

# Missing My Idols

Trippie Redd

Take a vivid picture, no photo  
Implement that shit into your mind, just so you know though  
Sucka free living, I'ma say that that's the motto  
So for any nigga on that sucka shit, I'm no hoe bro  
Might just have to drop a bomb, Han Solo  
Got me bicken back being bool, Quasimoto  
All about my paper gotta get my fucking dough hoe  
Always on the fucking go-go, you a bitch like Tony Romo  
Niggas came around now they extinct like Dodo's  
Meanwhile I'm in New York fucking up SoHo  
Just bagged a new chick, Caroline, nickname Coco  
Took her to the tele now lil' baby going loco  
She just give me face, ain't no fucking that's a no-no  
And she going 30 early dirty no soap though  
I laugh at the haters, everything they say a joke though  
And I'm screaming fuck 12, all these fowl ass po-po

Nowadays I really miss my fucking idols, so that's the title  
I grab a bible, pray for my rivals  
Dead on arrival, I swear this shit to me like a cycle  
Bodies in piles, blood rivers resemble Niles  
They need survival, they need to rehearse a recital  
I just sit back and listen to old Wayne songs  
And get dome from a bitch while I brainstorm  
And spit flames while also making it rain storm

See I can't ignore it  
And you niggas don't see it's in your brain you're snoring  
And you sleep on me until you can't no more  
And don't fake on me and try to play the boy  
I don't know why I feel like nobody loves me  
Or why they feel like my intention's something ugly  
Or why I feel like everyone needs something from me  
Or why I feel like everyone just saying fuck me  
Or why I feel like the opposition gon' buss me  
If I gave you my heart would you still love me  
Lately baby I feel like nobody trust me  
Is it just me, yeah

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