

Sick Mind

Unaverage Gang

Hit a mothafucka with Mossberg pump
To the chest and I'm aiming my Glock
Pointed right at your head
Talking that shit bitch
So that's what you get
I do not fuck with you, I'm bouta flip
Hit mothafucka in the dome piece
Why they all talking
Like they thinking like they know me
Aye
Tie a mothafucka then I throw 'em in the back seat
Dump him in the river as I'm laughing
Aye
Murder is living inside of my mind
And I can't get away from it
I don't know why
I do not fuck with no labels
No handouts, no fake shit bitch
You are just wasting your time
I just focus on myself
My gang, my bank roll
I do not need any help
Wouldn't have gotten this far fearing to fail
In the end, we all just burning in hell
Lately I'm losing patience
Sometimes I think that I'm going insane
Ever just sit back and think
That one day we all just end in the grave
Some say this life is a game
Get the fuck out of my way
I live and I die for my gang
I better go out with a bang

Im pickin a plot
Look in the barrel
I'm findin the end of the lot
You gon find fate
When your soul breaks
You give in
Till your mind takes over
And all that little shit
That you put up
But you want more
With the time left
Could you spend it?
But could you die for it?
Got trip Six
Cause my mind sick
They don't mix
Until I find a fix
You can't lie
With a full supply
Don't pick an itch
You live a borin life
It's been a minute
Since I been at home
I been feelin so timid

I been alone
I'm trapped away
It's my mistake
I'll be the one
To try to find a way