

Stray Bullets

Domo Genesis

I play the block like a villain, not that im mad
I just know its niggas who hate to see me winnin'
Hold ya head niggas envy for your position
I leave em wishin' with the same mind state that I had from the beginning
I'mma kill em, and keep their blood off my raw denim
Free livin', just trynna keep the devil out my vision
An escape is what I needed, thats why I stay weeded
Saw a seat I was defendin' how you playin' compete it
Believe it, but not to many niggas can achieve it
And I ain't one for preachin' but my realness ain't a secret
I bleed it, but fame ain't even cuttin' for the deepness
Barley scratchin' the surface
still sleepin' in the jeans
But im cool, the top I'mma see you when I see it
Care full of where my feet is in a sea of non believers
Startin' lies and passin' rounds but when I see em daps and pounds
This how we actin now? I gotta be a basset hound
And all I smell is bullshit so I ain't comin' back around
Niggas is half the style got me thinkin' backwards now
And I can't tell if niggas is my friend or my foes
See now a days niggas more jealous than hoes
And hoes just want a nigga with a status and o's
But im to busy trynna make the story unfold
See here lives a bitch and bitches come and they go
But I be god dammed if she leavin' me yo
So I be on my grizzly,
I work it like missy
You ain't talkin' bout money expansion and miss me
Im grindin' till the gears
get clear and shine crispy
My eyes on the prize but the devil trynna tempt me
Simply, I won't let a soul play me, crazy
The root of all evil got me shady
Gone for so long god bless my old lady
I do it on my own but alone don't phase me
See a young black nigga with a lion heart
Trynna fight the illness of the dark, thats the hardest part
Thats why I come shinin' down hard but I keep it smart
Its like a jungle sometimes, the hood jurassic park

Ye and you can spark if you feel me
Throw the middle finger in the air if you real b
Everybody said I couldn't do it but im still me
Full, not the pocket but the mind and im filthy
I make it work my whole technique is crafty
I play my lane and trippin' who creepin' past me
Keep it pushin' for the evil or the money trap
So when you see me nigga, better holler at me
Ye bitch golf wang 2012 nigga
Get yo head right, get yo bread right
No idols for this song nigga no information on that
Stay tuned nigga cus I ain't gotta tell you shit
Just listen, pay attention. bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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