The Ides Of March

Starlito

First thing's first, shut your bitch ass up
Anythang goes, shoot your bitch ass up
Bet you won't get back up, and so your shit bag up
Call that shit bad luck, yeah
Driving race cars, smoking out the jar, fucking bad broads
Aaah, but what I'm gonna do tomorrow
I got my own nigga, yeah you can boss
Let my youngin a couple hunned
And I bet he shoot your car up
And send some money order to the pen and pay my lawyer
No matter how much money you get
You ain't shit if you ain't loyal
Got a bag and it's purple, that's why I'm crown royal
You got 4 hunned dollars and I got an ounce for you
You got 44 hunneds and I got a pound for you
Got a 44 may and I fire rounds for you

Fuck around and get found drown
I'm good on any side, bitch I live down town
Who's bright idea was it to let me get some money
Her forehead on my belt, give me head till she belch
Nothing but permium, unledded in the tank
And when you seen me, I was headed to the bank
Whatchu thank, prolly smelling like dank
Tryina quit sippin drank, but a nigga just can't
All I ever wanted was a shippin with that brang
Watch how you talk to me, by the time I feel threatened you see the flame
Now my ledgers got larger numbers
I started out on the humble
Beggin the governor for a pardon
Read the charges and my heard crumble
Nightmares like every other night, got me speeding through red lights
I know jammin like an iPod, shooting dice on them bars
Fuck the rhymes, forgot my iPod
Hot to the point, like what's the point
Can't get no higher,
Can't get flier, man cost like 10 bands
To put me on the flier
I go ham, hoe go ask my uncle samuel
I'm no liar, all these stacks I made, my tax is paid
Still I slap you in your face like after shave
Thank cause we ballin, we won't mask up
This a masquerade
All these bands and I'm off for march
Thought I was at a parade
Tranch bad guys, roaches rap on behalf of my plate
I swear that them young niggas been getting it
Since way back in the day
I ain't concerned with catching feelings
Scared catching a case.