

Jae Millz

"The Walk Out"

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(Intro)

I guess this is where the credits roll, just like rollin on
Fuck it
Smoke something bitch

(Verse)

Ok I know these niggas think they swaggin right?
But at the rate these niggas goin
And the rate that I'm flowin
I ain't racin, I'm floatin on the track
Double time, watch me lappin twice
Killa's career, email it to his after life
They said they want that old Millz back
So I brought that old Millz back
Now your favorite ghost ain't half as nice
Niggas throwin darts like I don't catch em
And get attention when he was reachin so now he
stretchin
This all rap til somebody stretchin
Now our funeral arrangement and a trip to heaven
You hear them horns nigga?
Where I'm from you could die for talkin fowl
And really be dead wrong nigga
I run circles round these niggas
All caught up in they emotions
Put some skulks around these niggas
Talkin bout bricks and ain't no work around these
niggas
You's a middle's man middleman little man
I don't give two flyin fucks about your rap or who you
with
And I am too fly to fuck that bullshit you call your
bitchin
I be too high for fuckerie
That's why I pray to the Lord above
He keep me far away from where you suckas be
Ain't nobody in this world gotta fuck with me
I'm Gucci long as I know Harlem got love for me
Sound real ignorant, don't I?
But only judge what you see through your own eyes
Medicated weed got me in a coma

That nig got you low, I'm high, oh my
They woke me up now he is back
I had someone tell me I fell off
Uh I needed that
Millz

(Outro)
I had someone tell me I fell off
Uh I needed that
Word!
DP2
Vintage
I'm out B

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