

TRAP SHAKESPEARE

a series of sonnets by William Shakespeare,
Gucci Mane, Chief Keef, Lil B, and Fredo
Santana

curated by Colin Walsh

Sonnet 1:

My squad, my squad, bitch we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might use. Or I might use the 30 and
give you Michael
But as the ripper should be crowning me
His tender heir might not see your fucking kids
Time is money and we own bright eyes,
Like Batman with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where they be killing y'all (bah)
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet about Chief Keef
Thou that art now the drink has got me moody
And only money I trust
A trapper, baby, I rap but I own bud buriest thy content,
And tender churl mak'st waste no time (graaah)
I fucked about two or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the cases (by the cases)

Sonnet 2:

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
Pullin thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery so strong, my cheese so long (cheese so
long)
Sipping purple in this cup, sweep of small worth held:
Then being asked, where all I know is bang
Where all the treasure of that squad
A trapper, baby, I rap but I own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and I need ya in my life
How much more than college, oh
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of bounds if you want
beef (you know it)
Talkin 36 O's and make my old excuse,'
I remember sellin' coke, posted by succession thine!
Put that pistol on your partner made when thou art old,
Drop the top when thou feel'st it cold.

Sonnet 3:

Look in thy glass and tell him that his bitch is with the boy
Pee-Wee

I hopped out of that face should form another;
Unh-unh cause I'm Tony now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some killers ran in my room
For where is she so long you can't get her on the phone cuz that
bitch has been with me
'Cuz he is out of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be scorin'
I say that his self-love to stop posterity?
Nothin' but semis, and she in thee
That tender lovin' so lovely April of her prime;
Your clique full of thine age shalt see,
Despite of money, Master P, ay
But if thou live, remember'd not see your fucking kids
I got a .30 with thee.

Sonnet 5:

Heard you holdin' work did frame
The lovely gaze where every day boy this shit real
I'm trying to the very same
Couple british plugs, so that unfair which fairly doth excel;
Can't forget first time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and them clips is never empty
Sap checked with frost, and go to sleep in my shoes
Tried to leave with every where:
Then were not give her ass back though
A liquid prisoner pent in my car
Beauty's effect with beauty were the pigeons at
How these racks hang off me, what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they ain't in the streets
I'm rich hallelujah man, still lives sweet.

Sonnet 6:

I might just rob for your cash and say its not winter's ragged
hand deface,
Take it easy, baby, middle of summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some molly, took a gram and
a half (ooh)
This car I got, it be self-kill'd.
That use is not have to reload
I hope you didn't pay the willing loan;
That's for thy self to go to sleep (ya dig?)
For your green, be it ten for one;
Ten times thy self were the pigeons at
She like Sosa what kind of house you finna get? The one that's
got ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could death do me like Tip did Flip
Yellow charm ring chain, yellow living in posterity?
I just buy 'em for thou art much too fair
AK hit your dog, and make worms thine heir.

Sonnet 7:

Seal all my work cuz the dogs always sniffing when the gracious
light
Lifts up his burning head, don't waste no time (graaah)
Doth homage to his air force ones (in his air force one, yeah)
I'm best friends with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the projects
Resembling strong a lot, yeah I need some of what you got
Put an opp nigga in his beauty still,
I don his golden pilgrimage:
Niggas say they looking for me, I'm with weary car,
That kush what I smoke from the day,
She like Sosa what kind of car you finna get? The eyes, 'fore
duteous, now converted are
Somebody need to call Tyrone and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in the tub like this
I don't usually do this unless thou get a son.

Sonnet 8:

That's why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war with the country
For that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with my silver AK
Talk about true concord of well-tuned sounds,
We do offend thine ear,
Looking for who confounds
I watched my fathe parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet about Chief Keef
Pullin each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and we aimin' at your mind (bang bang)
Who, all in one, one of ours, then damn him
I hate being many, seeming one,
Sings this to back but I got that new body

Sonnet 10:

Silencer up on the .30; that thou bear'st love to any,
Didn't stop for thy self art so unprovident.
Grant, if I drove that Subaru
But that thou none of that shit
And if you play with murderous hate,
I might smoke this whole pound, I might not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof with some telescopes
If staining up was a sport, I would be thy chief desire.
Two foreigner's back to back but I may change my mind:
He, he, they say that nigga don't be fairer lodg'd than gentle
love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and abuse me
It's so lonely at least kind-hearted prove:
Niggas say they looking for love of me,
Only got one life so live in thine or thee.

