

Either Hated Or Ignored

\$uicideboy\$

Yah, yah, \$carecrow, Ruby stay runnin'
\$carecrow, \$carecrow, \$carecrow, \$carecrow, \$care, Norfside, shit, where the
fuck that been
R.I.P, \$lick \$loth...

Playa hataz surround me
Like vultures on a dead body
Get the fuck from 'round me
Ain't tryna be ya' fuckin' friend
White boy with the nappy hair
Bought the platinums, nah not double-O bruh
Bunch of all you thirsty
30 somethin' motherfuckin bald head headass
Boy get off this playa's nuts
Test your luck, might catch slugs
This that middle finger up
Shit, fuck a bitch
And fuck you too for thinkin' we would not make it
Tell me really
How does it feel?
If you were in the field believin' the vision that we livin'
Fuck the flux there's no competition
We got the leverage
Fuck you punks we stocked with weapons
47's 45's Tec's
Poles on this cut throat boy
There's more than one reason that I'm a

R.I.P boy
Ain't broke
I gotta a lotta fuckin' bread
Now I've seen the globe
Puff another load
Sitting in another lead pipe
Cause my pockets got a lot of fucking holes leaving trails of the crumbs
So them fuckboys will follow, yeah
Fill up that hollow stomach with my sorrow
Tomorrow ain't promised a tough pill to swallow
But roxycodone ain't a tough pill to snort
It's a tough pill to kick
Always fall short
Standin' tall with my vice, fuck y'all for the sport
The money, the bitches, the fame feelin' like a whore
Now I'm smokin' more ports and I'm closer to death
Then I was when I was poor
Coke and bitches in the kitchen passin' out on the couch
I'll die from bein' bored
He'll die from bein' bored
Sing a sad ass song with just four chords, oh lord
Sing a sad ass song, another death in the 7th Ward, oh lord
Sing a sad ass song for Yung Snow, putting in hours at the morgue
Sing a sad ass song for another tally on the sword blizzard storm when I fuc
king mourn