

Mack Maine

"Just Venting"

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Iâ€™m ready, I feel your pain mama, look
Shit, living when the youngin on, novocaine
I know erybody in the street feel my pain
Mack maine nigga, shit
Son of a christian and son of a junkie
Shit, my pops still out yeah smokin the rocks
For a year I chased that nigga round and round the
block but
I canâ€™t control a grown man
So I grew up quick and I got on my own plan
Now Iâ€™m a grown man try not to fall
To the curse got the monkey on my back
Tryina shake the monkey bring it right back to zoo
But itâ€™s like, what the fuck Iâ€™m posed to do
Iâ€™m just a product, a junior
Nigga know that I can die sooner
Than does in Oklahoma
I could catch a tumor, lot of rumors
Said maine ainâ€™t gonn make it, shit
Motherfucker look, Iâ€™m rollin with toon
Thatâ€™s my nigga, spitta my nigga
See we all in it, ready to ride
Weâ€™re serving crack to the peoples on the corner
Niggas 15 years old start smoking marijuana
By 17 they smoking pipes
Shit, what this called, this shit is life
A lot of my niggas from the hood, they got life
Now, all I could do is just write
Shit, tell em how I feel and tell em what Iâ€™m doing
Let em know that I ainâ€™t shit shootin
Iâ€™m still pursuin my career
For those up above, Iâ€™m still pouring up beers
Niggas tryina hunt me down as if I was a deer
My peers they donâ€™t understand as I just steer
Looking out my rear view, riding out clear view
Feeling like Pac did, shit
You could call me a hustler/block kid
Shit Iâ€™m still on the block, kid
Still tryina get this loot nigga, tryina get this money
Young money, cash money
Thatâ€™s where Iâ€™m at, you wanna come for me

I got some niggas that's gonn blast for me asap
You get your ass clapped
Shit, we don't play that
Hood niggas, we feel that on benzes and maybach
When we start to shoot you, you better stay back
See we will find out where you stay at
The playground where your kids play at
That's cold, shit get cleaned something like ajax
Y'all niggas don't really want it an able
You tryina get maybach
But you might not even make it
To make to see the next much
Your next blunt could be your last blunt
Your next month can be your last month
Motherfucker your last pussy can be your next cunt
Cause hoes givin 4 letter
That's aids, me, myself I roll with dizzy
That's my nigga, brat nigga that's my trigger
We got automatics to get drastic
And niggas get stressed out like elastic
And wrapped up up in plastic
I hope your mama got a policy,
I hope because flow you niggas follow me
In the mist of the hurricane, like a pile of me
But I ain't never play for miami motherfucker
With a college right quick, dropped out one semester
Don't fuck with young girls because I'm not a
chester
God bless the, man that stand in front of the mike
Right now, shit I could drop dead nigga right now
But I'm enjoying my life, they ask me what I'm doing
Yes I'm living
If I get rich back to the hood I'm giving
Motherfucker, middle class ain't what I'm sellin for
I don't understand, why niggas don't

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