# Nobody Likes Me

## T. Tex Edwards

Lines pop like bottles of Mo, bonin' ya ho'
Leave 'em open like a 20 a blow, fienin' to cop more
Rhymes rusty like nails, spit 'em catch lock jaw
Cook shit, spit it up, sit it on the floor
To prevent lop side, I never slam the door
To never get shitted on don to put my faith in whores
Never let my information leak through my fore wall
They say I'm all to sick 'cause I screen my calls
No matter if I'm in the right, I'm a probable cause
Keep it stash while your guns get tossed
Niggas live by the law then they die by the law
Then I live by the gat and I'm a die by that
Dun, I used to be the tunnel now we regular express
Son, it's strictly dom bitches never catch me with rats
QB where I took my first H we rep
Never leave the projects and y'all know the rest
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me
So I got to pack my gun
We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs
Dun, if you ever catch me run
Ayyo, nobody likes me everybody hates me
Do I got to pack my gun
We carry big ones, small ones, sneak 'em into clubs
Dun, if you ever catch me run
Ayyo, you ran, started feeling numb in your hand
Felt something dripping looked down seen your arm leaking
You get excited and start to panic
Lucky for you, ya had your track shoes on and blew it
My arch louder than a Doberman bark
Sober you up, challenge your heart, see where its at
I caught this on dude tried to shank me
Stupid fuck frankly I pulled out and left his ass soggy
Keep rhyming on the Ragu can't seem to shake it
Ruger on the left side of my hips for maintenance
I fix all your problems, handle it bitch
Use a maytag nigga and ya won't do shit
After you shot, you got all emotional with mommy
Laying in emergency throw the dease on me
Squeeller I thought you was a drug dealer thug killer

But at the end you kept it realer
That's why nobody likes me everybody hates me
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Ayyo, I leave a last impression when my shit gets scared
Tying to hang with the elite but a nigga got bought
When it's time to mellow out stare straight into stars
Then I sabotage your brain with these last 8 balls
With your ice grill making me laugh on your behalf
Have a nigga skin graph, I'm talking out of the ass
Play you like the ab getting bent off, credit from poppy
Nock niggas down when I get like that, so start me
I'm putting holes in your body like the pores in the party
And drank your [Incomprehensible] with Bacardi
My gun dun step aside the place and make heads spin
Are shit, it go to Mobb nigga keep your distance
Fake fucks, keep coming out using infamous
I'll say it for the last motherfuckin' time bitches
Come with your own shit or get stomped and shot
By Queens bridge at the next industry convention
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