

What's Yours (Prod. Marvel Alexander)

Hodgy Beats

What's up nigga What is yours is mine because you took it from my house
Never bite the hand that feeds you, took your food right out your mouth
Your thirsty, malnourished for that lifestyle that I flourish
And foreign kind of like a tourist
My shopping cart full of groceries for Trenton to tornish
These hands be clucking like Cornish
Your stories sobby and boring and I don't fuckin' feel for it
Crying wolf is annoying, you brew the soup that your pouring into your bowl
Toro sushi for my fucking enjoyment
You think you going in for the kill, you the lowest grade of poison
Benadryl for the hives, clean it off, apply the ointment
Justify what is appointment, adjust your lies to get a jointed
Don't dodge your odds, this is the coin flip

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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