

Dope Fiend

Trouble

Ooh, ahh, ain't that precious (ain't that sweet)
Seen you say you love your dogs
But you didn't even want the pressure
You should've never got involved
I see you niggas actin' extra
So I'ma gon' and do the extra
'Cause nigga really having extras
I ain't got no time for no flexing, its stretchers
I'm talkin' 'bout 30 extensions on weapons
And all of my partners geeked up, that's no better for you
I was raised in the trenches no better than you
I might hit 'fore I go, steal a Debbie or two
Pitiful, Bob this shit Kritical
Thug this shit out with my woes in the hole
You tryna flex 'round this bitch for some bad broke hoes
Fuck 'round, get your stupid ass gun-smoked
Dumb way

Must be a dope fiend
All of my best friends on codeine
Two hoes who dope fiends
You gettin' money, but still a dope fiend
No ma'am, I do not straddle no fences
You buyin' two grams, and you doin' all of that trickin'
Disrespectful shit don't get no pass
Nigga see through the bullshit with panoramic vision
Gonna pull up on them folks and shoot up they shit
Pull up on your folks and shoot up your shit

Little bitch you got a potty mouth
I'm tryna see what that route about
I'm tryna see if you count me in
Shit I'm tryna see if you count me out
I 'member you, yeah you hated
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah, yeah you hated
That was back when buzzo had them Dayton's
Now you roll on my dick like a Haitian
Watch her pop on my dick like a Haitian
Shoulda had that shit cocked while you waitin'
I can take care of you like a patient
But I am not your doc, is you crazy?
You shouldn't fuck with no ho that's too lazy
Bitch them niggas you fuck with fugazi
That was back when Brenda had a baby
I was trying shit, nigga crazy

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