

Forgot My Bars

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(Marc Boomin)

Niggas askin' why my pants saggin'
Probably 'cause of this Glock.23, I'm never lackin'
Bitch keep callin', tryna ask what's our current status
Run into your crib like I need everything, rip up the whole mattress
The IRS gon' have to come and get me, I ain't payin' taxes
Niggas workin' for a job everyday, checkin' in with master
He was already down, I shot him again, he checked out faster
Tell a label come with a hundred million, they can have my masters

Damn, I just forgot the next bar
What the fuck I just say?
I just-, no, no, no
What the fuck I just say?

None of my plays goin' through, it is just not my day
You don't look out for your niggas, that is just not okay
Nigga callin' me his mans and we just met today
You shoppin' with the wrong niggas, you just got your ass laced
Your mans might be hatin' on the low, test him and see if he two-faced
Them Rolex be too cheap, fuck the red and blue face
I'm 'bout to get this shit sold, I want the green and [?]
I'm 'bout to hop out in the field, let me tie my shoelaces
Money comin' in in bags, it's like a nigga printin' paper
'Bout to make some fake IDs, I need some ink and printing paper
Choke slam a nigga on his back and beat his ass like [?]
How you want it? I'll square up with a nigga and chase him down with a laser

Alright, what the fuck was I 'bout to say again?
I keep forgettin' my bars
Alright, yeah, alright
I got it, I got it

I'll make a nigga beatbox, SpotGottem
Oh, you need some weed, drank, and Percs? Pull up, the spot got it
This nigga said he wanna drive the weed back, just lobby it
Remember bein' twenty deep in the hood just mobbin'
My lil' niggas be slidin' everyday while they dodgin'
When I get my foot in the industry, I'ma dominate
I got some indoor bowls for 23, but they half shake
Shot a nigga in his right arm, now he half bake
I got on Supreme and Louis V, the one collab they made
Every time a nigga tell a story, he over exaggerate
It's crazy, a nigga will run off over a lil' pape
But you know I ain't trippin' 'cause I still got a full plate
She asked for my number and I gave the bitch the full eight
Throw the Glock to my mans, he gon' pull that bitch like Clay
Think I need a money counter, I've been countin' shit all day
I done made at least five to ten racks in each state, count that up

I keep fuckin' forgettin' my bars
Punch me-, no, no, no, don't punch me in, man
Fuck this-, I'm leavin', I'm leavin', man
Fuck this
Alright, I'm 'bout to come out there