

Negro Leagues

Starlito

I'm on
I'm on
I'm on
Oow yeah, I'm on

Aye, I hope Trae the Truth heal up
You know what I mean, all the way
Real nigga shit
Met the nigga a few times, cool people
It just be some bullshit
The way shit go out here, you know what I'm saying?
Post Traumatic Stress
Lito!

If it wasn't for the pain
I don't know what I feel
If my tears was the rain
I'll flood a field
Delay, the game goes on
The same old song
He died over some weak shit, but his name so strong
That's why the guns got no safeties, we all living in the danger zone
You can only hold on to that street fame for so long
Picture this nigga, get framed and so long
Now you send him pictures with no frames
Money orders and visits, and he throw his name in a song
But it won't take that period off that sentence
It's fucked up and I'm serious, I'm authentic
This bullshit game and we all lost in it
From the top to the bottom like an inning
If you make it out alive, then you win it
But when you win it, and you make it too fast, you'll spend it
Putting on and it ain't about who's on first
Just trying to double so who got that work?
All my niggas pitching
All they know is the game, can't tell them nothing different
Straight out of high school, no minor league system
Three strikes then it's federal prison
Ball or stall, hell of a decision
When not even a box fan, live from Hell's Kitchen..
Sweat dripping...