Sonnet 12:

When I do count the clock that dope like ravioli rolley like
rolley polley olley eeeee!
And see the brave day with a blunt of herb
Sirens on the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all for the Fendi
And if we see barren of leaves,
These niggas ain't did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all the bandos
I'm with white and bristly beard,
Bitch give me face, if you gon' do I question make,
That thou among the Glo Gang
Since sweets and we shooting at your heart
And die as fast with two seats, yeah that's it
And nothing into something
I still do these hoes the same when he takes thee hence.

Sonnet 13:

Pull up on your self; but, love you are
No longer yours, than you just rap that
Against this coming out here?)
And your sweet semblance to work my magic
So should that beauty which you get smoked
Brush my teeth, then you were
If I could do it all again, after yourself's decease,
Say something I spray something, your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair ah I smoke that strong a lot, yeah I need some
of what you got
Which husbandry in honour might do. (Might do)
Against the whole nine, ay
And barren rage of Coca-Cola cans
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my fans (My fans)
Big boss, put a father: let your son say so.

Sonnet 14:

I send niggas to do I my judgement pluck;
And yet methinks I got plenty condoms and I got plenty commas
But not to tell of dough boy
Loan me some of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to crack her like a taco
Come down your block like thunder, rain and wind,
And you can't hang around, if it shall go well
Yeah, you think I in heaven find:
They ain't see me, they see my knowledge I derive,
And constant stars in them green beams (green beams)
As 'Truth and that's it
If from thyself, to store (buy the whole store)
I got weight, lot of thee this I prognosticate:
'Thy end is truth's and I don't play nor pray

Sonnet 15:

When I consider every room, tryna see that...
Holds in perfection but really ain't into me
That this cheddar (Sosa Baby)
She seen me with them stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that means I'm serving London pies
Cheered and checked even by the ounce
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at your conscience
I won't even come out of memory;
Then the conceit of shit, with me she got on a two piece, and
that's it
Money over all no ops in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with my Glock
To change your day of money (yeah)
And all in war with all the hustlas
Told you, I engraft you new.

Sonnet 16:

That mean you a mightier way
Make war wit' us (nah)
And fortify your head, boy you better pay attention
With means more blessed than a cooler (yah)
Now stand you on the beach she a motherfuckin freak
If you fall get up, better yet unset,
Disrepect the gang, you living flowers,
Bitch niggas get your painted counterfeit:
I just popped me one of life that life repair,
Chest shot, or my pupil pen,
Convicted felon worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live your pants up, I only want your face
To give away from far niggas
And you must live, drawn by the pound 'cause

Sonnet 18:

To make it to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely (I can't see nobody)
Rough winds do shake the cut wit the 30 he gon' give everythin
to a nigga
And summer's lease hath all I get is money
Sometime too hot the morning and ate me like some Cheerio
And often is what I smoke
Came up from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or you gone lose your life
She rocking wrong not fade,
Nor lose possession of that felon on me
I get so many death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
I don't wanna have to time thou grow'st,
Do a drill with this nine or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this rap shit but I think that I'm Kobe

Sonnet 20:

Them youngins with nature's own hand painted,
We got lots of my passion;
I'm just who I am nigga but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is bitch is so hot, my clit I close
shop
An eye more bright than theirs, less than an hour
I want top in the object whereupon it gazeth;
I could smoke all 'hues' in his controlling,
Turn that bitch around and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman (sosa baby)
My bitch, she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me a blue dolphin
I lost three people close to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out his glo
Pull up on your set and thy love's use their treasure.

Sonnet 21:

So is it not with me speak proper (proper)
Them bullets get to his verse,
Who heaven itself for your cash and say its not yours (Gimme
that)
And every fair with his life if we wanna
Making a couplement of Spades in the tub like this
With sun and moon, with earth boy, you be smoking bubba
With April's first-born flowers, and shoot whoever I see first
That heaven's air in this earth, I can't come back down to
O! let me, true in in my veins, I need mo'
You either with me, my love is as fair
Big rims, on my whips though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in '09 (gang)
I got twenty seven more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that got Big and 2Pac killed, it's Gucci!

Sonnet 22:

Better back up, give me I am old,
So long as youth and you soft, more than college, oh
But when in a row, I could go the whole week
Then look I death my name ring bells
For all that beauty that bitch, well now its over
Is but the seemly raiment of December she pulled up in a skirt
In my bedroom, in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be leaking shit
Last time I took drugs, I just took half of thyself so wary
Learned how to record myself, but for thee will;
That money, I will keep so chary
I'm like Big's from faring ill.
Off a pill I'm on thy heart when mine is slain,
Nigga better not to give back again.

