

Voice

Hi-Tone

(Verse 1)

They said if I was black I would've blew up
They said if I was white I would've blew up
I think y'all acting racist like Adolph
Remember the end of the story hitler blew his brain off
This shit is weird to me homie this shit is weird to me
If I was reppin Compton I swear you'd be acceptin me
If I was sellin drugs I swear you'd be reppin me
Cause everybody know who the real plug is
Those are my uncles, my cousins, my homies a lot of busted
I took a different route cause I'm different, I found a purpose
I'm buzzin I got the weight up
It's easy I got the lay up
These labels are cock blockin
You labels are outdated
Why you think we all at empire
Why you think half the rappers you sign all wearing some girl attire
I'm just talking some shit
I did a sold out show then pulled off with my bitch

(Hook)

I am the voice (x3)
And you don't have a choice

(Verse 2)

Everywhere you eat my people are cookin up for you
Everywhere you stayin my people are cleanin up for you
Trump build a wall yeah fuck I'm climbin up for you
Either way this Mexican coming to spit a verse for you
Damn
This shit don't make sense in LA we like 80%
All the DJs got my skin but they afraid to give me one damn spin
But I ain't mad though
Residual checks they equal cash flow
My team never settle for less look at the dash bro
All white paint Yo Gotti 84 flow
I bet you non believers is feelin like some assholes
Dude I forgive I forgive I forgive

But just cause I forgive doesn't mean we spending Christmas
Everybody gettin along that's on my wishy list
But you been sleepin on me so long I bought a pillow bitch

(Verse 3)

That's the movement that's the lifestyle that's the hope
That's 400 pyramid tats around the globe
That's sad you can't even get 400 to show
You need 5 other rapper to sellout your show
Ouuu

Where the blogs at, fuck the blogs that
Said I wouldn't blow ah man with no tongue could've called that
It was just a matter of time I never fall back
Tony got soul the salsa is what I call that
The ghost writers that ride inside of the ghost
The ones that always out in the open are hiding most
These fake Gs love to brag and boast
But real gangsters love they bread and they ride with toast
These fake rappers pay they way in they hood
And they love you just as long as you paying them good
I'm no gangster I don't live that life
I got killers in my fam I'm tryin to give back life
(Hallelujah)

Valenzuela baby get that right
Word to Fernando it's Mando I pitch that right
From el chapo to dodgers, from dodgers to soccer, from soccer to boxers Julio Cesar Chavez
Fuck it I'll fuck Ivanka naked wearin some chancas
While Steelz fucking Melania made her swallow horchata
I don't even need to say no more
It's Hi-Tone muthafucka got the voice that glow

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>