Tell These Bitches

Yea, you will never be an angel to God
Five finger this, can I take what I want?
Know what to do in my race to the top
Now I know what my mind's capable of
Male nazi version of Amy Winehouse
Started the secret to stay alive
Ownin' my future, I make it myself
That's right, boy, I create it right now
And fuck the mainstreamin'
Fuck anybody who believes he changed me
If you really knew me, you'd see the same me
Probly mad at the world cause you ain't me
Now I know why my back's been funny
Had a long career as a crash test dummy
Yea, that's the mentality of six
Get high all the time cause reality is shit

Let's go tell these bitches
Ain't nuttin' good come free
So keep on talkin' that shit
You ain't neither fuckin' with me
let's go tell these bitches
I got nuttin' to hide
So go worry about yo own shit
Instead of fuckin' with mine
Let's go tell these bitches
(Go tell these bitches)
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I'm a different breed, come and see what you all wantin' to be
Neva be like three, I am thy, hommie don't fuck with a king
Say the word, bitches, I ain't talkin' bout women
I'm talkin' bout jolly lil' fuck boys hatin'
I'm talkin' bout you if you wid 'em
Aye, yo, wait for a minute
I'mma hit 'em in the face for a ?
Yo, ? is my label, cunt
And I make the decisions
They call me executive six, professional dick
Cause show 'em what effortless is
You want it, then get in the ring
Ain't neva had seen so many consecutive wins
Finally here, walkin', breathin', fire in here
Earn more but you buy me the beer
One show's your entire career

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