

Life Insurance Pt. 2

Starlito

Funerals & Court Dates
Karma is real
Free Hot Boy Nitty
GhettOut

Start some shit in front the police 'cause you scared for your death
That's how you put insurance on yourself
I'm just not sure it's gonna help, I'm still comin' up by myself
Something right by my belt, I'll dump this bitch 'til it melt, yeah
I should've left that shit alone a long time ago
Sending out peace treaties, I ain't sign it though
They just wanna trick me out what I grinded for
Left the gun store, hit the dispensary 'cause I want all kind of smoke
Told 'em to call my lawyer, I bet no questions get answered
Bitch you taking chances with a professional gambler
Ain't no pressure, just know that all them old threats get handled
I'm with your ho, dog, and her throat lookin' like she protesting the anthem
, goddamnit
Fuck, I need to focus for my family
Toaster somewhere close and yeah I know this bitch ain't jamming
This is a revolver, case is open so I don't show my shit on camera
If I got a show then I'ma go in with my hammer every time

Me and Lito catching plays at the faucet, he got the Glock
Know the devil ain't on his shoulder but he in the left-handed holster
I ride 'round with this AK like you ride 'round with your opps
We got like eighty shots, connect this bitch and catch a thousand watts
All pain no shock, when it get gangster we come out on top
But we come out at night and broad day
When it's beef run down on opps
It ain't no slippers, you might've put insurance on yourself
But you know we don't play no checkers, get insurance for your steppers
Man together, we be back to back, back to back with them colors
Boy we extra, feds stop making nines, say they discontinued
This metal made in 1921, it's a machine gun
With a drum, we get it done, niggas gon' pass, we ain't gon' tax
Shit I ain't checking, I tried to rationalize but it ain't no snatching a body
So I'm on the passenger side when we slide
I'm a god, talkin' crazy and got what money? be quiet
It's a ganster on this side every time

Every time, why the fuck these niggas playin' with my pride?
Kill 'em or let 'em die, man I can't even decide
Pull up with that four-four and my plane leaving at five
We ain't believing your lies, these the same niggas be crying
Oh you surprised, what you can't see it in my eyes?
Man I survived but that's the same reason I grind
Young nigga got a drive like he hate needing a ride
Out in tour in a Sprinter with 'bout eight heaters inside
Maybe I should be quiet, they gon' blame me if he die
They'll sentence shit with a vengeance, look how they gave Meek all that time
Free Gates, man these cases they'll change your state of mind
I'm in a stand your ground state, may be the face of gun crime
Don't know how it's gon' wind up, make it hard to unwind
Do me a favor, pray for me one time, and free Two Time

Came with a chopper, TEC with me like Maine Musik
Niggas ain't really tough, man these niggas is plain stupid
You stupid ain't you?
GhettOut, Lito