

## Regardless Devon Victory "Making These Niggas"

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MAKING THESE NIGGAS

CHORUS: (Singing Repeat 2X)

THEY WAY I CONSUME - I WONT YOU ALL IN THE ROOM  
FOOL-  
I AIN'T GOT TO MUCH TO SAY- RESPECT CAN GO IN THE  
OPPOSITE WAY

VERSE 1

Watching the stand's of the plans of the leader - end  
up not even trying to kill one of you bitch ass niggas  
from pick-a- way- the hidden cadaver- the miles on the  
sander - leave miles on your mouth piece - I bet you get  
split again - I bet you hide the fact that I whooped your  
fucking ass bitch - trial's on the muthafucka- "halph" of  
the ability - I bet don't love and need you bitch - that's  
why you think I'm slow - that's why you fucking hoe-  
involving the Bolden italics - in situations that get  
calculated backward's - you should've face the fact  
that I'm cut throat bitch - holding up the gun sport  
bitch - loading up token's - you only running you mouth  
bitch - holding up the trophy for you pussy ass bitch -  
and your pussy ass spirits - and your pussy ass lips-  
and your pussy ass girl- you you pussy ass bitch

CHORUS:

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VERSE 2:

Smoking shor'ters - the lease of my hope no  
supporters- even leaving kiddy's open- what the fuck  
with that shit you smoking- overloading - in the M & F'n  
street fast- ducking into the yield of misfortunate -  
ducking butane handle - candle your immunity - just  
the ability and the frequency - your hypnotic- one more

time in the pocket- stress like a thumb tact - I hate  
those tactics- and that last track bitch called get it  
good- that's your ass mister Regardless- - plan's of the  
hardest - but never killing farmers- lets keep growing #  
1 bitch

CHORUS:

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VERSE 3:

Mastered the level of Under standing life - deciphers  
coming to not haunt You - unless they haunt You at  
night boy - Just another reason why they lie boy - they  
"daemons" and they muthafuckin epitome - close down  
the shop - do not allow the symphony - residue from my  
left over kraft - got me in a slur of bloody bubble bath -  
I cut my self- I'M messin up my health- I'm not healthy- i  
see myself in the Mirror- and i wondering do i wanna  
change my looks to some people - fucking over equals-  
now in the lose's- render the cheese- next to the body-  
next to me

CHORUS:

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FOOL-  
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VERSE 4:

Elevated classes just shattered into the hand's life  
lines - line's long but they wrist got cut off - trying to  
come out of the tunnel - that was complete blackness -  
and the actions that they're using - fucking matches -  
fucking batches - I wanna see you fucking ass in a  
casket - or showing love to a certain percent - without  
one problem in the begging you dumb bitch - I let the  
words sleep for a minute - now your spirit wanna talk to  
me about some bullshit- so it's only going in your  
mental prayer- and the only prayer gone be me killing  
your ass nigga - hoe ass nigga-

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