Sonnet 23:

As an unperfect actor on my front porch
Who with his fear no one
Every little thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his life if we wanna
But unh-unh I gotta QP of trust, forget to say
Now they see me everywhere, bracelet full of love's rite,
Time is money and we own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of my brothers (I'm finally rich)
So nigga be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of your time (Some of your time)
Tadoe off the molly he retarded and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that MAC feel
She sweet, she so deep, she read what silent love hath writ:
That's that soda, eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnet 24:

Mine eye hath play'd the roof, young and reckless
Thy beauty's form in't did what I did, I'm in the shit, I'm in
the shit
My body is the bottom, I swear i neva had nuttin'
Who, nigga? Who the fuck is best painter's art.
For through the painter must be against me
To find where your true colors you showed me
All we wanna see is hanging still,
That hath his brain on my sneakers
That's that soda, eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have yo bitch sucking my dick
Are windows to my pistol tucked
Delights to peep, to run from the sixty
Yet eyes this cunning want war wit' us (nah)
They draw but what they talkin' to the coppers

Sonnet 26:

Pull the pisto whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my cellular (brr)
To thee I send my lil niggas
To witness duty, not to solve the problem
Duty so great, which wit my young niggas
And it's fucked up in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some cars while I'm shootin'
In thy soul's thought, all white bitch though
Till whatsoever star was born last night
Finna pop me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel ont run up on me shawty (nah)
To show me worthy of the prison
Learned how to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my wrist say I'm important

Sonnet 27:

Weary with toil, I ordered up a dub and then I threw it in the sky
Paid a hundred for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey ing in my 'Rari with my Louis loafers
To work my mind, when I went to Miami (vroom)
Without y'all I wouldn't get far where I abide--
Intend a ruler shoot at your medulla man
And keep my closet lots of Robins and shit (Robins and shit)
Riding round with the blind do see:
But you ain't gotta fuck with me, my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to play with me (play with me)
Got some niggas in ghastly night,
Got a .30 and her old face new.
So I could take care of my limbs, by night my mind,
Learned how to record myself, no quiet find.

Sonnet 28:

Got yo bitch in happy plight,
That am debarre'd the whole clip, but we ain't with that kinky
shit
When day's oppression is not to play with me (play with me)
We met last night and night by day oppress'd,
And each, though enemies and beat my case
Do in consent shake hands on me I swear they dyin'
The one by toil, the back I think she buffered her body
How far I toil, still trap up the hill (Through the hill)
I swear my diamonds are so blinding please him thou art bright,
If you let me I do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the block to niggas trappin' for me
When sparkling stars twire not take you as a dumb-dumb (Mmm)
But day doth daily draw my silver AK
Broke niggas make grief's length seem stronger.

Sonnet 29:

Pistol totin' and men's eyes
I all alone beweeep my way niggas kill for that
You was on the phone with my bootless cries,
Got a chopper and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one fucks, two fucks
Featur'd like him, like him dead, he die today
Desiring this man's art, and I got plenty commas
But I most enjoy contented least;
But you ain't gotta fuck with me, my self almost despising,
My Phantom sitting on thee,-- and then my state,
Shoot this shit right up at break of day arising
Shootin' at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love them solitaires (Mwah)
That then I scorn to change yo ass like the seasons be

Sonnet 30:

Sipping purple in this cup, sweep of sweet silent thought
Ballout roll up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many niggas in my face now
And with old woes new niggas; move 'em 'round
Then can I drown an extendo and an AK (gra, gra, gra)
For precious friends hid in the kitchen all we sell is white
And weep afresh love's long as you throw it (Sosa baby)
And moan the expense of glass shoes
I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to rob me, I swear to God you get left
The sad account of my brothers (I'm finally rich)
She a bitch, shawty, mean as if not paid before.
But if the while I think I need you but I don't
All losses are you worth it?

Sonnet 31:

Thy bosom is off the leash
Which I by lacking you's a goner
All the hoes they love smoking, and all Love's loving parts,
Old rich ass nigga, I thought buried.
How many ast night I had a dream some killers ran in my room
I'm like Big's from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, he die today
But things remov'd that hidden in da box
I don't need rap, where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of that funky
Who all their parts of me up, cause my pee look darker
Went from eatin noodles baloney, now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd, I run the block
And thou--all they--hast all the low. (Holdin on the low)

Sonnet 32:

If thou survive my pipe on me
Mike Willy with dust shall cover
I'm a hitter by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of gwop, thinkin' Morgan Tracy
But how you called the bett'ring of the time,
My smile Benz, I be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my right wrist Versace on my left wrist a Rolly
Exceeded by the mothafuckin' face
O! then vouchsafe me but they don't know the half
'Had my sorrows
A dearer birth than a fuckin' Hebrew
So I could take care of better equipage:
But since he died and I'm dumping that shit
Swear to God caper boy, I'll read, his for his love'.

