

Voices

wewantwraiths

Voices, voices
I'm tryna live it up large
Voices
These voices made me go hard
Voices
You gotta keep a revolver

Voices
These voices make me go hard
Ain't had the choices
I want a walk in garage, Raris and Royces
Bentaygas and Cullinans, R8s and Rovers
I'm tryna live it up large, I'm taking corners
The same ones they took my niggas away from
Tryna stack it for tomorrow but we live for the day
And these voices in my head don't even listen to me
Dirty money taught me save and get it different ways

Seven ways of income ain't enough
But the life we live is fucked
Where I'm from if you make money it's a different kinda up
I know they hate look in their face I get a different kinda love
Don't wait on me they hate on me
We getting paid
Sippin' mud and mix it with the lemonade
They'll try to stop me that's why I ain't showing face
Don't wait on me they hate on me, it's 'cause we made
This trey on me, it's holding six and not a plate
We was breaking bread while they was eating cake
Press a button watch the doors close on this Wraith
Look in the ceiling and I feel like I'm in space
That was the moment I was dreaming while awake
Hooyo on the phone I just told her to pray for me
I got nicked and I sat in the station patiently
I went no comment the whole way I did it faithfully
Don't wait on me they hate on me but now we paid
Tryna make what you make a year in a day
You've kinda run out of options
You gotta keep a revolver
Ooo

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I'm getting to it 'cause nothing was ever given to me
I started rapping now everybody here listen to me
Tryna fuck the game doggy style and missionary
I feel alive like I was walking through a cemetery
I'ma do you in this Porsche car

Shades on, doing 150 dodging them cop cars
I might crash another sports car
Put this Lambo mode in Corsa
Yeah I'll whip it like its Forza
And my hoods gone crazy push the pedal on whip I hold the wheel I gotta hold
on
I don't want half I want a whole one
Taking my time 'cause I'm a rockstar
It's like things ain't never changing where I'm from you leave your house it
ain't promised you coming home
It's kinda sad I gotta keep one nearly everywhere I'm going
So I know the streets ain't somewhere I belong

We want wraiths but I like Bentaygas
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I keep making these choices based on all of these voices
I'm hearing

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