Theories

Starlito

They gunned my young boy down, Mike Brown
What if it were Mike White? Like like like
Mike with the one glove
Mike still selling shoes he ain't showing loveMike bite your ear off, take a year off
I done veered off, bout to take a quick trip to Saint Louis
We gone burn it to the ground and we ain't moving
We looting, they shooting, we losing
Make a nigga wanna straight make hate music
Tryna tell me be a leader, maybe help them see their way through it
What I'm s'posed to say, I got 8 toolies
Went and got it out the mud, dry time praying that it flood
Young street nigga with his faith and his plug
Now I'm buying up bandos, renovate them bitches, tryna make me a dove
I don't make music to be played in the clubs
Said it sounds like I'm sleeping, tryna wake a nigga up
What you take a nigga for? Wasn't raised to give a fuck
And I don't owe nobody shit and I don't think these niggas tough
One man army, never seen one man haunt me
Then jumped on deck but I don't bet
Change your background, [?] your little raps
Guess what, man we couldn't find one fact
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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