to give these niggas hell
At all you niggas couldn't hold me, y'all can hold that L