Gettin higher than the soul of little Shaniya, To the ones that killed her, hope you burn in fire. I'm burnin tires on the strip, tryna get a grip, Liquor in the cupholder, tryna get a sip. 6 shots of Hennessey, I'm still goin strong. Please numb me from the bullshit that's goin on. That girl was 5 years old that they just murdered, And did some wicked shit to her that was unheard of, You fuckin coward. Ain't gotta tell em' go to Hell, Cause that's the shit that make them other niggas sick in Jail; So you gon' feel it. Travel the world reppin this city, know I'm gon kill it, But yet a nigga ain't got a clue... how I'm gon deal with All the bullshit. Niggas sendin shots my way. You put a hit out on me, think that I'm gon stop? No way. Gon have to kill me, or witness a nigga livin so filthy Young, Black, and Wealthy, nigga for that I'm guilty. Still see all the fake shit. It's funny somehow thought the money could erase it. No matter how much dough you got you gotta face it, And to my niggas gone hope you in a better place, If I make it I'll holla...

See World (See world, See world)
You're no good
See World (See world, See world)
You're no good
No matter how I hate flashbacks and rewinds
Can't escape the pain that's trapped in my mind
See World (See world, See world)
You're no good

Yeah I got a chip on my shoulder the size of a golden nugget The industry overlook me for that I be holding grudges Wouldn't take a chance on me Suddenly it's, oh you love it Let's get a cole feature that's gon put you over budget Picture being broke with no pot to piss in And then suddenly your idols is your competition Used to be God to me, slowly losing my religion As these notes from my composition turn the compositions thin Put it out and hope the World sing We sippin' liquor for the pain that the World bring We had dreams just to make it up the flag pole Just to find out that out heroes were some ass holes Y'all don't hear me, maybe you had the World figured out wrong When these niggas go from singing our songs to waiting on you Bout a year later the same ones be hatin' on you Every other record these rappers be faking on you We singing songs but we know that ain't true We know you gotta make the people pay you Cause either you play the game or watch the game play you And be that broke motherfucker talkin bout "I stay true"

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