Ego

[Rename]

Yes sir
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
I got guns 'cause they got guns
I get cash they get none
So I'm sure you see where that leaves me
In the streets with two heats, both one within my reach
I speak slow, let 'em understand my speech
When I say, "Get low, these hold ten shots each
Please, don't move too fast
I'm scared of y'all niggas and my nerves is bad"
So sad, but I won't think twice
We rich, we get the best judicial advice
Threaten my life with them words that they utterin'
Adrenaline pump, my heart start to flutterin'
Continuous dump, that tech gets to stutterin'
Left in the slump, mother and sister cuddlein'
And for what, 'cause you ego-trippin'
If that thing jam, it's divine intervention
Click
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
Even if it's talk cheap
You know I can't sleep on his word
Had to show him that I heard
All that duct-tape-tie-up talk put in reverse
Now it's him who's in a bind on the account of his words

Yeah, they talk 'bout this and that
Got it fucked up, like I'm all 'bout rap
Word is I'm loaded, they want a piece of that
I respond with four words, "Rat-tat-tat-tat", In your ass
Now, rap about that
I carry a human heat box, to make ya heartbeat stop
Some say Pusha's the coldest
Money is my morals, other than that, I'm soulless
Refuse to wake up zeroless and 0-less
Carry that shit that blow your arm out your shoulders
Techs don't come with holsters, I'm a menace boy
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
Don't let 'cha ego trick your ass
'Cause this motherfuckin' tech will get your ass
Yes, the semi-automatic tech is know to jam
But if it don't, that's your ass my man
You niggas ain't fuckin' wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin', wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin' wit' us
This is the real
You niggas ain't fuckin', wit' us
This is the real
Bitch!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/