

Alter Ego

Tink

They be like ain't you that little girl that had that tape Winters Di
ary
Now you out here rapping
Thought you only could do R&B
No sweetie I spit too
Probably harder than ya nigga do
Give his ass a little math class
Come find out what them triggas do
Trigonomics, hella shapes
Small circles, no space
New niggas y'all not allowed
Put a lock pad on them fucking gates
Lock pad on my phone case
Cause I don't do no talking man
Little niggas wanna beef with me
Better move around like a silly fan
AC, I'm A1
I be at, but got two guns
That's more fun, just pick one
Watch ya mouth, I put it on ya tongue
Don't fuck with me homie
These bitches think that they know me
Ain't talking bout no liquor store
When I tell em' grab that forty
Go bang bang like Chief Keef
Thank God for that retweet
Picked up on that 3hunna
Now my name buzzing like a fucking bee
Now niggas can't get enough
I'm holding weight like a freight truck
New auditions for Stomp the Yard
These whack hoes better step it up

What up Chicago
I'm on that drill flow
These bitches think it's sweet
Meet my alter ego
They say I'm hella crazy
They say I'm outta my mind
Don't get it confused
That's just that alter ego coming alive

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