Heartthrob

Father

Better call the cops
I'm 'bout to run up on yo' block
Take shit that don't belong to me
They say that something wrong with me
Red rum, red rum (eh)
Hoodlum, I'm done (yeah)
Dust on hell spawn (woah)
We don't get alongRock with it, lean with it
Styrofoam with lean in it
Party not popping, less my whole fucking team in it
Glenn Wood, hitting jugg's
Niggas wish that they was good
But niggas couldn't keep it real
But I don't hold no ill will
I ain't got no ena, and you ain't got no stamina
So nigga don't you come at me
We know you ain't got no family
You ain't got no crew
Cause they don't keep it real with you
Niggas keep it real with me
Despite all of my savagery
No matter what I steal, or all the niggas that I rob
Living on the west side
Pretty black heartthrob
The way I used to make her feel
I miss when we were only friends
Juggin' in the west end
Touching in her west endBig house Duplex (yeah)
Suplex, who next (woah)
Russian roulette (yeah)
Bullet threw neck (eh)
Brett Hart, sharpshooter
Scamming bitches on computers
Future in my hands
Popped a vyvanse, blew five bands
Hang time, gang signs
Use you're hands, fusion dance
Stay in school
So tinted

Oprah Winfrey, we ain't cool
Soda whips is bullet proof
Getting throat in a jeep
A nigga ran off the streets
Say they got evidence on me
But that shit ain't concrete
No matter what I steal, or all the niggas that I rob
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Touching in her west endBetter call the cops
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We don't get along
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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