

Pop Out

Unaverage Gang

'Bouta pop out
Bitch, don't run your mouth
We gon' make sure that you're not found
If you fuck around
Mothafucka, you'll get knocked out
Bitch, it's lights out
If you dissin', who let them hounds out
Yeah, we in route, 'bouta kill 'em all
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I'm sick of all these mothafuckas begging for attention
You're a sissy little bitch
Craving some type of affection
You need some sympathy?
I don't give a fuck, go cry 'bout it
Blaming your addiction
For your fuck ups, just to lie 'bout it
I know you talking shit behind my back
'Cause you ain't man enough to say shit to my face
But it's ok
Give it 'bout a year, you'll come back again
Saying that you changed
I don't give fuck on what you have to say
You can't stop lurking on my page
Never showing love unless it has something to do with you
I know it's hard for you to listen through
If you ain't in it too, turn my back - you stab it
Excuses of an addict
Found the truth through all your habits
You ain't really schizophrenic, boy

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I'm burning through the page
And I'll die for fuck of it

Idolizin', demonizing
What you choose to make of it
Every time I see you
I can feel you wanna die
Given what you got
Being foolish with your life
Bury the things
You wanna let go
Give the past a wave
Or you'll lose your soul
With the things you made
You never did alone
So, don't be talkin' all that crazy shit
You better watch your fuckin' tone
Overdriven by the thoughts of obsession
Your lost in the mental games
Then you blame depression
Got the admission that you vibin' with guilt
Actin' like you gonna end
What you didn't help build
Yeah