

Backstab is a faint of my main strategy
Came with the mortality, left with the whole cavalry
Brain shackle me, twisting the law of gravity
State of a poor salary, draining the soul battery
I'm sick of losing, it's time that I've been proving
That I was a poor student, not lying in bed stupid
Like I'd do it, with gun head fluent
Heal like I'm Rasputin, give chills to the core unit

I breathe fire inside then respire the pine
Like these hands of mine are gone do it
A sweet dance combined with sea change
And I will behave like I'm in steel chains, I'll

Still break your head or dam snap your neck
If I'ma rise in death then I'ma check your step
In the night like theft, I drop bombs on Bens
Then bag bitches like my life was a catered event

Marty fresh up out the oven, with that face you never seen before
Flip that motherfucker with a birdie if he cynical
They run up on me, end up handing over all there pockets too
Ever since you left I'm taking off just like a rocket do
Stash pot, been in my back pock' for years now
Hit me on my celly cause I stack it with my peers now
Came up out the sewer, to sip Kahlua and do her
Keep all of my chicka's buried deep just like manure
The snakes I grip, I shine like piss, and make it flip
Do it up then break it down and give my dick a kiss
We first to pop, I call the shot, and run the spot
Put that mouth up on my strudel, kiss my doodle
Showin' off and I don't even push it that far
Marty Large, party hard, like it's the Mardi Gras
Hit the charge and I'm not afraid - of battle scar
Cue the sick shit, put on my hit list, no dis bitch

Come correct uh, you ain't getting close without respect
I'm a rider dawg, I'm coming for the check
Man I'm coming for the cents, used to pick up on the first
Flip the re-up on the tenth
If you know me boy don't owe me, I remember what you spent
Get the pack, get the pack, tear the club up cuz we on it now
How you running shit cuz, we ain't notice when you running round
Grew up with some niggas who made profits when they hold a pound
Talking Cling wrap gram scales, for the swapping out
Dash off in the whip with no license, like I bought it nigga
Say I smell like kushy, that's because I fucking bought it nigga
Got that slaughter in em, guaranteeing they don't want it with em
Ain't no talking nigga when I'm speaking, they dissolve and listen
Off the cliff, put me in that casket bitch
I don't need your service, fuck I'm worthless, let me rest in peace
pissing off my organs, I ain't stopping till they call it quits
Tried to end this shit when I was 15, got me wondering

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Bottle after bottle, got me fucked up and I'm stumbling
Heard they talking shit, pull up on him got him stuttering

I ain't been too happy, 'bout to black out for the fuck of it