

## **Bingx - SLM**

**{verse 1}**

**I just dropped five figures, still ain't got no custody  
Prayin' to my father, y'all don't go and take my son for me  
Thirty thousand just to hear a stranger got no love for me  
This ain't about no law, the system simply doesn't fuck with me  
I'm toppin' out myself, worse replacing all my friends  
How's it give and take if you just take until i'm spent?  
Already paid my dues and now it's time to pay attention  
When i tell you time is money, i don't plan to waste a cent  
I'm done feeding these egos, what i have to do with you feeling small?  
What's me winning got to do with me rooting for y'all?  
I really hope you win, homie, that's thĐµ truth of it all  
But, i'm still making better music than y'all  
They lovĐµ the product, you would swear i had a team now  
They look in a room and get confused, it's only me there  
You would learn a lot from any lesson i could teach there  
But the truth is y'all just lack the confidence to be there  
Let me check the manifest, whatever i manifest, that mean that shit mine ev  
en if i don't quite have it yet  
Got more antisocial in the media, just matter less  
I'ma stay on beat until i cease from cardiac arrest**

**{hook}**

**Got me like**

**Jesus, couple hundred g's just ain't ain't enough to please somebody like me  
I ain't with that free stuff, you don't put the fee up  
In my line, this is how it gon ring  
Ya-da-da-da-da**

**{verse 2}**

**Wait, i ain't finished yet  
I allow my will and drive and pushin' til they innocent**

Ain't one in a million, i'm one in a gigaplex  
Got 'em doing math, i'm laughing, y'all ain't got the vision yet  
Shit's clean, never pristine, thank god for the mud  
Being villain has just taught me who i oughta become  
Never quit when i get tired, only stop when i'm done  
And that's right around the time i go and pocket my funds  
And by '35, i plan to change the industry  
Four years to tell a story, call it making history  
I don't pay attention to the doubts and mind limit me  
Allergic to the hate and disciplines and antihistamine  
My heart is fine, everyday is me competing alone  
Battlefield, {?}, scars, demons, and pomes  
I pitch, swing, throw, run a path, it's leading me home  
In other words, i'm in a league of my own  
Got some shit to say about you, i'ma come to you  
'cause i wanna look in your eyes when i tell you that i don't fuck with you  
The internet has got you comfortable  
Eventually, you'll run your mouth with someone who's in front of you  
Student of the game, stealing wisdom, legal arseny  
If you ever cut me, you can bet i'll bleed it artfully  
Never been a thug, but i got fam who taught me how to use my voice  
These type of gs will make a chopper sing a harmony  
{hook}  
Got me like  
Jesus, couple hundred g's just ain't ain't enough to please somebody like me  
I ain't with that free stuff, you don't put the fee up  
In my line, this is how it gon ring  
Ya-da-da-da-da