

## Ransom

### "Street Dicile freestyle"

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Enough of all these shenanigans  
Phony niggas and manicans  
Panicking 'cause I'm banishing him  
As I have in vanishing  
We ain't never been friends  
You soft as Jeniffer Aniston  
Cross my sinners to plan against  
Scorching head up your man again  
Professor that street corner  
It's hard to put the beef then rest when niggas asleep  
on you  
So I creep on you  
Real slow the automatics  
So when my cock in don't squeeze it  
Don't think that I'm pornographic  
I'm thinking it's sorta tragic  
Living life in obscurity  
But I ain't gotta hide behind security , so fuck it  
Live it how you live it  
Champagne in a bucket chain configure around a  
midget  
I pivot around fake friends , haters and critics  
Remain hand cuffed judges trying to give me digits  
I lived it, but still I'm on the project roof  
Labels refuse again my project lou  
Now I'm in combat boots ready for all like I'm a  
comeback troop  
West Broke you get the point I shoot  
Street disciple , black

You was born in the 80's pops drove a mercedes  
Did it big coming home to some grown ass kids

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