

# Might Not Make It

## The Reason

Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah  
Like if I'm there in like-like twenty-four hours left  
This-this is just a joke  
f\*ck these sensitive ass niggas, look

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye  
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it  
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise  
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

If I only had twenty-four hours left, I'd be harassin' the youth  
Kidnap Trump and Ghost Rider, let 'em crash in the coupe  
I'd have sex with Lori, Rihanna, a Kardashian too  
Might just f\*ck everybody like Kardashians do  
I muck duck tape some City Girls and roll through the city  
They scream, "Periodt" with period blood all over their titties  
Pop a pill or knocked up, they got us rollin' more  
I f\*ck 'em on a lil' boat since he wrote it for him  
f\*cked that stallion in the stable, bend Meg all over the table  
She screamin' out, "Drive the boat" while I'm tryna drive her disable  
I leak all the Dot music, Rock music if I'm able  
Top call, I laugh at him, scream, "I'm the best in the label!"  
I shoot every single fan in the stomach that leave a comment  
"When Zay album comin'?" It come when it come, nigga  
I might make these old niggas stop hatin' on young niggas  
I might kill every rapper fakin' to be a thug nigga

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye  
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it  
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise  
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it  
The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye  
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it  
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise  
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

Drink a bottle of wine with Ari Lennox on some linen sheets  
Rub her down with shea, but the vocals make the sex elite  
I make her do scissor with SZA, I be watchin', record (And action!)  
Marry Khloe in Vegas, give her cock, then divorce her  
I f\*ck Mike Persons wife, sperm swimmin' through, cousin'  
And punch her dead in the stomach, and give that bitch an abortion  
I take every rapper screamin' mental health to sell records  
Torture they kids until they all sufferin' from depression  
Break Tekashi out of prison and drop him in the Nine Treys  
Take a walk with Summer Walker down a homeless block in LA  
Hit Cozz phone and tell him Top finna be pullin' up  
As soon as he go to rob him, we gon' set that nigga up (Yeah, gimme the keys  
, nigga)  
And tell Lori Harvey to sit on my face while I keep her balanced  
Maybe not, 'cause she done been with more rappers than DJ Khaled (Another on  
e)  
I swear, if I only have one more day  
Rewind the clock and turn West into the old Kanye

The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye (Hahaha)  
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it (I'm just kidding)

This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise  
I got the Devil inside (I'm serious right now) I might not make it (I'm just  
kidding)  
The visions of wantin' to die, I looked the Devil in eye  
Suicide all on my mind, I might not make it (I might not have)  
This my last minutes alive, might as well live in demise  
I got the Devil inside, I might not make it

Everybody, everybody just so like, why so serious?  
Hahaha, why?  
Is this camera on me? That's stupid guys, like, hahaha  
Yeah