

Distraction - Polo G Lyrics

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"Distraction"

Uh

How I go so hard, they still discredit my talent?

Took shit too far, now they regrettin' what happened

Hard for my mama to accept I'm a savage (uh, uh)

You play, I'm lettin' you have it (uh, uh-uh)

Them shots let off, that's too much blood for a napkin

They claim we locked in, what if I wasn't rappin'?

Fiend for that ecstasy, couldn't keep from relapsin'

Bring out the best of me or be a distraction, uh

If I tell my stepper, "Come and slide, " then he comin'

And I know it's fucked up how he daily out there huntin'

Heartless livin', savage life, that's just how he bombin'

But shit, at least it's a nigga I can count on for somethin', uh

We let them cannons spark, play with us, get punished, uh

We really had it hard, now blessings abundant

Cheered 'til I hit the top, now they can't wait to see me plummet

Like for every win, another L come punch me in my stomach
I couldn't even enjoy my birthday, bitch come to me 'bout assumptions
They can't fuck with me on my worst day, I done ran it up, all hunnids
Baby, Chiraq is my birthplace, if we got a problem, we slump it
Hard times spent, it's the worst pain and you never get refunded, uh
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Took shit too far, now they regrettin' what happened
Hard for my mama to accept I'm a savage (uh, uh)
You play, I'm lettin' you have it (uh, uh-uh)
Them shots let off, that's too much blood for a napkin
They claim we locked in, what if I wasn't rappin'?
Fiend for that ecstasy, couldn't keep from relapsin'
Bring out the best of me or be a distraction, uh (uh)
Twin Glockes, Tia, Tamera, yeah, these my new bitches
Hit they block with two switches, it make my shottas shoot different
We can empty out two hunnid shots in less than two minutes
And B was one of ours, so that shouldn't be a name that you mention
Hope when I'm talkin' you listen 'cause I'm just hopin' you get it
I tell my nigga 'bout hisself, hate ain't got nothin' to do with it
And you can't call my phone for help, that's if I heard that you snitchin'
Don't speak on bodies on your belt, that's just ain't how we do business, uh
Bad news turn your whole day tragic, all they heard was that K clappin'
Any problem, we steppin' up like the crate challenge

Left my heart on that notepad and that still wasn't enough

Lotta snake bites, got low grass, can't feel or trust

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