

Rubbish

Yxng Bane

I gotta ask her "what do you mean?"
Every time she text me rubbish
Maybe it's just what I've seen
Tryna show her I ain't savage
My brother said he's on his deen
But he's back in for a madness
Respect and honour number 3
Don't you ever take advantage

Suffer from heart ache
Don't let my heart break
That pussy too great
I eat it like steak
And niggas two-faced
Won't chat to your face
Fuck face
I bust a gold face
Put cool in kool-aid
My mother's bills paid
My mouth is flooded, all this water like a flood gate
I go places they can't believe, because of my race
Don't even like us, why the fuck you think that I've changed

Come on relax, make sure you're cummin' when you're coming on my backseat
Now everything fancy, I didn't always want to rap, this shit was plan B
Niggas lookin' sum' like me, and they don't even want to say it, why you nab
me
Wouldn't even look pon me, now she know me since she wanna make a porn-y

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Look g, blah blah
This could only go so far
Now I'm sittin on my sofa
In tears
You probably don't know its been years
Time's flown but we're still here
I've grown, you haven't
Different suit, same pattern
Cause you wouldn't know a diamond if it ain't Hatton
What's crackin?
Distracted by my nigga WhatsAppin'
He's got two tings in a G Wagon, pulling up
Right now, cause we happen
To be some of the realest niggas that ever did it
Been Harry Potter's for the quidditch
Groves to grove business
Man risk life to live it, you know what I'm sayin?
It's still only baddies and Plain Janes
High any swag, she want molly and cocaine

Five more bottles of DP Rose
When they come, act like we ain't phased, cause
I don't even talk too much, my stack does
I mean, its well known I mash, cuz
Yeah, I, get it in here like dandruff
Then go shelf the OG's like gangstas
I blow, new money for banter
You Cinderella niggas lookin' like bank but bankrupt
It's a shame
That's why she love when I grab up on her waist
She says she feel safe, cause she knows whats in my safe, fuck
I read and ain't replied yet
Always gettin lost in the sauce and digress
I didn't have the stomach to digest the pain
I'm lookin at her text like, uh, stress again
Cause, I can't be a quarantine, nah she's more like a quaranting
I dodge these sentence that these commas bring
Got a ting on another line
All my exes keep hollering
But you ain't [?]
Your future ain't promisin, nah

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