

Tragic

Orange 9mm

There's always one of them in the bunch
Socializing and sticking lies in
Acting like nobody got a clue to the scenerio
When the truth comes out they're scrambling
To dodge the ball
All of this none of it for any reason
You know who I'm taking about
They try to stick their keys into your brain,
But I think we kinda had it
Type of life that ends up tragic
Do you wanna live, or do you wanna die?
Talk a lotta shit is kinda like a suicide
You could spot them from miles and miles
Got their hand in your pocket and face with a smile
I could recollect a sucker trying to play me out
Putting words in my mouth
so he would get someone to dis me for what I'm about
But youknow and I know if I got beef I shout
I'm getting sick of muthaf**kers and their stupid habits
Type of life that ends up tragic...tragic