

## Facts

## Stitches

One motherfuckin' question they always ask me  
Do I get high off my own supply?  
Shut the fuck up, mind your business

Do I get high off my own supply?  
Do I get high off my own supply?  
Do I get high off my own supply?  
Do I get high off my own supply?  
Guess what?  
Hell yeah, hell yeah  
Hell yeah, hell yeah  
Hell yeah, hell yeah  
Hell yeah, hell yeah  
I do get high off my own supply

Tell me what you know 'bout stayin' up the whole night  
It's a tiredness up in my body that I can't fight  
So I gotta do a line of that cocaine, bruh  
Am I bad cause I like to do a lil coke, bruh?  
My kid always got that food up on his plate  
My family always got money in they bank  
I'm a G up in these streets, you know I got that rank  
And I ain't fuckin' that bitch if the pussy stank  
It's six-AM in the fuckin' mornin'  
My cocaine and my dick got her moanin'  
Fuck Young Jeezy, I'm the real fuckin' Snowman  
Big Meech went up in prison and you went ghost, man

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Take it how you want it  
Fuck that beef, I guarantee you that I won it  
This ain't no image, dog, you don't fuckin' want it  
I show up to your show and crack you with a bottle  
Like Gucci Mane, fool  
I'm corrupt like the system  
I done a lotta shit but never been a victim  
Once he upon the floor my Timberland's gon' kick him  
The world know that I'm real, the whole world, you done tricked 'em  
Fake fool

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Hell yeah, hell yeah  
I do get high of my own supply

Straight up, fool!  
That fake rappin' that shit!  
That fake ass image you got, boy!  
You ain't no dope, boy!  
Act right boy, dont come to my city no more  
I put a real pound in yo head  
Matter fact, 50 racks for any piece of jewelry that fool got on  
Act right like that song you jumped on with Yo Gotti, fool  
And don't come around talkin' about you gon' put racks on my head  
Cause the next show you do, I'll be there, motherfucker!  
And you better have mo' straps than T.I. on that motherfucker tour bus, fool  
!