

Don Season Pt. 2

Don Q

It's just something you gotta realize, you know
It's always Don Season
Yeah
We treat this as if there ain't no next time
I'm ready
Ain't no time outs
Who you niggas tryin' to impress? (what?)
No second chances
Oh, it ain't drop yet?
Its always now or never
A'ight
The Don's is back
Let's get it
Aye Don Q it's that time
Who you niggas tryin' to impress? (what?),
fuck who next (fuck who next)
Cut the check (cut the check), nothin' less (yeah, yeah, uh)
This the final four, we 'bout to cut the net (cut the net, nigga)
I get much respect, just another hustler blessed (yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know where we came from,
now just look what we accomplished (yeah)
Lookin' at my life, my nigga, you should be astonished (you should be astonished, yeah)
Seein' murders while you young'll have your vision tarnished (yeah)
Some of them was innocent, killers had missin' targets (uh)
Hating's a contagious disease and it's never treatable (it's never treatable)
Ridin' 'round with like 20 years in my vehicle (in my what!?)
Top down while I'm switchin' gears, new Beemer coupe
Even if it ain't on me, you know it's always reachable (you know it)
Accordin' to my senses (what?), I could smell death
His intentions was to shoot the clip 'til ain't a shell left ('til ain't a shell left)
Keep your mouth closed, learn more, tell less (and tell less)
I look at life different though these new Gazzelle specs, nigga (yeah, yeah)
Uh, big dog, they talkin' minor shit, watch who you sidin' with
(watch who you sidin' with)
We came in here alone, so we ain't lookin' for alliances
(we ain't lookin' for alliances)
Pourin' red, I got a pint of it, it help my sinuses (uh)
They try to tell us play by the rules, but I don't comply to it, nigga (nah)
I'm happy to see these rappers compete (that's right)
Really rather a piece whenever they actually meet (yeah)
This what the game need (for real)
But since we all up in the same league, I kept my aim clean for any nigga tryna claim king

(facts)No mainstream, but you see that they can't ignore me (they can't)
 It's self-explanatory, to make it was mandatory (it was)
 I told my nigga hit me whenever the grams is 40 (that's right)
 I just opened the shop, he just set up and ran it for me (whoa)
 I'm sorry, momma, I promise I wouldn't do it
 But my music wouldn't be the same if I ain't put you through it (it wouldn't be the same)Made a
 change and I sworn to her, niggas picked my persona up (they did)
 Guess they think they'll succeed if they tried to run with the formula (nah, never)
 I seen the low ratin' they gave me, I looked the story up (I seen it)
 You can't judge my music 'cause, to the streets, you a foreigner (faggot)
 I guess you can't relate if you wasn't a lobby loiterer (that's right)
 Double up what I'm tossin' ya, then I think 'bout employin' ya, nigga
 (Keep counting us out, I love it)Yeah, yeah
 It's gettin' too easy, yo
 Like
 I do this shit whenever, feel me?
 Yeah, yeah, uh
 Yeah, uhLet's give these niggas a rude awakening (rude awakening)
 They said, "Boogie was the one, you'll never be as great as him"
 (you'll never be as great as him)
 They tried to throw me in the shadow, had to move away from him (I had to move away)
 Lookin' over and degradin' 'em but never breakin' 'em
 My fans kept my name alive, to this day I'm thankin' 'em (I'm thankin' 'em)
 Three projects back, to back, to back how I'm repayin' 'em (I swear)
 They tweetin', "Herb, Grizzley, or East, please do a tape with 'em" (yeah)
 It's time to kill a comp, truthfully, I'm through embracin' 'em (feel me?)It's friendly comp, that
 ain't dissin' (it is), ain't no actin' timid (nah)
 Ballin' with the pros, but I practice like I'm at a scrimmage, yeah (yeah)
 I told Akademiks I ain't got no rapper gimmicks (I don't)
 He respect the hustle, good, now it's back to business (okay)
 Comin' from a trap house, my niggas packed up in it
 I don't hustle out my momma house, I just bag up in it (yeah)Somebody tell Hov, if he watchin'
 it's time to lock it (let's get it)
 Dodgin' is not a option, don't act like I'm not a problem, yeah (yeah)
 I'm glad Cas and 6iine ended they differences (my niggas) Facts
 'Cause the bullshit just get in the way of us gettin' rich (they do)
 My first year they looked at me like a hit-or-miss
 I ain't drop a hit, but ain't a payment that a nigga missed
 Bitch! (huh?)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>