

Let Me Live

Twisted Insane

Aye, why don't you run up in here and grab us a couple 40s up in this muthaf
ucka real quick
What you got on you?
Oh shit I got, what, 56, 57s
This nigga
Hahaha
Lil broke ass, don't never have no money ass
Hurry up nigga
Gon' get my [?] on. Awe, shit, this? I ain't even got my heat in this muthaf
ucka. Ain't this about a bit-[*gun shots*]

Baby mama in my inbox
If I knew she was gonna hit me on the low
She would've been blocked
If I knew I would've been bopped
If I stayed around and laid up in the town I would've been shot
10 years old running through the wire 20 years later now it's me that's on f
ire
Pockets on flat
Filled out apps every single day, but I still was not hired
The life of a broke nigga
Run 9-1-1 still a joke nigga
They way my life been going I ain't even knowing if I want to keep it rollin
g find me hanging by a rope nigga
That's real
In the welfare line with the mama don't mind me
I'm not time for yo drama
Wrote rhymes all kinds do times like Obama
4-5 right by my side when I'm on a mission
I don't even think you see it get the bigger picture
You can talk about ya flipping while they cooking in the kitchen
I be posted in the bushes with my hand upon the trigga
bitch it ain't nobody better I been looking for that nigga hoe
Open bottles in my vehicle
Tell her take a sip and
See how far that she will go
Trump in office we gone see how long til we revoke
I'm just tryna keep it to myself just so I can be afloat
Let me live

My mind's fully brainsick they told me from a kid to give it up I ain't shit
I'll never make it rappin maybe, but I can't quit
I'm sick sleeping in the parking lots with stank piss
I take a trip around the nation and I find myself a ginos
I bought the homies food and I ain't even have a beanal
They always showing love and they start brain up at reno
I told my auntie 'bout that walk around her chemo
She knows maybe I could be something for real
Talking to my mama while she lays up on her death bed
Never know if its gone be the last time that I say goodbye so I sit and cry
high like meth head
I wonder if I'm being tested
And if I die today will I be resurrected
Feeling I'm like walking with the zombies so infected
You be on the corner looking like you got a deathwish
Oh no
Mama use to tell me don't go

Every night I'm usually running from the popo
The homie told me that they got me in a photo
That night that we was riding in a stolen 4 door
Shit
Man it would've been so great of us
the people would've gave us love instead of hated us
I feeling like I'm 'bout to go bezerk or hurt and I wouldn't be so nuts about
t to bust the phone today, but just let me live