

**OBSG****"Dirty Dishes"**

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Can't think so I write how I feel  
Can't sleep what's fake, what's real  
Dreams in the place, like dirt dishes  
Cause deeps on my ego where it kills  
Used to do what I do for the thrills  
Now when I do it, it's for the chills  
Man I need the same feeling back  
Peas got my chest bumping like a heart attack  
So many kicks, sounds like cardiac  
Yeah... circle back, no call the sac  
Used to drink 40 then smoke a black  
Now it's tight jays, but they never laced

Dirty dishes, yeah, aha  
Dirty dishes, yeah

Can't feel my kicks, you wear them loosely  
Buy my thoughts on whack, never loose leaf  
When I'm going flowing, I spit cruelty  
So them sucker niggas know they can't move me  
Who is he, when I came and I showed up  
Then she came I'm the shit when I throw up  
Something like explosions when we blow up  
Stretched out mane, roll up

Dirty dishes, yeah, aha  
Dirty dishes, yeah  
Dirty dishes, yeah, aha  
Dirty dishes, yeah

Can't tell me how to run my gang  
I'm like 2 key, don't wipe me down  
I ain't Bruce Lee, I gotta fight for what's real  
Me and my team, tryina make it big, get that deal  
Hard work every time I step on the field  
I slave nigga, I ain't from ATL  
But I'm a brave nigga, in the club tryina find a nice life  
Not a gold digger  
I'm used to fucking bitches free, I ain't a broke nigga  
Home boy locked up, and his girl running lossly  
Dirty bitches, dirty bitches, dirty visions

## Dirty visions

Lately, I've been having dreams  
With somebody screams  
As soon as the shooters scream submachines  
In purse of the loot, among other things  
We paper stacked up from the robberings  
Don't fall for...  
Me and my tea, we keep it clean when we on the crime  
scene  
Pouring the bleach over the smitherings

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