

Don't Mess Around

Fiend

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Fiend talking]

My Lord, I'm in a bad situation again

First forgive me for my sins

Past, present, and future

I ain't eat in a couple days

All I'm trying to tell you

Is this here, I see a opportunity to eat

It's them niggas sleeping across the street

And I'm go get em' [gun shots] I was a reject on the ghetto blocks

In the end thangs trend thangs servin out them rocks (baby)

Quanties but I know nobody

In this contest I got to hold somebody

Got a gun name Scottie

And he bout to put his beam on him

I wanna if he know I'm bout to put that gangsta lean on him (bzzzz)

Thinkin' to myself it's only for the worst if I miss him

When I'm cappin' none of you take it personal

Bustin' got me stuck, (damn) All I see is brains bitch

2 more got to go and I got the aim still [gunshots]

Don't blame this

I said you was go bleed when I greed

It was a matter of time before my mind it find speed

Proceed with 2 slaves damn open it up like Keize Soza

Broke it off to a J' everyday

For all the pay

My beretta say a better day

And I believe that nigga

Money go make souls leave that nigga[Chorus x2]

You see I don't fuck around I don't even have to say

Cause all the G's around my way

Know that I don't play (nigga) My mind already made that FIEND callin' the shots
(I'm callin the shots)

My nine already engrave we got the ride that's hot(horn honking)

It done got to hot in my neighborhood

So I'm a chill minute and make the flavor good

It's understood

That this nigga got to eat (I'm hungry)

So I'm a handle my bussiness on these triflin' streets

My rifle keeps

My mind at ease at all times

Along with a blunt helps commit all crimes

My style brangin' the whole, put me into crack

My paper stack

Even though I did erase the black (so what)

Picture that

A survivor takin' and robbin' for his

I want to guide the surviving kids

After me

Next I done bought me some plastic glocks

And teach my lil homies how to sell and bag these rocks

I'm a beast some say I'm just like Gotti

Mainataining my respect with my A-k shottie

Don't know karate

But I got some hands of steel

(slap slap didn't I tell ya bout playin huh)

But baby in these streets it's kill or be killed

Murderous skills

Ready to do what I gotta

Keys for 1-3 so I got a lot on the collar (come hollar at the collar)

Herion and powder

This shit go keep me in power

I want money as my mattress and take moet showers

Drug deals go sour

That's why my gat on the side

So want ya come test the mother fuckin' baddest alive[Chorus x2]I ain't to be fucking with I'm a Jones nigga

Born to get it on for the throne

The dirt I did got me named Capone

Blowin' homes

In revenge, for my partners and kins

Murdered many men

Some personal but mostly for ends

My sins

Be forgotten, survivors actin rotten

With the cocaine crockin'

I got the champange poppin'

Plottin up strageted warfares

For my heirs, Nigga

I don't care
For that ? got me scared
Somewhere niggas made it home
With there loss souls
Heads I done toss those
Left in the crossroads (handle that)
The yard full with mother fuckers who died in the game
But a car full of niggas died crying my name
Releasing pain like Charde
But in my way (my way)
Split a blunt on the highway (highway)
Cause it was my say (my say)
I died that day but GOD told me finish my task
Hit the hash, grab all the guns and cash
And dash[Chorus till end]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>