

About You

Twisted Insane

Back when you were doin good and I was doin worse
You wouldn't fuck with me when I was broke and on the turf
But now a days, you makin me ya main concern cause you see the tables turn
But bitch, you gotta waitcho turn cause
I don't give a fuck about you
Baby, I don't give a fuck about you
Baby, I don't give a fuck about you
Back when I was drinkin worse for wear so were you
But was ready for whatever - had a plan for what to do
But now a days, you look at me like I'm the fool and act like I've been robb
in you, homie, don't bother stoppin through cause
I don't give a fuck about you
Homie, I don't give a fuck about you
Homie, I don't give a fuck about you

Don't try to call my phone, thinkin I'm a tell you to come through, bitch (n
ah)
When we was all alone, you would nevah let me run through shit (nah)
I leave em in the past, keepin em off with a kung-fu kick
Funny how a little money can have em all crash-dummy, tryna undo shit
Damn, made a couple fans and now they actin strange
People that used to wolf'll come around and try to ask for change
I told my friends I wanna make ends, just makin sick rap hits
And now they all sit around the circle and say, "He did that shit."
I knew a bitch who used to talk shit and say, "That nigga was whack!"
N' that's the same bitch came to my show and tried to get me to swack
It's funny how niggas wanna come through, back then they nevah did bick it
Then hit my phone from the front do', to ask my ass for a ticket
I got no kinda time, I don't wanna rhyme, even intertwine with a bitch nigga
Used to wolf, talkin hella pop, now you wanna rock - you's a bitch nigga
Back then, I was fat then, you ain't want this diock!
Now I'm brackin with the rappin and you ain't get shiyat, biyaatch!

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Ugh, cause I've got bigger fish to fry, for real
And why would I spend mo' time with you muthafuckas who decide to squeal?
I know it's in human nature to betray the ones you think you value most
But look, I don't play the games, you muthafuckas betta' pick a side - I'm I
'll
I'm sick a' the bullshit
Sick a' bein sick a' bullshit
Sick a' wakin up, finding a knife in my back when the rivals attack, I don't
pull it

Out, I leave it as a painful reminder - no matta' how careful, betrayer will
find ya
But there's no escapin the fire, and difficult to deliver - see you liars
Heart big and my circle's small
Been broke and nevah learned to ball and that humbled me, but I'll murder ya
'll
You'll nevah catch me waitin on murder call
Oh stupid-ass bitch, I've done heard it all
And saw it too
You forget that I know ya, so keep ya head down like a curtain call, ho
And Ion' hurt at all anymo'
And we ain't involved - hit the do', bitch
Back to the bottom with that ho-shit
See the problem is I'm focused
And I don't need that negativity from you
Fuck you talkin 'bout you tryna work it out on shit that we can do? Biyaaaat
ch!

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