

# My Mentality (feat. Freddie Gibbs)

David Dallas

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ice running through my veins, I'm the coldest, just give me half the time  
I be running with it like I stole it  
You would notice if you paid attention properly and play the lottery  
I work with better odds, my favorite game is Monopoly  
You copy me, get it? Understand I'm a prodigy  
Ain't no stopping me and my movement, man, this is prophecy  
This probably the reason why the trying to sell economy  
Ever far along in the sequel, but no apology  
You ever hear inaudibly come from my lips  
Like Beyonce adding aberrations, ain't gonna say shit  
Won't be no prerecording it either, I just give them the ether  
Freddie up on the feature, you should know the procedure  
Fool, don't act like you don't hear the chicks singing the song  
Y'all made me a believer, out to get it at all costs  
Like a young mob boss, go getter, going out like this was V for Vendetta  
Trend setter, I'm the coldest You're drawn to the side  
S with the line, flew in, bout to fall from the sky  
Just some thoughts for the mind  
I'll take a glimpse at the time  
What's the plan? Believe the world is mine  
And my mentality is money orientated  
Money orientated, anything for the paper  
And my mentality is money orientated  
Money orientated, anything for the paper Fuck the world and everything in it  
Drive away from the pigs, the same thing really  
And if you' then we got them fangs in it  
454 in my motor, work with some change in it  
Jumped off of that label and started my own shit  
Don't need no nigga to hold my dick, bitch, I'm all on my own flip  
Say my attitude like Nicky from the zino  
I'll probably die buried alive, Freddy Tarantino  
Keep your shoe box and your rubber bands

Rocking dope, I'm racked up 'I lay back in my lectra  
Every nigga from my hood tryina make 100 stacks plus  
Looks like every nigga is born as actor, get wrapped up  
All I wanna do is smoke a stoggy and get loaded  
And go fuck with my old bitch and my new hoe got demoted  
But once I'm with this dick, I don't know, she might just jump back on it  
Got my dough hoe and my blow right off the coast of California  
Bitch, we robbing, bitch, you holding You're drawn to the side  
S with the line, flew in, bout to fall from the sky  
Just some thoughts for the mind  
I'll take a glimpse at the time  
What's the plan? Believe the world is mine  
And my mentality is money orientated  
Money orientated, anything for the paper  
And my mentality is money orientated  
Money orientated, anything for the paper Money orientated, legacy on my conscience  
Long as I did it my way, then fuck a pro, I ain't bothered  
Don't bother popping off with the lips  
Like dropping the flame in a Molotov mix  
Now with your best in, 'fuck a flame thrower  
Harder than the south, bitch, we can't change, came over  
Painted over your little tags with end to end burners  
I've been a quick learner, to win, I went further  
'how to drive like '  
Put my foot to the floor so hard that I broke the pedal  
Killing everything you think that I made a pact with the devil  
Ain't no high strings that you can pull on so fuck Geppetto  
I'm my own puppet master, pour a glass of vodka, sitting in mi casa  
You ain't in my clasa, you bastards are further just stall my ability  
Got you sweating me but I never feel the humidity  
My AC is on, nothing in this world that can take me on  
So pump your breaks, be gone, I'm looking way beyond  
What's within my reach, I'm tryina grow my wings, span till I got down some beat  
From Oakland City, the new Deli to Gary, Indiana  
The world gonna be my oyster and don't come on a platter  
If they don't wanna bet it, they know I do  
Then I'mma keep taking it as long as I'm alive  
So try stopping me, man

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