

Dope Boy's Diary

Tory Lanez

Yeah, nothing bigger than the umbrella, yeah, yeah (Perfect)
Just gotta feel me nigga
It's Tory! (Cannon)

Told my bitch I love her she ain't say it back
My heart I can't play with that
Fuck it that's that, and we made it that
Running through the trap to find my re-up, tryna make it back
BM tripping I'm just tryna cop my son his favorite snacks
Love from the Crip, Bloods, and GDs
Scamming out the bank I made like 50 thou' on TD
In this trap my homeboys my heart, but shit I gotta move greedy
Got a budget for the lawyer case I lose with this PD (Perfect)
'Cause we tryna get more than rich, fuck the fame and all the glitz
My bitch ain't had tits, so I bought her tits
I'm a little older so I mold her 'til I taught the bitch
Boy, I would've swore that she was loyal 'til I caught the bitch
I won't trust a soul
It's just me and my pole playing position on that road
Watching jack boys close, gun closer than the sirens
See if them boys try me, bitch, I'm opening the fire
Catching bodies like corona in the virus nigga
Weed bought the Rolex, crack bought the bustdown
Trapping did a home run, scamming did a touchdown
Thinking 'bout my son now, know I gotta stay alive
'Cause I done let him down like 4 times and I can't make it 5
Cops from a naked eye, watching in a foreign
But we moving neat the DA can't grant them no warrants (Perfect)
The Birdman with me like Wayne in New Orleans
Raining and pouring, ranging, and warring
Probably lost my bitch to a athlete
Fuck it, I'm 'a pull up with another bitch, mad fleet
I remember Crystal dem told me I was mad weak
From that day I never let another bitch embarrass me (Perfect)
I had to wear the same drawers
Going out for weeks, a nigga stank, but this shit paid off
Flexing like I owned the rental nigga had to play it off
Hoes I put this dick off in they hole just like I'm playing golf
Anytime I ran up outta work I sold 'em drywall
I was broke and threw it on the scale 'cause I can't eyeball
Homie I just came from being homeless that's a sidebar
That's why with this rap shit I be focused, can't take time off
Boy, I'm not a killer, but don't push me that's on my mama

Got my killers out there swimming in the deep end
'Fore you knew that nigga drowned 'cause he was deep in
Scarborough, bitch, we playing on the defense
My little niggas catching bodies every weekend
My little shooter made the movie with the sequence
Play with us and we gon' turn that nigga pretense
In the foreign picked him up from out the precinct
'Cause he gon' still put in that pressure 'til the beef ends

I wanna cheat but I'll probably kill her if she cheat on me
Homicidal thoughts don't mix with G's homie
Plus I be with Gs homie, stick hot like 98 degrees homie
Trigger finger itchy like some fleas on me

Sleeping on my nigga's sofa, sleeping on the floor
I couldn't even tell a bitch come over
Now it's all Dior all on my body, like my melatonin
Niggas took the stand, I can't believe them boys were telling on me
Street shit is hella phony, yeah
Look in my eyes, you see I'm dodging all the demons
Came a long way, from swiping fraud cards at all the Neiman's (Perfect)
I was plotting and scheming, popping bad bean and
Shit, I thought it then dreamed it, turned it to reality
This your fatality
Killing any nigga saying he got the same style as me
I'm the only rapper saying shit with no apology
Pull up, you could holla b
Your favorite rapper shit, just ain't as hot as me, Tory, (Perfect) aye

Spitting fire in the booth, Forgiato tires on the coupe
OG's looking at me like they inspired to be me when I aspired to be you
It's crazy but it's true, damn
Yeah, 90310 are running shit, you know what's going on, nigga
Big U, big umbrella