

## 28th Song

Starlito

And if I thought that I could change maybe I would  
I got a lot of common sense but baby I'm hood  
I sold dope before but I wouldn't say that you should  
But I've been broke before and it doesn't feel good  
Bruh told me push  
Fuck niggas wouldn't have nothing on my books  
Hate this stupid ho I'm with but love the way she look  
Love the way she lie  
But her cousin got me plugged in on the kush  
Must be crazy I then double dipping fucking on her sister, oops!  
I know I ain't shit I ain't proud of it  
Then called 16 had to call them right back like...  
Want a verse or a pound of it?  
Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money  
Yea I kinda like the sound of it  
Got a box of bullets ready to touch you pussies  
Fuck around and get found bloody  
Outchea thugging without a budget  
They trying to figure out how I does it  
Independent and I'm winning  
I was broke before but it's been a minute  
Spending chicken independent  
That's a rollie so it isn't ticking  
Time is money, can't spend a second  
Second guessing no indecision  
My second weapon got extensions in it  
That's thirty shots  
Living life as a thug nigga, that's word to pac  
Grind hard so we stir a lot  
Swerving, serving like we never heard of cops  
Prefer to handle my business personally  
You want this work or not?

My money dirty, my hands dirty  
Pistol dirty, my whip clean  
Bitch with me, we riding dirty  
She talk dirty but her pussy clean  
I'm still dirty, I'm still working  
I'm still serving, nigga fuck you mean  
My pockets fat and my temper short  
And my clip is longer than a limousine  
And I let that bitch come bark at you  
Bitch I'm strapped like a dog catcher  
The last thing you want is confrontation  
Cause I'm with the shit like your gallbladder  
30 rounds in that 12 gauge  
Incendiary that's overkill  
I live life in the fast lane  
Either catch up or be roadkill  
Trap nigga way before the deal  
I don't give a shit about a deal  
Bitch I got a plug, I'm a heavyweight  
With more outlets than the opry mill  
Such a fly guy I'm so outta hell  
I'm so fresh to death I ought to write a will  
Got a box of bullets ready to touch you pussies  
These hollow points tryna cop a feel

In the trees like a baby panda  
Paranoid I'll spray the hammer  
I'm in my house up all night  
Just staring at my surveillance cameras  
I'm warning you no warning shots  
I'll pop your ass and you'll learn your lesson  
Stressed out, still counting money  
Cause that's best antidepressant  
If I thought that I could change maybe I would  
I got a lot of common sense but bitch I'm hood  
And I've sold dope before I ain't saying you should  
But I've been broke before and that never feels good  
Bitch!