

Tip Toe

wifisfuneral

I'm sorry
Where you from? Hey bitch
Stop talking shit, stomp on my Prada
Uh, ayy

I came up in this bitch, I tip toe, now I'm slidin'
Walkin' for a lick, though, where your finest?
Chips on top of chips, though, where my pride go?
Drown inside that sinkhole, now I lost you
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Walk around too much drip (Drip), like the slit on my wrist
I don't even know why I'm still here, but yeah, I can't catch a
grip
Steady past clutching on the grill, off is here, please get hea
d
Fadin' in the dark, I'ma make that ziff, fadin' in the dark, I'
ma make that ziff
Okay, death only speak in silence, vibrant colors in my cup off
neck
I just hate myself, won't lie there, crushed like a pill and my
blood don't like it
Take a trip down my lane, let's ride, bitch, momma gonna call m
e, damn, that's obvious
Take it so deceivin', I know that you need me, but you know you
can't free me, can't take my drugs, no PC
'Cause you know I be [?], 'cause you know I be [?]
And I'm rollin' like a rollin' stone, livin' life like a roller
coast
Hold the phone, that's them racks, they can never leave me alon
e
People ain't here genuine, so I don't trust a soul
Never wanna leave my baddest shit so I ain't answerin' my phone
Now, where's my thots in four corners? And we all on our own
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