

Crime Rate

Stitches

They say my music is increasing the crime rate
Fuck it dog, because bitch I know that crime pays
Shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs (hold up)
Shoot, shoot, shoot, rob em, sell them drugs

Hold up

Shoot em (shoot em) kill em, homicide, fuck it
Call my dog (call em) and we gon slide
My music is increasing the crime rate
But I do not give a fuck 'cause I know crime pays (money)
Ce-ce-ce-ce, celebrate in your hood (money)
Fuck fuck fuck, fuck your bitch, I should
You gon say whatever (whatever)
We gon ball forever (forever)
They gon say they gon do this and that but they gon stay broke
forever (Cha-ching)
We gon be rich til we die (yeah)
Cocaine is what we supply
Cocaine music, I make
Put cocaine in my birthday cake

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I'm cold hearted but I got a heart
I'm not dumb, but I'm not smart
The last thing I'll ever do is go get a job at Walmart (never)
It runs in my blood, Stitches go and sell the drugs
When I walk in the club, everybody show me love
But I got a couple haters in the back and they givin me a mean
mug (pussies)
I'm about to rob your bitch and turn her to a slut
D-R-U-G-S, get it through to UPS
I sell drugs every day of my life and I'm never stressed
When I wake up in my bed, I thank God because I'm blessed
If you got some shit to say to me then get it off your chest

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(Ha)