

# No Heart

## 21 Savage & Metro Boomin

Young Savage, why you trappin' so hard?  
Why these niggas cappin' so hard?  
Why you got a 12 car garage?  
Why you pullin' all these rappers cards?  
Cause these niggas pussy and I'm hard  
I turn that fucking soft into some hard  
I grew up in the streets without no heart  
I'm praying to my Glock and my card I sit back and read like Cat in the Hat  
21 Savage, the cat with the MAC  
21 Savage not Boyz N The Hood but I pull up on you, shoot your ass in the back  
Stuart Little, heard these niggas some rats  
Pockets full of cheese, bitch I got racks  
I'm a real street nigga bitch  
I am not one of these niggas bangin' on wax  
Pussy niggas love sneak dissing 'til I pull up on 'em, slap 'em out with the fire  
Wet your mama's house, wet your grandma's house, keep shootin' until somebody die  
So many shots the neighbor looked at the calendar, thought it was Fourth of July  
You was with your friends playing Nintendo, I was playin' 'round with that fire  
Seventh grade I got caught with a pistol, sent me to Pantherville  
Eighth grade started playin' football, then I was like fuck the field  
Ninth grade I was knocking niggas out, nigga like Holyfield  
Fast forward nigga, 2016 and I'm screaming fuck a deal  
Bad bitch with me, she so thick, I don't even need a pill  
I listen to your raps, thought you was hard  
You ain't even street for real  
Niggas love sneak dissing on twitter  
They don't want beef for real  
And all these niggas play like they tough  
'till a nigga get killed  
'till a nigga get spilled, 'til your blood get spilled  
I'ma at your favorite rapper, shoot him like I'm John Dill'  
"I been with you since day one, Savage I ain't even hating"  
So what's up with all that instagram shit?  
"Savage I was just playin'"  
Y'all pussy niggas fakin', bitch I hang around them Haitians  
Pull up on you, tie your kids up  
Pistol whip you while your bitch naked  
"Come on man, Savage you know I always play your mixtape"  
Yeah nigga fuck all that, ask your bitch how my dick tastes

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I grew up in the streets without no heart  
I'm praying to my Glock and my card So much dope that it broke the scale  
They say crack kills, nigga my crack sells  
My brother in the kitchen and he rappin' a bale  
Louis V my bag and Louis V on my belt  
Chain swangin', diamonds blangin', hold up  
Pistol swangin', gang bangin', hold up  
Niggas actin' like groupies, they don't know us  
Little do they know their bitches fuckin' on the tour bus  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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