

No Heart

21 Savage & Metro Boomin

Young Savage, why you trappin' so hard?
Why these niggas cappin' so hard?
Why you got a 12 car garage?
Why you pullin' all these rappers cards?
Cause these niggas pussy and I'm hard
I turn that fucking soft into some hard
I grew up in the streets without no heart
I'm praying to my Glock and my card I sit back and read like Cat in the Hat
21 Savage, the cat with the MAC
21 Savage not Boyz N The Hood but I pull up on you, shoot your ass in the back
Stuart Little, heard these niggas some rats
Pockets full of cheese, bitch I got racks
I'm a real street nigga bitch
I am not one of these niggas bangin' on wax
Pussy niggas love sneak dissing 'til I pull up on 'em, slap 'em out with the fire
Wet your mama's house, wet your grandma's house, keep shootin' until somebody die
So many shots the neighbor looked at the calendar, thought it was Fourth of July
You was with your friends playing Nintendo, I was playin' 'round with that fire
Seventh grade I got caught with a pistol, sent me to Pantherville
Eighth grade started playin' football, then I was like fuck the field
Ninth grade I was knocking niggas out, nigga like Holyfield
Fast forward nigga, 2016 and I'm screaming fuck a deal
Bad bitch with me, she so thick, I don't even need a pill
I listen to your raps, thought you was hard
You ain't even street for real
Niggas love sneak dissing on twitter
They don't want beef for real
And all these niggas play like they tough
'till a nigga get killed
'till a nigga get spilled, 'til your blood get spilled
I'ma at your favorite rapper, shoot him like I'm John Dill'
"I been with you since day one, Savage I ain't even hating"
So what's up with all that instagram shit?
"Savage I was just playin'"
Y'all pussy niggas fakin', bitch I hang around them Haitians
Pull up on you, tie your kids up
Pistol whip you while your bitch naked
"Come on man, Savage you know I always play your mixtape"
Yeah nigga fuck all that, ask your bitch how my dick tastes
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Why you got a 12 car garage?

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I turn that fucking soft into some hard
I grew up in the streets without no heart
I'm praying to my Glock and my card So much dope that it broke the scale
They say crack kills, nigga my crack sells
My brother in the kitchen and he rappin' a bale
Louis V my bag and Louis V on my belt
Chain swangin', diamonds blangin', hold up
Pistol swangin', gang bangin', hold up
Niggas actin' like groupies, they don't know us
Little do they know their bitches fuckin' on the tour bus
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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