"Untitled"

Da Grym Reefer

Verse 1I don't
Care what another
Thinks about a motherfucker
My life began in the gutter
I live
Therefore I sufferThe pressure made you crusha
The struggle made me tougher
Like a hole in my head
I need another loverI bring an extra rubber
CUz this life will fuck ya
A heat I do tucka
Stay smokey like Chris TuckerIt's hard to trust others
When motherfuckers
Can't wait for you to turn your back to fuck yaSistas or brothas
Niggaz don't love yaAnd if you don't tuck a heat
You get your dome shutteredChrome desert?
Wrong, nigga
It's a 4-50 tone and the wrong color
With a scope on the long barrel
With the infra-red get-up
When blood get spit bitch you won't get up
So
Don't get up in my grill
Thinking that you won't get lit up(Hook)
If I took my words just like they came out
I've would've been blown my brains out
To get my name out
I write like this
Just to ease my stress
I write my shit for the manic depressed
Who give a fuck less(Repeat x1)And they say...
That my mind is like the land of the lost
And these thoughts of mines can't be bought for any cost
(In this) Motherfucking chase for wealth
Feels like I can't trust no motherfucking body but self
(And why's that?)
Nobody understands my brain
Nobody else feels my pain
So they say I'm insane (And what else?)All the love I've ever had is gone

All I have is fear of dying alone
What I'd rather be (Why?)The solitude is like a breath of fresh air
Cuz the truth is no one cares if I live or die
(But why not?)I'm full of hell
But don't ask me why
If I die
I know noody would cry
At my funeral...Wonder why I speak on death so much?
Cuz it's the only thing that I trust.
You can count on it (Damn)Sounds cliche but the natural fact is
All you can count on is death and taxes
In this life...
(That's fucked up.)(Hook x2)(gunshot)

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