

Outta My Mind

Stitches

So many criminals inside the building when we walk in
If you ain't talking 'bout no money, why the fuck you talking?
You say you toting choppers but I know you shooting nothing
I'm a legend in these streets, bitch I'm always hustling
I'm out of my mind, I'm out of my mind
I'm out of my mind, I'm out of control
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You want problems with me? I'ma let it blow

I'ma let it blow, you about to get a bullet hole, in your fucking dome
Playin' 'round with me, I run up in your home
In your house, put that duct tape all up on your mouth
I'm about to take the bricks that you got stashed up in your couch
It's a robbery, but it's 'bout to be a homicide
I'm about to decide, is he dead or alive?
Look into my eyes, those are the eyes of a killer
When I look in your eyes, I can tell you ain't a hitter
I'm problematic, I got an automatic
If you fuck with me, this 'bout to get dramatic
You, and all of your friends about to die
You said you was gon' kill me but bitch I'm still alive
I can talk that shit 'cause I can back it up
I just got a hundred bricks and it came from Columbia
Also got a plug in Mexico, meet him at the Texaco
Mama calling my phone, telling me stop selling all that blow
Worry 'bout your own business, I ain't worried about your mama
I'm just tryna get this money selling drugs, counting commas
They say that karma is a bitch but I ain't worried 'bout shit
I'm a man of respect and I will die for this shit

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Out of my mind, I'm throwed
Know for a fact I'ma stick to the code
38 baby, you know I won't fold
I keep a chopper when out on the road
Half of these rappers be acting like hoes
Up with the Glock and you know I'ma blow
If you a bitch then we can't do a song
I made a mil and I ain't sell my soul, gang
Walk in my show with the beam
Fight in the club and I shoot it on scene
You know how we living, you know that I'm with it
He play, he can get it, I put that on Fiti

We don't play no games, get up out his body he gon' die
Glock-17, quick to hit a nigga with that fire
All night serving fiends, nigga we don't never go inside
Say that he want beef, you know for a fact we don't hide

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