

Tip Toe

Unaverage Gang

Get a grip
UAV be running this shit
Couple hounds, 100 rounds
Ain't no reloading the clip
Jack Sparrow in this bitch
The way I'm sinking they ship
Yeah I'm taking mothafuckas down
So don't even trip yuh
Pussy better pray
I'm coming to your place
Strapped up, with a mothafuckin hand grenade
I'm going insane
And murders the case
If I see another pussy
Ima dig him his grave yuh
Tiny Tim the way I tip toe
Throw that pussy mothafucka out the window
Fuck wit me
I'll bag your body in the aristo
Got a Chromed shotty like lotti dotti
You lookin like a scarecrow
Tried to tell you
I'm not the one you wanna fuck with
You follow every trend
And always trying to suck dick
Your in the back trying to find yourself a substance
I'm the reason you ain't breathing
Better run bitch

All set from the lines
And the minds so critical
I'm imprintin the thoughts
And it's subliminal
Diggin up the demons
That's surrounded in dark
And it's imbedded in heart
You feel it, rippin apart
Get familiar with the smell
And the face of decay
Passed out, blacked out
Passed away
As I'm last in the circle
From the cast of rain
I'm the lone survivor
Huntin down all the prey
Give into feelin, avoided livin it up
You're not
Taken all the rounds
Only ticken it up
And all these pussies all around
Cause the world had been stuck
Nasty Only fans bitches always fast to fuck
So get crossed out
Sayin all the things that I'm leavin out
All the bad decisions are always passed down
You can't blame the truth
So you can lash out

Keep provin the point
It only brings doubt