

Kirko Bangz **"The Vent"**

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I know you tell me that you wish me well,
But I know you really wish me hell,
That envy and that jealousy can kill,
Cause I know you wish you had this for yourself,

And I'm tired of holding in how I feel,
Tired of halfway coming real,
Man I'm tired of alot of shit,
Walkin round this bitch like can I live?

Cause all the little shit that I deal,
All the little chicks that I Feel,
Were happiness, but in the meantime,
I was busy feeling someone else,

And I can't blame you for moving on for yourself,
But It's a shame when niggas pause for the wealth,
But for me It's family and nothing else,
I gotta put them before myself,

So I sacrifice the love that I should feel,
To cop the gold chains and Gucci Belts,
Cause It's, uh, as you lookin like the money,
It don't matter how you sound the world deaf,

One minute you think you doin' right,
Hit the light fuck around and take a left,
Hit a nigga thats havin' a bad day,
And he fuck around and shoot yo ass to death,

But if that nigga got a badge on his chest,
Case closed way before that nigga left,
And the cops suppose to watch over the kids,
Instead they wanna put us all in jail,

And when we grown, turn the gun around on us an'
them the people we suppose to trust,
Ignorance is bliss, we live,
Fuck the truth, ill just find someone to lust, shit,

And to the woman getting dollars in the club,
God gotcha get yah paper stack it up,

But shit, it's kinda crazy young girls turnin stripper,
Cause the last nigga stripped her of her love,

(She wit) Every rappin, basketball playing actor,
Wouldn't surprise me if she showed up with Puff,
Cause that nigga a probably say damn,
Cause her To-Do list was long as fuck,

I know you thinkin' that I ain't intelligent,
But i just played the world to make me bucks,
And my sister 17 years old,
And she already pregnant, man fuck,

Remember momma used to have her head down?,
Tryna get the bills paid for us, (Shit)
And momma still got her head down,
And the bills paid up for 12 Months,

She look at me everytime im bout' to leave,
Like Im takin' away a little part of her,
But she, can look at me anytime that she in need,
Cause she know I got that part of me from her,

You say my name, autotune, all that drake shit,
To try and bring me down, thats wassup,
Something to prove, and somebody gotta lose,
Came from nothing, Anything is coming up.

(Yeah, Uh Huhh, The Vent, Its A Couple Things, Going
On In My Mind, Know What I'm Sayin, Let Me Vent One
Time, Already.)

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