

Fame

"The Theory"

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featuring Aimee B

(Verse)

I live the life of an ex-conv trying to get a job, but they can't hire one.

And I refuse to be an exam, pumping, so I resolve to exile, nigger, hustling.

Surrounded by real niggers and real bitches,

In fact, I know real bitches that kill niggers.

Shout out to shawty smurf, I couldn't speak on real bitch and I put you in this verse.

Shout out to the lifeless, if it wasn't to my lawyer I'd be just like this.

Live the life of a cocaine dealer, it ain't right, but my fridge won't fill up

On his own, so I get it how I live, fuck pork and the cop is a pig.

I fell in love with welfare and sapience,

The ex car making him look innocent.

(Chorus)

Could you be my light, could you be my strength?

Promise me you won't let me go.

I'll never be trade and neither not take

I know it's gonna beat it some day.

(Verse)

J White 22 into the present,

They ain't real, my time in life is like the great depression.

Lay it off in the under, pull me, tear me down,

I just came from a state, ready to turn 'em around.

Feed me sometime with all this back biting

I ain't let 'em get me down, I just kept writing.

Had a fall out with my mind, should I keep writing?

Money come into the bank, should I keep writing?

Told my sister what it was, she told me bust it off,

And if I went back to selling drugs she would cut me off

So it's like the hiring, you do background checks,

If the answer's yes, then I will have to stop.

Drug seek and destroy, this street is full of me,

Knock them record labels, they ain't get no deal with me.

They tell me which skank this should be hard to market
Should I keep writing, creating my own market.

With these mixtapes, this is blueberry
So personally I don't care if I don't move any.
So push rewind, can't find move any.

(Chorus)

Could you be my light, could you be my strength?
Promise me you won't let me go.
I'll never be trade and neither not take
I know it's gonna beat it some day.

(Verse)

I'm the nigger niggers wanna be like
The reason why bitches stop at green lights.
I'm the man in the east, purple for you 28 for a G
That's what you say that I got it for cheap.
Not loud when I speak, no, I won't let my voice to the Gs
Money talk, but the talking is cheap for real niggers.
Hustle hard and get most of their cheese,
Card cut and press on their keys on all airs.
Fuck 'em, they know I'm for real,
And if I own it, then they know it's for sure, I'm hustling hard.
At sixteen I ran match in the parking, acting dumb I was off from the start
I fucked every bad bitch on the way so I'm sure I'm just counting the days.
I'm talking racks, motherfucker, racks,
Counting for days and nothing changed, I'm still stuck in my ways.
Stuck in pain, stuck, twisting niggers' caps like brave
To now I rap, putting this track on the ways.
Poke to shit, you ain't me, you ain't a lot where I went,
You niggers broke, you never get what I spend.
You run around while I walk through
You niggers run from where I walk to
You pussies pick police to talk to, I don't fuck with you, weirdos
Leaving lungs with air holes, black 40 the staircase, I'm mad off.

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