

H.O.P.E.L.E.S.S.**"Hopeless"**

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[First Verse]

Picture me livin' in the fast lane, fine hoes that sing
Pockets that ching ching, and diamonds that bling
bling
Shoppin' sprees overseas cuz the money ain't a thing
One day it's gonna be reality, now picture me
struggling
Hustling, muggin' and doin' bad
Elevatin', behind the little shit that I never had
It's sad, but I all I ever do is out of need, never greed
No wonder I'ma fiend for the weed
I'm hopeless

[Chorus: x2]

I'm noticin' that I'm hopeless, only roaches could help
Cuz the dopers be losin' focus when approachin' the
wealth
No more drinkin' and smokin' and that goes for myself
Since this potent I started copin' with the pain that I felt

[Second Verse]

I start inhalin' real slow
And never slip on my foe
Gotta have it for static, cuz I ain't never been a hoe
Just a handful of niggas ready to ride for a cause
Bout breakin' these bitches and lettin' these hoes come
out draws
Man you challenged my dignity when you thought
about killin' me
Fucked me up mentally and sent me on a killin' spree
I hate it and love it, you can't do shit to stop it
But I will never be fucked with, predicted just like a
prophet

How will it end for a product of the dividends?
Divide, destroy, and conquer
We Southern ass stompers in the World way outside
where you stay
Become a victim of the A.K., you look the wrong way
High crime rates, they never really meant a thing

To Southern mobsters, who smoke, spit the Southern
slang
I got a clique you can't feel, cuz we all real
You talk shit, you get yourself and who you call killed
Think it's a game when it ain't
Put the mask on the paint
Leave hitters zipped up, hot slugs meet face
Tie this rag round my head, blow two bags to the head
Keep the K by the bitches and the South stays fed

[Chorus]

[Third Verse]

All you wannabe thugs, hit the dirt, snatch your chick
and your kid
Cuz when them slugs hit your shirt, you gone wish that
you did
And if you must put in work, nigga do what'cha gotta
But if you mug, you'll get hurt, and they gone hear
when you holler
Cuz I'm a glock popper, always out to make the top
dollar
You disrespect and I'll attack you like a rottweiler
The stockpiler, of weapons, and ammunitions
I put them niggas who be rappin', in last positions

Allah please, why you leave him wheezin' and bleedin'
with a hole in his
heart?
When they told us he wasn't breathin' nearly tore us
apart
To my critics don't get it twisted, toe-to-toe from the
start
It's your life, you wanna risk it? Throw four from the
park
When I shifted bodies get lifted like I flip it and high
Filthy rich, killa switch I'm too gifted to die
Drifted off, flip the laws like they comin' fa sho
Drinkin' Hennessey with my doggs when they runnin'
for Mo

[Chorus x2]

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