

28th Song

Starlito & Don Trip

[Verse 1: Starlito]

And if I thought that I could change maybe I would
I got a lot of common sense but baby I'm hood
I sold dope before but I wouldn't say that you should
But I've been broke before and it doesn't feel good
Bruh told me push
Fuck niggas wouldn't have nothing on my books
Hate this stupid ho I'm with but love the way she look
Love the way she lie
But her cousin got me plugged in on the kush
Must be crazy I then double dipping fucking on her sister, oops!
I know I ain't shit I ain't proud of it
Then called 16 had to call them right back like...
Want a verse or a pound of it?
Money, money, money, money, money, money, money
Yea I kinda like the sound of it
Got a box of bullets ready to touch you pussies
Fuck around and get found bloody
Outchea thugging without a budget
They trying to figure out how I does it
Independent and I'm winning
I was broke before but it's been a minute
Spending chicken independent
That's a rollie so it isn't ticking
Time is money, can't spend a second
Second guessing no indecision
My second weapon got extensions in it
That's thirty shots
Living life as a thug nigga, that's word to pac
Grind hard so we stir a lot
Swerving, serving like we never heard of cops
Prefer to handle my business personally
You want this work or not?

[Verse 2: Don Trip]

My money dirty, my hands dirty
Pistol dirty, my whip clean
Bitch with me, we riding dirty
She talk dirty but her pussy clean
I'm still dirty, I'm still working
I'm still serving, nigga fuck you mean
My pockets fat and my temper short
And my clip is longer than a limousine
And I let that bitch come bark at you

Bitch I'm strapped like a dog catcher
The last thing you want is confrontation
Cause I'm with the shit like your gallbladder
30 rounds in that 12 gauge
Incendiary that's overkill
I live life in the fast lane
Either catch up or be roadkill
Trap nigga way before the deal
I don't give a shit about a deal
Bitch I got a plug, I'm a heavyweight
With more outlets than the opry mill
Such a fly guy I'm so outta hell
I'm so fresh to death I ought to write a will
Got a box of bullets ready to touch you pussies
These hollow points tryna cop a feel
In the trees like a baby panda
Paranoid I'll spray the hammer
I'm in my house up all night
Just staring at my surveillance cameras
I'm warning you no warning shots
I'll pop your ass and you'll learn your lesson
Stressed out, still counting money
Cause that's best antidepressant
If I thought that I could change maybe I would
I got a lot of common sense but bitch I'm hood
And I've sold dope before I ain't saying you should
But I've been broke before and that never feels good
Bitch!

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