

Chase Mine

Dej Loaf

Lately I been on my rap shit
Had to stop singing for a while I'm back bitch
Taking niggas easter baskets, talking cash shit
Taking niggas hoes too, I know you heard bout last year
Come back here this Ralph feel it cashmere
Let me whisper something in your left ear
Shit got you harder than a brick yeah
Watch cost brick fare huh
Your watch don't tick tock huh
You ain't bought your kids a kids meal huh
Fuck outta here, you must think I'm dumb
You be perping on the net, you know you dead wrong
You know perping like you sipping purple popping pills
Perky, perky wakey, wakey it is 7:30 in the fucking morning
I was into Smacks nigga, I was not a Lucky Charmer
Yeah nigga, run this back don't forget the fucking charge him
How much for a verse nigga? Your head and a fucking arm
Ducks don't quack ok leave his head in the pond
Niggas can't make bail, go to jail they tell
[?] block all them years for what
All them fake ass friends and they fake ass words
Fake ass furs you are hanging on coat tail

Life is but a dream, I gotta chase mine
They say life is but a dream, I gotta chase mine
They say life is but a dream, I gotta chase mine
And they life say is but a dream, I gotta chase mine

Lately I been on my fresh shit, and it ain't bout the designer it's about wh
o wearing the shit
Making music wonder if these people feeling my shit
Like are you hearing this shit
Blood sweat tears in this shit
I get pregnant shit it's life I ain't killing my kids
That was random I'm just sharing things I disagree with
We all human, we all got secrets
Where you get that fit from I can't tell you it's illegal
Flyer than a bitch, feeling like an eagle
Too much [?] you are like a seagull
Lot of rappers see through, I don't care bout no features
Cause I make my own music that's really why I started singing
I figured I could do my own hooks, write my own rhymes in my notebook
See I know I got the image down pat, Ima drop my own shoe and have Finishlin
e packed
I always been the one they ask you think you all that
If I don't think I'm all that, who the fuck gon think it
Gun to your head yeah what's the procedure
We gon catch that nigga, we gon ride receiver
You could hide from bullets, you can't hide form Jesus
And the older I get the more I see myself preaching
What the fuck were thinking? Bitch is you thinking
She focused, no blinking
She got a vision

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