

That's All She Wrote

The Skee Brothers

Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me bro
I bet they knew as soon as they saw me
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
Streets like cold Chicago
Ain't nothing new, I seen it all before
But still I ball like no tomorrow
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote
I said it's over with, that's all she wrote
All she wrote, all she wrote, all she wrote
Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
It's stupid how I go in knowin' everybody knowin' that I'm
Sewing up the game, destroying life, they hate me for it
Eventually, see they can't beat then with me they join
Others sworn, under oath or banished, left completely scorned
You tell lies, get caught, nigga kick rocks
You never did blend in with the big shots
On the fast track, ain't no need for no pit stops
I just laugh at, nigga wishin' they were this hot
Guess they mad at me huh, really pissed off
Better than pissed on, I'm the Jetsons, you the Flintstones
Catch me in the end zone, high stepping, prime time
Thought you niggas been on, ain't no blocking my shine
Like my new Air Yeezy's, you can see me in the night time
I get rich off livin' life, check to check, reciting rhymes
So call me what you want, wanna hate? Have a nice time
While I get stupid paper, hey, my dough ain't in this right mind
Now I don't really care what you call me
Just as long as you don't call me bro
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Goodnight, it's over with, that's all she wrote
You starin' straight into a barrel of hate, terrible fate
Not even a slim chance to make a narrow escape
Cupid shot his arrow and missed, wait, Sarah, you're late

Your train left, mascara and egg smeared on your face
Night's over, goodbye ho, I thought that I told you
That spilled nut ain't nothin' to cry over
Never shoulda came within range of my Rover shoulda known I was trouble
Soon as I rolled up, any chick who's dumb enough that there I blindfold up
She still come back to the crib, must want me to mess with her mind, hold up
She mistook me for some high-roller when I won't buy a soda
Unless it's rock and rye cola, Satan's cheaper
Buy you a bag of Fritos? I wouldn't let you eat the fuckin' chip on my shoulder
If you was bleach and I was hair I wouldn't dye for you
Tryin' to pull five bucks from me is like tryin' to pull five molars
You get your eye swoll' up, I'm on my straight grizzly
So why would I buy you a gay-ass teddy bear, bitch, you're already bipolar
Now I don't really care what you call me
You can even call me cold
These preachers knew as soon as they saw me
It's never me they'll get the privilege to know
I roll like a desperado
And I don't ever know where I'm gonna go
Still, I ball like there's no tomorrow
Until it's over and it's all she wrote
The credit roller, curtain closer, movie over with
But don't get mad at me, go blame the chick who wrote this shit
Yeah, life is sure a bitch but she know I'm rich
That why she give me what I want and I just throw her dick
Here I go again, I kick this shit, give a damn, got it pouring in
Peso, euro, yeah, ah-ha, I'm paid, never gonna be broke again
See me posted in anything, wearing any chain
Never gon' see me totin' anything, all you gon' see is bang
It's so nice where I kick it, hate you never get to visit
Yeah, I'm on another level, but you niggas still can get it
It's over 'fore you finish, sorry bro, this road we end it
Won't give you the satisfaction of me giving you the business
Yeah, I guess, life is a bitch, ain't it, TIP?
And this one thinks they the shit
Shirt off my back? I wouldn't give you
The dirt off my handkerchief
I'm giving these ho's a dose of they own medicine
Let 'em get a good taste of it
I'm sure you got that relationship memo by now
But in case you didn't
This dick is so fat, gonna stick your nose to forehead and staple it
Life is too short and I got no time to sit around just wasting it
So I pace this shit a little bit quicker that clock I'm racing it, doubling time it
But I still spit triple the amount of insults in a tenth of the time

It may take you pricks to catch on while you strong arm like Stretch Armstrong
Man, I still say K-Mart's like there's an apostrophe 'S' on the door
And they say McDonald's isn't a restaurant, well I guess I'm wrong
But if you're gon' tell me that the A&W ain't the spot for the best hot dogs, you can get the 'F' on dawg
And on my throne I remain all alone in my lane
I'm as strong as they came, they were gone fo' they came
I don't wanna hang, I slapped hands with the rap gods
They just wanna sabotage my hustle, shawty, that's why
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