

Downfall

Unaverage Gang

I ride or die for my mothafucking clique
You bouta die, if you end up on my list
Bouta slide like I just welded the diff
All my haters mad
Cause I copped another whip
Lexus broke another neck
Homicidal pussies won't do shit
Now watch me flex
Reaper on my neck
Cost a couple months of rent
Sick of being humble
Let 'em hate and fuck the rest, yeah

I know they praying on my downfall
Nobody does it better
Might as well call me Nate Dog
Yea, I'm loaded up
Bouta drop a fucking napalm
When I'm rolling up
Got the trunk thumping like King Kong
All you rappers look and sound the same
All you fucking lames like to stay in the same lane
Get the fuck out my face
Fallen with that bass knock
Running when that k-pop
Grinding till my brain rot
Chop 'em up just like a crop

It's a bad play
Always bout some fucken shit
So it's a bad day
Gotta take some better notes
And try to stay in lanes
If you had half a brain
To give a fuck about the patient things
Many thoughts lead to suicide
From my past
Killing all the fucken rats
It's a Columbine
I'm looking in from the outside
All to face facts
But It's been a bad lie

It's not about the shit you talk about
It's what you say
To be a part of all the games
Just to waste away
But you'll keep on fucken riding
Until you have to pay
And watching everybody step
To see who saves the day
Double dosing
And it ain't up for discussion
You gotta try find the whim
All gon' rise and keep pushing
And try to never pay a fine
In the mind that is gushing

The blood leaking from the scars
From the people that cut 'em