Scrubs (feat. Shakewell)

Pouya

[Verse 1: Shakewell]
Bitch I been a scrub since day one
Scrub under the toilet till the pay comes
Popping ten pills until the pain numbs
I can feel all the head from my day 1's
Claiming the clique like they into it
Really wishing I felt you my enemies
I ain't pay for no hoe I'm just feeling it
Where in the fuck were you at my sentencing
See the judge and he sentence me to the pen
where he already sent many men
First time offender to felon,
he can't feel resentment from crimes I'm just putting in
Work for the [?] and I'm reppin' it
But what happens when said stuff start to caving in
I pray to [?] don't get popped
They get picked up, picked on until they speak to the cops
I can hear squealing like some pigs in a pot
So I'm still praying that the case get dropped
Aye yo Pouya [Pouya: Yuh?]
I been praying a lot, but I don't know who's talking back,
is it Satan or God?
Could be the voices in my head since I been kicking the ox
All I really need is beats so go and pass me the aux
Wrap the cable around my neck and then I stand up on top
Kick the chair from under my feet,
now that should tighten the knot, damn
My verse going harder than the noose neck
Sorry shorty, can't fuck with you, you got them loose legs
Funny thing about the looser [?]
Catch me on the [?]
[?] [?][?][?][Verse 2: Pouya]
Keep my mind preoccupied
Work on myself
Can't let nobody get into my mind or get intimate with me
I enter my stealth, playing dip down the block, block cop way back
Blood stains dripping all around the face mask
Throw it in the river now where your case at?
Devil in my eyes telling me to face that

I cannot comply to the feds laid back
Fucked up in the head and i bust in her legs
So sick to my stomach, laying down in my bed
Contemplating the suicide, thinking like who am i?
You from the gutter, bitch I'm from the suicide
Got a lifetime in a hard drive
A hundred racks and it's all mine, can't go for the minimum
Yuh, Yuh, Yuh, whippin' the [?] bad pussy
You drippin' blood out of your ovaries
Tell your hoe please to get over me
Know it's me when I pull up in the Caddy and hoes wanna photo me
Follow me, i can show you what you posed to be
I ride my coat , never ride with a [?]
Hoes sell pussy on wholesale
The cops go low when you desperate
The cops ride slow like they creepin' on yo necklace
I got the block together with no tetrus
Bump this hoe right here when you feeling real helpless
Keep the Glock somewhere near my pelvis,
in case I gotta get my vengeance
The Lexapro, it can't help me

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