

Still

Starlito

We still sick, we still hood, we still life, still's most still drinking, still staying alive.
Still taking care of children or whatever.
Still scrap.
We just still, we just still.

He say that he a gangsta, but I heard a nigga smacked him.

They say that I be rapping like I'm still serving em out my magnums, still serving em out magnums. [x5]

Lil homie want an order three.
That I'm only selling quarter piece (right now).
You can give me twelve-fifty, three and a quarter for the zippers.
I'm selling Christmas trees with purple ornaments, won't see no sticks or seeds.
Ain't paying for the pussy, I pay for the bitch to leave.
When I'm paying for the cookies, like highway robbery, I get the shit so cheap.
Don't play me for no pussy.
Tryin to rob her, got this big OE.
As I recall I get at niggas that call themselves slick destiny.
If I ain't in a rental I'm in that low-low with them tints and them dents.
Charge me with intent when they find there's dope in the vent.
Thirty thousand spent for all this drow my people sent.
Come and get a sack if bout my flow you not convinced.
I got a whiff for every day of the week.
Was stolen two own rims.
Got two parked at my hoe house.
I ain't got no motherfuckin sense.

Still servin, still servin.

They say that I be rapping like I'm still serving em out my magnums, still serving em out magnums. [x5]

Riding around with me, myself, and I and they all gonna shoot.
So why's this pack so fucking loud, I got the volume on mute.
Mr. Five Point Six, Mr. Five Point Six.
Why they call you that? I'm trying to sell you five quarters out this shit.
Hey, aren't you all star? Ask me something stupid like why I got these jars all in the car.
I know all of the cuts to get back to the spot.
Rap like I'm strapped with a Glock, some rock in my socks.
Started selling rocks because the scent was kind of hot.
Sold a hundred, hundred packs of zanex.
One short, hundred pack to pop.
Thirty round on that F and A, it's actually not a Glock.
My sell was wine, my scare was dying.
Took the battery out my watch, I'm still serving.

Still, still.

They say that I be rapping like I'm still serving em out my magnums,
still serving em out magnums. [x2]

He say that he a gangsta, but I heard a nigga smacked him.