

Insecurities

TaTa

(Don't miss me, or it's gon' be, if it ain't me, damn baby)

Graah

(I'm in your city)

RiteorWrongKVH

(Why not one more time?)

(Why you need all my swag?)

(I needed to know, shorty)

Graah

Every opp shot, everything dead

Graah

41 shots to the head (Graah)

Only been two weeks, and I'm in too deep (In too deep)

Look in her eyes, I don't know what to see (Don't know what to see)

Like, I be telling myself that I love her, but I just love when that bitch in my sheets (Damn)

Up all night I be stuck on her page (In her page)

If she knew, she would think I'm a creep (Think I'm weird)

And my knocker just like a computer, if that nigga run up then I'm pressing delete (Grrt baow)

Every day I argue with my ex (On bro)

On bro, I don't be getting sleep (Like damn)

Like, how you fuckin' with one of my opps

I went through her memories pressing delete (Pressing delete)

And that bitch be actin' like a fan

All these other rapper niggas beef

When that bitch left me, I was at my lowest

I pray to God me and her never speak, damn

Huh

Grrt

Graah, graah

You know we recognize a fishy nigga

You know we recognize a fishy nigga

You know we got this shit out the mud

Shit out the fuckin' mud, nigga

Send 41 shots

Never takin' nothing for nobody, nigga

You know everybody shot, nigga

Never takin' nothing for nobody

Damn

Yes

Yes

Graah

Every opp shot, everything dead (grrt)

41 shots to the head

Graah

Stuck in my head, I be high (Be high)

All this shit be racin' through my head (On bro)

And my new shorty just left for college, I think I'm breakin' up with that bitch next (On bro)

Like, and I know her roommate a thotty (Thotty), and all of her friends is legs (On bro)

Like, that bitch like boys and girls, like there's no way that she's not having sex (What?)

And I know I'm soundin' insecure, I'm not, I just know how these bitches get

(On bro, on bro)
And she be actin' like a fan too, on bro I be getting me fed (Huh)
I get this bitch from Floss
She thinks she misses everything dead?
Damn, and I got this nice lil' bitch on the Bronx, I'm boutta to put her to
the test
Young-young nigga, I'm really rich, I never needed a bitch (huh)
Never believed in a bitch, I might never put my seed in a bitch, damn
Damn, damn, how you tell me you love me then switch?
All these bitches, don't know who to pick, on my way to the top and it's hap
pening quick
Like, she don't know that I know what she did, so she be thinkin' that she s
lick
I can never look at her the same, I look at her face and get sick (Like, dam
n)
And I caught feelings for this girl, she got money, and she type lit
Brown skin, type thick
Fuck these bitches, I'm trying to get rich, damn