

# No Pity (feat. Modesty)

Young Chris

[Chorus: Modesty Lycan]

When it comes my time

Will the Heavens know my name, or will they run and hide?

(?) Or will they understand? I'm just trying to be the man

[Verse 1: Young Chris]

5th gear, I push it to the needle

Dope boy, they push it through the needle

Hustle out of the Regal like it's legal

The love of the root of evil

Gotta bring back the structure, these suckers'll fool the people

As I pull the Diesel, take a swig of Tequila

Mac Milly too big to conceal her

One room apartments, dreams of a Villa

Broke down the palace, with dreams at the dealer

Keep it Jungle with Gorillas, the streets lit up like Thriller

Smoking on that Reggie, they shooting shit up like Miller

Young nigga with a Trapsoul; Bryson Tiller

Had to pay the price of death, (?) life of killers

Living out the Bando, I ain't been out there with Babe  
Same clothes for days, I ain't been in the bathe  
Bitch, I'm chasing a bag, I ain't minimum wage  
We just dodging the cage, dodging an early grave  
I pray to God that I don't make it to the front of that page  
Got dreams, I'm trying to make it to the front of that stage  
And perform, that's on my momma  
Everyday I get going to put on, not letting up once I get my foot on  
I fell back and let it stack while ya'll niggas' drawn  
Crack of dawn, selling crack while ya'll niggas' yawn  
Bad bitches with pill addictions, sipping slow like Peno  
Once they pop, can't stop like Pringle, appetite like Oschino  
Fish-scale, cook well, who looking for Nemo?  
For the love of Deniro, crack your heads to Casino  
Blood draw so for sure, I'm taking it personal  
Retaliation nigga, death to your sons, I merc you  
Call the coroner, tell them we got a massacre  
Making it hotter than Africa, assassinating their character  
Blasting your Cane, Cousin Harold, your driver and passenger  
More bodies to ashes, or pallbearers to bury you  
Bring your heat out the cold nigga  
While jungle, snatch your heart out of your soul nigga  
Tell them bastards that we handing out caskets, bitch asses  
Ball players getting taxed, we robbing their rich asses  
Ain't no love in the heart of the city, it's gritty

Bottles of blood, white chalk, for the love of the icky  
Even some of my darkest nights when I'm under the Gun  
I shine bright like I'm under the sun  
In love with the industry, I'm right back to give it 1 more run  
It's time to make a better future for my unborn son  
I'm a teacher, can't make you think  
I could lead you the well but can't make you drink  
I can show you the way, can't take you every time  
I can show you the hustle, can't make you every dime  
It's all apart of the grind, young  
But I can't make up your mind young  
It's your decision and your vision, read the signs young

[Chorus: Modesty Lycan]

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(?)  
Or will they understand?  
I'm just trying to be the man

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