

# 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 hunned 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.