

Babe Ruthless (Prod by Tk Kayembe)

Angel Haze

(I've got them) I've got them bitches who roll with them bitches and all of them bitches is tucked in the back
I've got them niggas who rolling them swishers
And none of them niggas they know how to act
If you fucking with me, I get gnarly
Drama get added then you get subtracted
I've got the only thing left I can give you
And that'll be waiting on you in a casket
I be plottin lots of plottin'
(I been plotting, ohh)
I be scheming on the low
If it's weekend, open season
(It's like lock and load)
Then Im freakin' with a glo
If you thinkin' tribe is weak
(Think them shots won't go)
Then you can get it, we can go
Might be faded, might be raging
(Bitch just watch me blow)
You may never. ever know
Young rap Morticia
No Bible, all scripture
Real shit, rap God
Your favourite rapper's mortician
Nigga, I beats down dont get beats down
Freestyle over beats now
My wolves howl at the same moon
We from the same tribe, and I'm chief now Running with leeches they sucking my energy
Fake in the mix, it just fuck up the chemistry
You ain't no homie, hoe you ain't no friend to me
Sonning you niggas but still ain't no kin to me
How can you say that you really not feeling me
I'm in the nosebleeds, I'm where the ceiling be
I'm in the clouds, Im just chillin at Jesus feet
Rapping like "Lord they don't know I'm the trilogy"
He like "my child, told you the steel is peace...
I walked on water and these hoes still dont believe
I gave em bread, gave em fish from the spoiled sea
I healed the sick and
They still put them thorns in me

Thinking to myself like "Oh my God"
Got the crown got the thorns got all my scars
It's my motherfucking world, got "All my stars"
My motherfucking wish, just don't fall far
If you want it, then it's never out of reach nigga
See everything I fucking have was once a dream nigga
We had to plot, we had to murk, we had to scheme nigga
We had to put on for the motherfucking team nigga(I've got them) I've got them bitches who roll with them
bitches and all of them bitches is tucked in the back
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Might be faded, might be raging
(Bitch just watch me blow)
You may never. ever know I done been a young unlucky motherfuckers since I came
I believe my only remedy's the grave
I am in a white strait jacket locked and padded in my brain
And it feels like I've been stuck in here for ages
Nigga I am out of my mind
Broke outta my cages
Running in the woods on some runaway slave shit
Who the fuck think they can test me now?
Look far, look wide, I'm the best around
Nigga, got the game in my pocket
Plugged into my socket
Yeah, all eyes on me
Nigga, I'll ride around and 2Pac it
Yo, I never really wanted to kill y'all niggas
But you gave me no option
If you want to try it, then cool by me
I'll be customizing your coffin
Nobody cannot swim
Nobody can I cross it

I have never been anything like the rest of them
I have always been the opposite
Yo I have never known any opponents
Because I have always made a mess of them, yo
I'm with the team to the death of me
Y'all jump sides like the Mexican(I've got them) I've got them bitches who roll with them bitches and all of
them bitches is tucked in the back
I've got them niggas who rolling them swishers
And none of them niggas they know how to act
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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