

Penal Code 182.5

Sylvan LaCue

Mmm...

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah

Niggas caught me but they really ain't caught me

Momma stopped me told me let no one stop me

Papi used to kick the brick like karate

Mami used to chef up eggs and salami

Don't go outside when niggas pull out with Tommy's

Shit I was 24 nigga hit the floor 12 thought I robbed my momma's apartment

Hmm hm hmm, Yeah How I'm fed up yet I find myself starving

My niggas always taught to proceed with caution

That drama drama catch you out while you parking

That llama lama don't look cute when it's sparking

I mind my business weighing out all my problems

I mind my business cause my business is popping

They only need you when you run out of options

Hmm hmm, yeah what's a verdict to a hedge fund

Give a shit bout where you bred from

Boomers toast in cubicles and red rum

Send a text and set it off like rev run

Paramedics show up late like its practice

Ain't no honor when your honor's a savage

My nigga Drakeo got acquitted clearly no debating

Kept him tucked and labeled him hazard

All neglectation manifesting a casket

Rights in shambles privileges out of basket

Solitary free your mind through the havoc

Trauma trauma trauma trauma

Momma I know better but better still come after tragic...

Big chain out the closet this is shy glizzy

Yall fuck these hoe niggas over we ain't dry humping

A hundred thousand up in all whites that's a dry hundred, ugh

Just let me know something you leave him in his head

Yea, brother bitch I'm Hulk Hogan

He was acting trippy so I left that nigga Trippie Redd

All headshots that's my DJ you know he dead

My rhymes ain't gon get no better

Throw me up in solitary and I get more clever

Fuck a bag I'm repping Louis with no effort

They don't wanna see in the phantom with the ghost lamping

Back to back foreigners bout to fuck over the pole dancers

Do a backflip on some bitch I'ma hit you with this old fashion

I'm the leader of the new wave

I'm the nigga that boost 50 in 2 days

I'm the niggas that hogged the coop in two lanes

And I was only 21 but ain't nobody give me praise

It was me and Malene but ain't nobody get me saved

Niggas send death threats all on twitter

But got the nerve to come to court and play the victim

How you real but wanna see me up in prison

I ain't do it now you mad cause the verdict not guilty nigga kill me

Get out yo feelings Ima up until its season

Press 1 cause I'm a winner How you livin'

My reality is real

Cause I'm the nigga still sitting up in jail

We know the truth but ain't nobody finna share it

Cause niggas jealous only bitches share that tray what's the wave

I'm surrounded by clown niggas
Hold me down lies they praying that I drown in it
They screaming free Drakeo only on the pound nigga, what's the difference?
But who gon do something about it?
Cause if I get life who gon do something about it
Benefits for my murder I ain't shoot nobody
They wanna judge me by raps they like you John Gotti
Talking bout this ain't political
If it's not then why you feel the need to say it for
You let em refile a hired cop that's 10 and 2
Then got the nerve to tell a nigga you know how it feel
Take my soul from me know its gone a long time ago
I'ma wear Louis up in trial first day of court
I gotta dress on fresh that's what I'm famous for I'll never let these loser
niggas think I got a baby voice
Don't just talk, do something about it
I'm just a ruler, nah you John Gotti
Why brag about it, I ain't shoot nobody
This rap on trial 182.5 Free Drakeo