

# Voices in My Head

## A Boogie wit da Hoodie

Monsta's gon' tear it up  
All she ever wanted was my heart to hurt  
No attachments, just a Gucci purse  
She know I'm mad rich, she think I'm usin' her  
My diamonds mad rich, they so rude to her  
And the way I'm actin' is all due to her  
If I think she thottin', I'm gon' do it first  
I'm gon' call my side bitch and we gon' do the work  
She know I'm from Highbridge  
My chain show through the shirt  
The feds locked my man up, free Montana  
Damn, all he ever wanted was his bands up  
They gave him 10 years for nothin', keep your head up  
If any niggas start to fret, nigga, lay 'em out  
Just listen to all my tracks  
'Cause I don't wanna do no interviews, I'm not into that  
And I be feelin' like I'm Malcolm, I got the X on my back  
And every nigga in the X can vouch for me, that's a fact  
I dropped my first mixtape and yeah, that shit ran laps  
By the time I dropped The Bigger Artist  
Like seven million in plaques  
Got too much gold  
I'm way too smart to leave my crib without straps  
And any nigga run up on us gon' get hit like that  
And I'ma be like nigga started what I started  
Skinny nigga with a Patek and a Pyrex  
Any nigga could get embarrassed, come and try it  
Any nigga could get a bad bitch, just go and buy shit I know, I know  
You're just like all the bitches I know  
Why do you know all the bitches I know?  
I think we're better off as rivals, yeah  
I know, I know  
Why do you know all the bitches I know?  
You're just like all the bitches I know  
You're just like all my fuckin' rivals, yeah  
And I know, I know  
You're just like all the bitches I know  
Insecure, so you got that lipo  
I feel like I'm the rappin' Michael, yeah  
I think I'm better off without you  
And you think I don't know about the things you do  
But I do all the same fuckin' things you do  
We are both the same, I am just like you, yeah

I know that you get in your feelings, baby, me too  
Sometimes I swear I say some shit that I don't mean to  
I make you feel a type of way, I make you evil  
When I was broke, they used to  
Treat me like I'm see-through  
They killed my nigga Quado in the projects  
And then they killed Beastie, free PeeWee  
I swear to God, somebody better die next  
And if it's one of my niggas, nigga, free me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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