

## Lola Monroe "Stay Schemin"

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I could paint a pretty picture, of pigment of pain and scriptures  
Of bitches eyes on your riches  
Black tainted love in them mixtures  
Ah, it's like Picasso, Â in this bitch  
Female pac up in this bitch I'll apocalypse your  
shitÂ Â rejoicing the thoughts of putting these bitches  
bodies in hursesÂ Â my mission in body ambition like  
Nazi ignition  
And body all curses, no Shawties Â in pursesÂ Cause I  
keep a couple shooters that will straight John Goti your  
purpose  
These bitches ain't real, they just real clown bitches  
I remember when they used to feel like real down  
bitches  
I'm from a city where respect don't come from currency  
And I don't wanna hear what you gonna do, what you  
done currently  
15 left home to get my money right  
All I knew was hustle bitch, you see what my money like  
But I can still smell'em potent broke memoriesÂ Guess  
that's how god kept me grounded like oh, remember  
these?  
Now it's just me and my nigga, I'm the Bonnie to his  
Clyde  
And I ride for my nigga, oh  
And all you snake ass, fake ass, hating ass, hoes  
Was just waiting for a bitch to blow  
just to pin point my pivatle pinnacles from my pitfalls I  
pity y'all Â yall pity fool, I pity the fool that pic y'allÂ no  
question though, I be on that other shitÂ Like fuck that  
hoe I'm on a mission JoeÂ You should too, if you knew  
What this game will do to you  
Look at all the bullshit I've been through  
Â Been Picken through the bullshit I seen through  
No Biggy though, I'm on some real shit  
So really though, my mother need a new house  
Trying to put my brother through college so that shit  
y'all talk about  
I could give a fuck about.

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