

17' Rap Playlist

William Singe

Young Savage, why you trappin' so hard?
Why these brothas cappin' so hard?
Why you got a 12 car garage?
Why you pullin' all these rappers' cards?
'Cause these brothas pussy and I'm hard
I turn that fuckin' soft into some hard
I grew up in the streets without no heart
I'm prayin' to my Glock and my carbon

Hermès link, ice-blue mink
Tat on my ribs like I do not know what permanent is
They want me gone, wait for the kicker
Bury me now and I only get bigger
That's word to my hitters

I know you want this for life
Taking pictures with all my ice
But I can't have no wife
I just want

I got, I got, I got, I got, I got
Loyalty, got royalty inside my DNA
Cocaine quarter piece, got war and peace inside my DNA
I got power, poison, pain and joy inside my DNA
I got hustle though, ambition, flow

Now they always say, "congratulations"
Worked so hard, forgot how to vacation
They ain't never had the dedication
People hatin', say we changed and look, we made it
Yeah, we made it

I just want a Rollie, Rollie, Rollie with a dab of ranch
I already got some designer to hold up my pants
I just want some ice on my wrist so I look better when I dance
Have you lookin' at it, put you in a trance

Send me your location, let's
Focus on communicating
'Cause I just need the time and place to come through (place to come through
)

Cause you are unforgettable
I need to get you alone
Oh baby, right now

My mama told me: "Boy, make a decision!"
Right now I gotta keep a tunnel vision
I need me a lil' baby who gon' listen
Girl, I don't wanna be the one you iggin'

I can hear my ex calling
Don't know why my ex calling, oh no
Why the fuck my ex calling
Don't know why my ex calling

Slippery, 'scuse me, please me

I'm up, believe me, believe me
Get beat, 'cause I'm flexin' 'Rari's
You can bet on me, I need you to

Look at me, fuck on me
Look at me, fuck on me
Look at me, fuck on me
Yeah! yeah!
Look at me, fuck on me
Look at me, fuck on me
Look at me, yeah! yeah! skrrt! skrrt!

I don't really care if you cry
On the real you should've never lied
Should've seen the way she looked me in my eyes
She said, "Baby, I am not afraid to die"
Push me to the edge
All my friends are dead
Push me to the edge
All my friends are dead
Push me to the edge
All my friends are dead

I get those goosebumps every time, yeah, you come around, yeah
You ease my mind, you make everything feel fine
Worry about those comments
I'm way too numb, yeah, it's way too dumb, yeah
I get those goosebumps every time, I need the Heimlich
Throw that to the side, yeah
I get those goosebumps every time, yeah, when you're not around
When you throw that to the side, yeah, yeah

Mama told me not to sell work
Seventeen five, same color T-shirt
Mama told me not to sell work
Seventeen five, yeah