

Sneeze Wrong

Tory Lanez

Uh

That nigga, played he gotta lay, that's all it is
One hour warnin' 'fore they killed him, let him call his kids
He got a bounty on his head, so niggas callin' dibs
His paper work was never straight, that's why they callin' fibs
You don't wanna linger 'round 'em problem kids
When everybody down to do it like they volunteers
The shoe terms and niggas hoppin' out of solitaires
You see the pain in the mother's and baby mama tears
Yeah, they dropped a kite, but you ready for war
Knife that you just buried in the yard will machete a door
Your girl beefin' with you, ain't no my cherie amour
She out there spiteful and she fuckin' your friend and your boy
Your son is seven and he askin' when you comin' home
But you don't wanna tell your boy the date 'cause it's gon' rub him wrong
You had to get a nigga scraped 'cause it was comin' to him
Got on the phone that very day and said it's nothin' wrong
Middle of the field is where the war's crackin'
I'ma general in battle, plus a war captain
High rankin' with the blacks just because my face
So when it's on, I'm who they want, I will get you erased
Play with us and find out
I'm bigger than this prison K spit at your mom's house
Run inside your cell lace fitted with knives out
I hang around a bunch of grave diggers and climb-outs
He told me he gon' kill him 'cause his baby need some Pampers
Say he owed a debt, but he stopped givin' niggas answers
It's way too close to Christmas to be givin' niggas chances
My dog got triple life, but walk around like he got five left
Won't a nigga in here touch me, nigga, that's on my chest
That ain't no tough guy shit, nigga, that's my respect
Plus the bussa's all around me if you try step

So we walking out the shower, you feel me
And it's a situation where the CO's ain't come back yet
So once the CO's come back, you see everybody posted on the wall
Because niggas know what's about to happen
So boom, the nigga jump in his cell, start whammin' the nigga, whammin' him
The nigga stabbed the nigga like forty times
He lookin' up and I'm lookin' back like, it's over

County jail experiences that begin to make you callous
Bob Barker tags on us like we share a stylist
Imagine wakin' up and all you see outside is malice
Time for war and all that you gon' see outside is violence
Little niggas crashin' out for OG prior problems
And they wild enough to go outside and die about 'em
Been through all the niggas at my door sayin' 12 o'clock
They say they runnin' in here once they unlock 'em
And the coppers ain't gon' stop 'em 'cause they in it with 'em
It's a lose-lose every time you bicker with him
He got certain paperwork, I wouldn't kick it with him
If he a chomo and ain't dead, he lucky that he livin'
Fallout on the spice one more time and we knockin' you out
We gon' remove you if you makin' it hot in the house
I like my free staff snappy and quiet with the mouth

They wanna search me, but the dope been popped in the mouth
That's where I'm fuckin' up the dogs at
But where my dogs ready for the open combat?
It ain't no place for me to ever write my wrongs at
I promise that he finna die if he don't fall back
This a big dog to a small cat
Get you picked off like a quarterback
Could call me Jigsaw where the horrors at
You take a life from one of us and you gon' owe it-

One thing I'ma leave on the camera for y'all to remember this word right here:
e: GABOS
The name of the game is GABOS
Game Ain't Based On Sympathy
If you got sympathy in this fight, you ain't gon' never making it

I'm gonna find my way home
I've got to
Before I lose myself
Lose myself now
I've got to
Before I lose myself