

Witz End

Unaverage Gang

Nobody come too close, I'm at my wits end
Yung T.R.I.P. rose for the dead, bitch, I don't plan on cleanin
g a toilet again
Now see that we getting the bread
They hating we getting ahead
Now fall back bitch bouta get that extended clip gunna get ripp
ed so ima talk my shit
Coming from nothing, the boy evilish tendencies taking the game
by the throat
I'm boutta explode
I'm dying inside but nobody knows
I'm here to just live by the cult
Next year we selling out shows
Gunna pull with the .47 and get straight to choppin 'em sending
'em all down below

We runnin' the game and we know dat
Got one packed now, man let's throw back
Yo' let's give up bro, nah, fuck that
We in this until we ghost
UAV please bow your heads and raise your glass to toast
To all our UAV fans how we love you all the most
We livin' and givin' you all of ourselves, our focus in mind is
be true to ourselves
All of these rappers there care about wealth, they ain't givin'
a fuck if you message for help
The bottom line, you don't feel fine
Just hit our line, let us know
As long as you apart of fam
Just take the ride as we grow