

Chillin with my girl we got the all black fits huh
You don't know me but I bet ya wish ya did huh
Got my throat slit by a witch for my lip huh
Tatted on my wrist now I ain't worth shit huh
If I died tomorrow would ya post up all our pics mmm
Talk bout how you miss me but you never really did mmm
If you gave a fuck you'd check up on me watch my six mmm
Angry in the spirit fifth dimension do the splits
Gripping on my throat as I drip drip drip
Till I drop
In a mothafuckin grave
Layin in a hole up in the earth
Be the way to the fame
Playin with the veins I wonder which I wanna take into the next
lane contemplatin gripping on my blade
Blood on my face I'm tryna stay sane
Fuck out the way I'm tryna maintain
I gotta face the fate the way that I stay cause I'm takin my mi
nd astray I'm insane
All these rappers talk about the xanax mmm
I be stackin books up in my backpack mmm
Say you wanna feature where's the bag at hmm
Pussy mothafucka where the cash at mmm
I am not built for the system is rather not listen
Id rather be given the wisdom of one thousand wizards a blizzar
d of visions of which I am pickin the spells I can kill with
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