Drank & Dank

Skar

(Hook) - I'm off of this drank and this dank, make my whole living room stank, never go broke or complain, I'm at the top of my ranks, still the same hood that I claim, spraying them hollows not blanks, I ride 'til I empty the tank, then pray for forgiveness and thanks. Ain't hard to see all my pain, scar's all over my face, lugers, they fire like flames, now we look exactly the same. So come over here with that hate, I might end up with a case, can't understand what I say, that pistol it help me explain.

(Verse 1) - Iâ€™m thinking what if, my mother was strict, would I still have turned out like this, crazy and sick, no respect for the pigs, 'cause they hate to see us making it big. Nightmares of last time they raided my crib, ain't life and karma a bitch. Started again, when they fronted me 10, now Iâ€™m 8 zippers away from a brick. Iâ€™m the truth not a fibber, my mom was my father like figure. They jealous and bitter, they also be hating but copy like printers, couldnâ€™t see me with mirrors. My kush look like a ginger, 5 different drugs that I mixture. Chickens and pies that's from dinner. Pay me first then Iâ€™ll deliver. I got my piece but not inner, incase my pocket get thinner. Shots like a picture, now pick up your liver, that barrel be cold as the winter. Now I'm a boss, and I'm richer, â€˜cause I paid the price like I'm Phisher. Got 2 older brothers, and thatâ€™s why no one fucks with my little sister. Strapped like a condom, then I'm grabbing my 9 busting quick like a virgin, donâ€™t honor your debt, choppa with an extend, get you popped, so I squirt â€˜em, and I just want commas, and checks, dollars and cents, so work's what Iâ€™m serving. Hustle to spoil my mama, make that sure that she fed, 'cause I know she derseve it.

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(Verse 2) - See life through my point of view, I don't trust any of these bitches, I keep my eyes on the prize, and looks like you're losing your vision. That money is never sufficient, grind hard like Iâ€™m with your misses, split 36 like some division, and cut every zip with precision, everything about me non fiction, I kept it like that since the very beginning, 17 in the biscuit, turn niggas to bitches, and make them bitches submissive. Fuck you if you dissing, the last nigga was hating went missing. My goons are malicious, the pump make a snap back from a fitted. I'm lit like a stogy, been up this whole week, 'cause money it don't sleep. Thick cheese like Colby, bank roll I be holding, that bitch fat like Chloe. Get shot down on Loose, in the middle of the day, fuck trying to be low key, 'cause I got my little homies, and they got some little homies and they got some little homies. So stay out my business, or get your dome opened like hinges, 'cause I am a gangsta not timid, making anchovies from fishes. Free my nigga Barlow, I miss him, schedule a jpay 30 minute video visit, and pray for his daughter 'cause its been 6 years since he got sentenced to do 50 in prison.

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Lyrics Submitted by Oscar "Skar" Cortez

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