

DRASTIC MEASURES

ThouxanBanFauni

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Krookz

I love the money more than you
I love these pills more than you
Could never make you my main
My psyche better than you
I hate the opps more than shooters
At least the shooters gon' shoot
Instead he hopping on Twitter, talking 'bout what he gon' do
And never do it, just talk about all of his moves
Niggas, they talk a big game until I pull up and hoop

You really ball, you can shoot
You really ball, you can shoot
You really ball, you can shoot
You really ball, you can shoot

I want to fuck with lil mama, wouldn't put in effort
But dealin' with me, baby, that's dealin' with drastic measures
Hurt you to hurt me, yeah, give my enemies pleasure
These niggas fighting with theyselves, not us, they just
I cut everybody off, my life started getting better
Could've been a meteorologist the way I change the weather
Lil bands float in the air, bills fall like feathers
Shawty used to be bad, now she that hoe over there

Wish I could take this time, just go back
Throw away some slimy niggas, no throwback (I'm sorry)
Take a picture of the world for you, girl, no cold air (I'm sorry)
I love you and I thought that you should know that (I'm sorry)
, now I'm lounging, know I was toting sticks (I'm sorry)
(I'm sorry)
And now you know how it feels, to be hurt, for real (I'm sorry)
I know I see your sensitivity in them tears

Cut you off, I did (I'm sorry)
Baby, I'm in my bag (I'm sorry)
But I don't give a fuck 'bout my bag (I'm sorry)
Yeah, fuck if it made you mad (I'm sorry)

Nah, for real though fuck that
Why the fuck should I be sorry for telling you all the truth
At least I'm keeping it G, at least I'm nothing like you
I get money and invest it, call that shit making moves
I changed my whole way of thinking, I got back positives views
They say we getting real results, Fauni, by fucking with you
And they was late on the train, so they was late on the scoop
Stainless steel or wood grain, grip that bitch like it's glue
Everybody say they real, only believe in a few
If you see someone around me it don't mean that we cool
I'm always handling business, shit you don't usually do
And if you don't know how to talk then you gon' always lose
Come on baby, I got fans and I get racks off of music
All this energy on me, people try to abuse it
I ain't have a dad, just experiences and clues
And my single mama too, before she threw me out the womb

Don't wanna jump up in, don't wanna be a
I see the in your face and everything love do
I could give a girl the world, but she'll leave it in ruins
Why you think we got the streets, some babies dying in the hoods
These niggas straight goofies, hit 'em with the dust

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