

Suffer

Tion Wayne

(AOD)

Big back and I don't wanna share
She make it slap like she don't even care
Snitch boy get run out of here
Fuck that, get the fuck out of here
These internet guys best suffer
They can't even defend their brother
See 'em real life, can't even lock eyes
Comin' like Stevie Wonder

Turn off the lights and park up, switch off the engine (Skrrr)
You might've started that but this ain't the endin'
You can't depend on him 'cause he ain't defendin'
And he ain't arrangin', but that .38 assemblin'
Listened your album twice and here go the review
We don't believe that shit, no, we don't believe you
You should delete that shit, that shit need a re-do
I'm here with Tion Wayne, so we gon' relieve you (Jheeze!)

From the 9, but we came with Giggs
Sippin' on Ciroc with the shrimp
Gyal, I'm free and I don't tell fibs
I don't give a fuck what you think
Pull up, fill up the Glock in a blink
We lit up the block in a glimpse
They see me, in short then it's rinse
We widdit, we widdit, we mop all the prints

Time out, it's back to benches
Just grabbed a baseball bat and smashed him senseless
Just pour that champagne out, and splash my dentures
And no one wants to hear your wack adventures
Too disrespectful, and that's offensive
The target on you, you're back's expensive
She's mad intense, I'm apprehensive
A quiet exit, but smashin' entrance

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How 'bout come outside
Tell my young boy "You'd better bring the gun outside"
My one love up crime
Made them stay home way before quarantine
Chattin' to his wifey, she wan' come 'round
Didn't like me, she wan' come now
Brothers used to frighten me, we got gun now
If they come 'round here, they get run down

Just up and I'm over

Bare weed in the room
I fuck with the odour
I'm back on the roller-coaster
Come back when you're older
Some yack in the Coca-Cola
Our bat man a joker

I got a leng ting from Angola
Body shaped like Coca-Cola
All my life I had weight on my shoulder
So nowadays I stay a loner
When I sleep I'm makin' my racks
Gotta thank God I ain't in the trap
Done man fierce, they ain't had my back
I'm my own boss, T Wayne, that's a fact

Similar matches
You see when I catch him
Swingin' them axes
Chick in my DM
It's really a catfish
Pussy on tap
I'm swimmin' in cratches (Jheeze!)

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Them logistics say that they sadistic
If you front on man, straight ballistics
Names they're listing down just ain't realistic
And she says, "I'm not wife, but make me a mistress"
Jump in the car, lights on, switch on the engine
These niggas fail to fly, but Giggs ain't a penguin (Jheeze!)
Hollowman's ride or die, but I'm sick of rememberin'
Movie time, and this shit's only renderin'
Man's mad at the mobsters, just grab up my boxers
Suitcase fulla drip, my baggage obnoxious
I'm sat in the office, just baggin' the offers
But sat right across from these savage imposters

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