

It's Ransom

Ransom

[Intro]

He is so aware of himself that the absurdity of it all is killing him
Emitted from the wrong womb, at the wrong time, under the wrong sign[Verse 1: Ransom]
All them niggas that turned they back on me, relaxed on me
Bitches that never asked for me, they crapped on me
You never got on a track for me, you spat on me
So let me explain these tats on me
It's that story, it's that pain, it's that glory, it's that chain
It's that shorty, is that for me? I'll probably never know
They say I'll never blow, but I don't give a fuck
Cause I ain't givin up, this time I let 'em know
This lyricism is driven by how I'm livin'
I ain't fibbin', I'm just givin' 'em gangsta and a gentlemen
Maybe an Illmatic, maybe he still has it
Maybe he'll be the one that delivers a real classic
This nigga is still acid, my pops dead that makes me a real bastard
This Trinidadians carrying like Arian Foster
I was forced to being a foster child, used to run wild with crack vials
But now I serve raw to arenas and packed crowds
Ransom a fuckin' veteran, y'all niggas know who I'm better than[Hook x2: Styles P]
Take them niggas for ransom, take them bitches for ransom
Take them children for ransom, payin' fees, it's ransom
These suckas I can't stand em, bullets is what I hand 'em
Give that ransom money to Ransom[Verse 2: Ransom]
All these niggas tried to get low on 'em, they told on 'em
I called they hung up the phone on 'em, they don't want 'em
I quickly became the goat on 'em, I rose on 'em
From the ashes and coal on 'em
I dove on 'em with this lyrical postpartum
The scopes on 'em, I aim and let off the toast on 'em, reload on 'em
I whip a vehicle so foreign, I'm ghost on 'em
These niggas turned off the stove on 'em
I'm still eatin' tho, I'm still here nigga like you ain't even know
These people say I'm a legend but I ain't even blow
These niggas know I'm a legend but I'm a peasant with a gift
That I'll fuck up the future and kill the present
Kill 'em all dead bodies in the hallway, huh
I guess we did it the hard way, but fuck it we did it our way
Opening act I'm back, right here on broadway

A star in the making, I came a long way from dust jars in the basement
Ran is a fuckin' veteran and y'all niggas know who I'm better then

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