

# Rex

## Stitches

Drivin' down the block  
In my drop top  
One more rapper shot down like 2Pac  
They get a picture of you, put in on a white Tee  
Now you're just another fucking stupid memory  
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Rex, if you're listening to this song, your Daddy's probably dead  
You're growing up so fast, remember you used to wet the bed?  
I'm sorry, that I'm not there to raise you  
They caught your dad in traffic, he got murdered by a hater  
See, I didn't have my father, so maybe you'll be fine  
Every moment we spent together was an amazing time  
I left you abandoned, I left you stranded  
You feel deserted, I know that you're hurting  
One thing is for certain, that I'm watching over on top of your shoulder, it  
's making you colder  
You want revenge, you grab a gun  
You're loading it up and you don't give a fuck  
I know how it feels, I've been there before

AND ONCE YOU KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKER, PLEASE, LET YOUR MOTHER KNOW  
"Mom, I killed Daddy's killer, it's done."

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Hatred inside of your eyes, the lies you tellin' these bitches just to get i  
nside  
Instead of praying to god for more blessings, you're praying to god that I d  
ie  
Now ain't that some shit..  
You're worried about another man  
You should be worried about your bitch becoming a die hard Stitches fan  
She licking the tip and she with her friend  
Now you wanna kill me even more  
She got my dick in her hand  
She singin' on it like a microphone

I know you don't like me, I know you wanna kill me  
Even if you kill me, the streets will always feel me  
I'm about to be the headlines on the news  
But if I'm being honest, that's some shit I'm used to

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