

Ransom

"Flammable"

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The street shit is catching up to me
I don't know how longer I can go without the luxury
Or having money come to me, this shit no longer fun to
me
I don't think it ever was, desert eagle black man
Since I'm leather gloved, just to keep my head above
What these niggas said was love
Is just another way to keep me come before they she'd
your blood
And every pot hole on the road to riches
Must have took a wrong turn they wonder why I'm so
suspicious
And why the flow is vicious, I went to hell and back
Just so I can post the pictures
Call a couple hoes and mistress, bet you duffle's on
your shitlist
I'd probably be the first name, at every rapper
Who you think they throw the worst pay, me, fuck it
I ain't tryina win a contest, but raise back in this game
And it's sounding like a bomb threat
I sent your ass beyond death, your shadow upon your
mom's steps
Run up in your daughter school, and rip out her prom
dress
Damn, I'm feeling like an animal, considering where
I've been
That's perfectly, understandable
Surgically, I'm a cannibal, oblivious to pain
I'm a don, you ain't gotta treat these indians the
same
I'm a king and I ain't never been affiliate with james
Don king, I suggest you get familiat with the name,
duffle
Yeah, they telling me don't feel like this
You can't tell me how to feel.

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