

Ain't For Everybody

Starlito

Mail box full of bills
My partners in the cell locked with no appeal
Mind gone from the dro and pills
Grinding up on 150 in 2012 with no deal
Threw half a hundred on four wheels
Three times over like im trying to show the ville
Like I got a point to prove
Might catch me in lolo still
With a stash spot you could put a brick like O'Neal
Play that block niggas shooting close range
Fuck you mean no hoop dream we stuck in the dope game
Codeine, lortab, cocaine, OC's, percocets, mdma for the pain
Xanax, crystal meth, heroin anything for the change
Just like money making Mitch the hustlers in our veins
When money make you snitch they need to get out the game
Shouldn't nothing make you snitch you need to get out the game
Quit cold turkey

Man this shit ain't for everybody
I swear everything ain't for everybody
She don't care about you, she just want some red bottoms
Thought it was your partner till the feds caught him
This shit ain't for everybody
Na everything ain't for everybody
She don't care about you, she just want some red bottoms (red bottoms)
Thought it was your partner till the feds got him

The other day I walked in the bank with my pistol on me, bad habits
And I probably would've robbed them if it was an automatic
Thought about it, like man you too hot, and I started laughing
You know I wear the gun like my seat belt when I'm in traffic, strapped
I ain't bragging, I ain't just rapping, I quit drinking if I ain't celebrati
ng
I'm focused and active, I'm just investing my all
Who knows whats going to happen
Just trying not to get trapped in trapping
That steal on my lap ya, I'm out here grinding for the stacks man
Fuck a pack I book myself and get back off the back end
Ya this the renaissance of that G shit peep this
Realist shit I've ever done was staying free shit
Plant seeds when I was giving away that free shit
Eighty twenty split ya guess you see tree bitch
I'm from the streets so it's always going to be street shit
But this is just my exit strategy we all need to quit

Ya this real street shit ain't for everybody
Everybody was his partner till the feds got him
I know some boys in the hood that'll head shot him
Just to say you want to see a dead body?
A couple of my partners overseas oughta be in the league
A few more overseas fighting the war for the powers that be
No, I don't believe this how we dreamed it
But at least they see its more than life than these streets
Might as well spread your wings and fly free
If I knew what I know now I'd been Ivy League
Or play ball somewhere small and dribbled up on a degree or three
Might have even got a PHD I ain't tripping

Trip ain't Lito but together we
Already damn near completed that step brothers 3
I'm just planning my work and working my plan
Cause whats ahead of me
Got me looking forward to never looking back, a better me

LITO

Cold Turkey

Shit ain't for everybody
Na everything ain't for everybody