

The Ides of March

Starlito

(Starlito Talking)

Man, That shit crazy..
Sipping drank wrecked my Mercedes

(Starlito Verse)

First thing's first, shut your bitch ass up
Anything else, shoot your bitch ass up
Bet you won't get back up, and so your shit bag up
Call that shit bad luck, yeah
Driving race cars, smoking out the jar, fucking bad broads
Aaah, but what I'm gonna do tomorrow?
I got my own nigga, yeah you can borrow
Let my youngin a couple hunned
And I bet he shoot your car up
And send some money order to the pen and pay my lawyer
No matter how much money you get
You ain't shit if you ain't loyal
Got a bag and it's purple, that's why I'm crown royal
You got 4 hunned dollars and I got an ounce for you
You got 44 hunned and I got a pound for you
Got a 44 mag and about five rounds for you
Fuck around and get found drown
I'm good on any side, bitch I live down town
Who's bright idea was it to let me get some money
Her forehead on my belt, give me head till she belch
Nothing but premium, unleaded in the tank
And when you seen me, I was headed to the bank
Whatchu thank, prolly smelling like dank
Tryina quit sippin drank, but a nigga just can't
All I ever wanted was a Chevy with that paint
Watch how you talk to me, by the time I feel threatened you see the flame
Now my ledgers got larger numbers
I started out on the humble
Begging the governor for a pardon
Read the charges and my heart crumbled
Nightmares like every other night, got me speeding through red lights
I know I'm jammin like an iPod, shooting dice on them bars
Fuck the rhymes, forgot my highpoint
Hot to the point, like what's the point
Can't get no higher, Can't get no flyer

Now it cost like 10 bands to put me on the flyer
I go ham, ho go ask my Uncle Samuel
I'm no liar, all these stacks I made, my taxes paid
Still I slap you in your face like after shave
Thank cause we bought it, we won't mask up..This a masquerade
All these bands and I'm off for March, Thought I was at a parade
Trash Bag Gang, wrote this rap on behalf of my plate
I swear that them young niggas been getting it since way back in the day
I ain't concerned with catching feelings but scared of catching a case

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>