

# February Massacre

## Supa Beatz

Smoking on loud cant remember, Walking with pride like it's Selma, Pulling strings like a Fender, I got no heart like I'm Bender, I never needed nobody, I never needed an advisory, Bitch I just wanna be legendary, Supa was born in February

Roll up a J lets get higher, Smoking on loud till I'm tired, Talking shit get the lighter, Set a nigga on fire, Bitches born to be liars, Niggas snitching with a wire, Bitch you ain't really my rider, My money is the thing you admired, Run in your crib when the lights out, Kick down the door shoot his eye out, His mama she crying her eyes out, Shoot up until they get wiped out, My heart is gone like it's white out, Wearing all black when it's bright out, Look at the money it's beautiful, Shoot up them guns at my funeral, Shoot the police at my funeral, Wrap me in gold at my funeral, Play all my songs at my funeral, Roll up the gas at my funeral, Tell all my niggas I got them, Ima go to heaven smoking dope bitch this aint my suicidal note.

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I don't got a heart, I stay strapped up with that sling shot you can call me bart, Bitch I'll turn your face into a fucking piece of art, Bitch I come from the city niggas sleep in shopping carts, Pussy nigga don't want war but they the ones who wanna start, hit a bulls eye on that nigga when I hit him with the darts, If a nigga rob put it on my life I'll get him back, Always pray before I leave because I probably wont come back, Money keep coming I'm gonna stack it, Don't know what happened but bitch Ima savage, Counting up green like I'm counting up cabbage, Counting up cabbage, Rocking this Gucci don't question my fashion, If you were rich I bet you would start bragging, Kill everybody I'm sick of you faggots.

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Lyrics Submitted by Supa Beatz

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