

Poverty Paintings

Sy Ari Da Kid

(Wait, what?)
Word up
(Pass my phone, nigga)
(Call Els, niggas)
Gotti Gator, turn me up
(Wake that nigga up, man)
(Nigga starving, nigga, eat somethin')
Yeah
(Gotta eat something, nigga)
(Woo)
Yeah

Summertime with the cold shoulder or pro-bowler
Watch how you addressing a home owner, the jokes's over
I ain't that nigga to bro-bro ya, I don't know ya
A veteran like a old soldier, Hulk Hogan
It's been a minute like rollover, I know cobras
That really had some bodies first
I give y'all raps, more shit on wax than Bath & Body Works
The way he used to flash them Gotti Murk, RIP shirts
I'm God of the villains, my cause more appealing
I'm in a Mercedes sprinter with stars in the ceiling
My dogs bark different, boy listen
I ain't going back and forth wit' y'all niggas
Y'all snitches in the court system
Good lawyer, skatin' like the main transportation for Bart Simpson
Hard labor, fuck lifting, God's kitchen
You either talk or you listen
I done had the i8 for a year and I still can't find the car engine (That's f
acts)

World on your back (World on your back)
Dirt on your feet (Dirt on your feet)
Pain in yo' eyes (Pain in yo' eyes)
What do you see? (What do you see?)
Yeah (Yeah)
Blood in the streets
Will you survive?
How you gon' eat?
(Just say my grace, you gon' eat this motherfucker)
You against me
(Word)
To keep the peace
(Woo)
I keep a piece
(Boop, boop, boop, boop)
Ayy
Ain't nothin' sweet (Uh)
(Yeah)
Pray to the Lord
(Yeah)
(Look)
My soul to keep

Smoking dro 'til I'm sleep
No Titanic but, shit, if I was Jack, I would've rose to my feet
Explode on the beat, my flow is unique

Lyricaly exposing the weak
Hit your shoulders and feet
Who colder than me?
If I ain't with my kids then I roll with the heat
In the passenger seat, got at least three passionate freaks
Best believe, yes indeed, watch how I stress the cheese
Hit his flesh then breeze, bars like a sex disease
This for the block niggas in the streets, uh
Get more props from my enemies
Leave 'em shocked from the energy
Why would I stop? I been a beast
Check, I am not with the industry
True facts, I got it locked, zipped and keyed
Mommy listen, serve my plate hot when it's dinner, please
I'm oddly different
Calm steadily
Bread in my palms heavily
The don ready, B
It's Shawn Ellery, Els

World on your back (World on your back)
Dirt on your feet (Dirt on your feet)
Pain in yo' eyes (Pain in yo' eyes)
What do you see? (What do you see?)
Yeah (Yeah)
Blood in the streets
Will you survive?
How you gon' eat?
(Nigga if I gotta take it, I'm gonna take it nigga, straight up)
You against me
('Sup)
To keep the peace
(Woo)
I keep a piece
(Boop, boop, boop, boop)
Ayy
Ain't nothin' sweet
(Yeah)
Pray to the Lord
(Yeah)
My soul to keep