

Luca Brasi Speaks

Starlito

[Verse : Kevin Gates]

Betrayed in a way, mental state in a rage
Praying every day, saying grace over plates
Heart full of hatred
Forever in pain conveyed in the tear drops on my face
Focused on the past, hard to let it go
Cards will never fold
If I call to let it show, y'all would never know
Don't talk to everyone
The one's who listen, deep down don't feel it
Giving fake advice while concealing they intentions
Talk to you after they pretending that they with you
Turn right around and then tell the whole city
Behind their backs, in a timely fashion
Look dead like drama when they llama blasting
Dreams of me being dead on my mama's mattress
Even there ain't safe when my mama's back
With my mind collapsing - hustle real hard to provide
Go to jail, am I grindin' backwards?
Preacher at church steady telling people they should have faith
Does logic matter?
Crack users my congregation in the trap trappin
Maybe I'm the pastor, designer fabric
Pyrex jar with the butter knife turn it white, Michael Jackson
Pipe they after my life's disaster
Broke niggas all around and my right for braggin
I'm the type to handle, lead examples
Press the hammer, get your leg dismantled
In the streets trying to freeze my cheese, it'll be you or me?
There's a harder gamble
I'ma squeeze at your feet, hit you dead in your knees
Then stand up in your chest, blowing out your candle
Brought out the Phantom, pour a drink inside it
No thinking bout it, peep game around it
Hostile environment, I'm residing in
Miley Cyrus, chick in college trying it
Buyers buying it
Spending this money while alive more than likely not allowed to die with it
Fuck ups rival it, then that rifle spit
Right on sight your whip, bite on side your lip

Aim for the face, shorty I'm with
Got ass like a horse told her aim for the waist
Brushing my grill, you's aim for the pace
But when I sip syrup I kinda fuck with the taste
Got cuffed in the cage but they called it a tank
Special Response, pulling up in a tank
Best friend told homie had betrayed but to say it
Stay solid, praying "I'm a make it, I'ma make it"
Keep telling myself "History is in making"
Niggas hold they nuts wanna favor when you make it
I was in the paper, not for making no paper
Body tied up, someone left boy naked
I was interrogated, never gave no statement
Know a few fakes who can't say what I stated
I don't gang bang but my gun go bang-bang-bang-bang-bang-bang
Phone going rang-rang-rang-rang-rang
Told a bitch, fuck her, "I ain't got no change"
Sit on your ass, all you do is complain
That's if I ain't entitled for em under go strange
Strapped up like shoes that ain't got no strings
Niggas jumping all around but to me it looks strange
When I'm on stage it's because I got paid
Me being real on the strength of being real
Sometimes I feel I can do without fame (do without fame)
In the life of a general

Do without fame (do without fame)...

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