

# TOO MANY TIMES

Yung Bans

And then the smoke got me  
That be Maaly Raw!  
Aye, aye, aye, yeah

They tryna' take me for the ride  
You in this game, it's do or die  
Been havin' dreams 'bout suicide  
Can't spread my wings, won't let me fly  
And I done seen my momma cry  
Aye, too many times  
I was young, I was blind  
Couldn't read between the lines  
Now a nigga worldwide  
And I know my fans gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me (Yeah), they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me

Got paranoia cause you reachin' for that blick, blick  
Shorty come here and suck this dick, I don't want no lip, ho' you see this d  
rip  
Blue hunnids' on me, bitch you know I'm a crip  
Pop me a perc, and I'm takin a lift  
Jump in that pussy, it's just like a rift  
Soar in the sky, gliders [?]  
Yea, yea, smoke a nigga like a cig  
Yea, yea, skinny nigga but I'm big  
Yea, yea, hit the block, get it in  
Yea, yea, fuck an addict, get revenge  
Yea, yea, hit it hoe, pull her wig  
Yea, yea, I-I feel like a reaper, grave dig  
Yeah, yeah, foreign silent niggas, no my niggas never tell  
Free Che Trill, they done gave my brother hell

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They gon' die for me, they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me (Yeah), they gon' die for me  
They gon' die for me-

Bugz on the beat

I hope these habits don't turn into suicide  
I feel the pain, I gotta utilize  
You with the gang, it ain't no switchin' sides

Cause I done seen this shit too many times, too many times, too many times

Aye, gang talk, this that gang talk  
Pop these pills, they are prescription just to take the pain off  
7.62 hit like missiles, it'll blow your brain out  
Put that lil' boy in the blender, wipe a nigga stain off  
I'll die for all my niggas, I can never change up  
Kill a killer, ride with pistols, that's just how we came up  
Elliot diamonds look like skittles, I just got my chain buss  
Screamin' "fuck all y'all niggas", ya'll ain't show no love to us  
Ridin' with [?], aim it for his tip top  
Fuckin' on his lil' thot, she gon' make that pussy pop  
Speed it up, then make it stop, bussin' down all on her crotch  
Left him lookin' like some Crocs  
Murder man, they took his watch  
Sippin' on some dirty wok, I just popped like thirty rocks  
They know I don't milly rock, y'all niggas jus' gon get the guap  
Say you get money, but who did you kill?  
Huh, look at my palms, they itchin'  
She want Chanel, I'm going to get it  
Fuck [?]

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