Untitled No Hook

Starlito

I lost what was left to lose
Privacy, sanity, thirty day spent about 90Gs gambling
Grind like I'm famished
Still ride with them hammers
Try to understand me
Man I'm just tryna provide for my family
My lil cousin in college she need tuition and books
The niggas you hustle with probably won't even put shit on your books
That's why I move different like bishops and rooks
Keep a tool with me I'm cool with being misunderstood
I got street credit and I'm also rich in the hood
But you can keep that and I traded my OG status
I just wanna be happy fuck around with these rappers
They just selling dreams you get a syrup and a weed happy
Endured a loss just keep stacking, stashing for a rainy day
Strapped when I'm in traffic
And I ain't playing just like a rain delay
War torn from the game I ain't ashamed but I remain this way
Learn from all my pain because it's lame to make the same mistakes
'Lito

I mean we don't have
Like we're not so similar like
There people like I mean we have different habits
We have different ways of doing things
But when you put us in the room with a mic and a console
You know it's clock work
So I think with that film that was the other thing
Like those guys play by their own rules
And they did what made sense to them
And that was the strength of their bond
Lito

You know you can count on me like a mathematician
If it's 'bout cash I'm with it I never slacked to get it
Long as my casket empty
Niggas say my name and wanna hear raps already
Just slap 'em silly
I got a clapper with me
And it got a back up with it, that got a back up with it
Three hour drive to Nashville
Stop at Prince's to grab a chicken
Then it's back to Memphis
By the way my name ring bells like class dismissal
Bitch I ball hard you don't believe me?
Ask a catcher's mitten
Betting against us is like hitting a strip club
Searching for classy women
Meanwhile I'm flier than a flight attendant
But still not high as God intended
Smallest giant, largest weapon
223 if the odds against me
Momma ain't raise no punk
Disagree with me that's 'til I raise this pump
I can come back everyday and not have to reload
But ain't enough days in a month
Third time hearing bout a raid this month

Make a nigga proud ain't still in the cut
I remember riding low key on pins and needles
For all this hay in the truck
And I got a baby AK in the front
I'm strapped up, I'm strapped in
Got road rage on the road to riches
To city near you for my backing

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