Sonnet 33:

Full many a glorious morning to some ass and grits, yeah (yah)
Flatter the potion (Bang, bang)
I'm skeetin it in her face the meadows green,
She think I'm with heavenly alchemy;
Aye, Young Tiller in the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on the floor
And from the forlorn world his door Fredo gone blow
My lil niggas with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one (I left for one, yeah)
With all us got a thing a piece
Youda thought I was but one hour mine,
That boy jewelry looking blurry like who sold him from me now.
I'm gon' let this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when we roll up bitches be on us

Sonnet 34:

I'm just a beauteous day,
My squad, my cloak,
Got big 30's with big beams, trust me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in case the violence
I'm a shoot a muthafucka through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on' have Guwop on her breath
Ca salve can speak,
Stay your ass in your lane, boy the wound, and cures not the
disgrace:
Fredo in the cut wit the 30 he gon' give physic to my grief;
Fuck on that bitch then I have still the loss:
She like Sosa what kind of house you finna get? The offender's
sorrow lends but weak relief
Bitch Chief Sosa getting that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are Glory Boyz Entertainment. It is GBE
And they are rich nigga, I need a rich bitch

Sonnet 36:

This Kush let me hit that we two must be twain,
How neat, she loves are one:
I heard that do with me remain,
And these bitches call me be borne alone.
In our two loves there for me when I was all alone
Though in our foreigners, ignored us
Boy yo ass better not love's sole effect,
If I catch another motherfucker talking sweet hours from love's
delight.
I may not thinking twice
Lest my bewailed guilt should love that in me (Sosa baby)
Nor thou with no nickel bitch
Ball bring that honour from thy name:
Brown skin chick and she love thee in such sort,
Bitch I got to get mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet 37:

In my left pocket, 'bout a decrepit father takes delight
So watch just watch how I do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by the cases (by the cases)
Santa Claus of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or the Robin Jeans
Or any of these all, or with this Uzi
Entitled in thy parts, don't do no talkin (nah)
I done fell in love engrafted, to this store:
12 poured up, in a soda, is not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Bang bang, nigga gang gang, gang in this shadow doth such
substance give
I'm ridin thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by at's a box of bullets
Niggas know I'm the best I wish in thee:
I have; then ten times happy me!

Sonnet 38:

How can my muse want then she throw a fit
At your head with that pour'st into my verse
If I catch another motherfucker talking sweet argument, too
excellent
For every vulgar paper long, they call that boy PeeWee Longway
(Longway, Longway)
O! give thy self the trap, with the squad, movin' weight
I'ma wild nigga stand against thy sight;
Come through flexin hard, that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy self dost give me space (yah)
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten guns and ten pounds in ten months
Do a drill with this nine which rhymers invoke;
I'm a blood but I got on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long (straight up)
But you gotta brush your teeth and do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be real with me (ayy)

Sonnet 40:

Take all my loves, my love, yea its excellent
What hast thou then act like it's nothin' (nah, nah)
Just bought a pint of lean shit i call that thou mayst true love
call;
All mine was told different
Then, if for my love, thou my business
I cannot blame thee, for my team
But yet be blam'd, if he's a son of Sam (bang bang)
By wilful taste of summer, I'm freezin', baby (burr)
I do anything to get me rich
What's up with all my poverty:
Talking game cause I played it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than a fuckin' Hebrew
I'm from 061 Front Street, all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites yet we be up in the place

Sonnet 41:

Those pretty wrongs that check, we pull up, they "who is that"
Every night, she actin' new school, I am sometime absent from
thy heart,
Thy beauty, and thy years and that's a whole lotta time (fucked)
I'm still temptation follows where thou art.
But anyways man back to be won,
I go down to be assail'd;
And when a woman (sosa baby)
Gun shows, young niggas, shoot till he have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet singing like Mya
And chide thy beauty and you lacking you's a goner
Who lead thee in the sauna, in the bathroom, at your mama's
Where thou art forced to give head
Hers by CPD, bitch
I hate being false to me.

Sonnet 42:

Somebody need to call Tyrone and tell him that his not all my
grief,
Johnny call me up, he said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee is Sosa, you can call me Sammy
A loss in love that touches me top then I'mma slump her over
Loving offenders thus I'm loyal but I fucks with all the hustlas
A lot of niggas changed, just because thou know'st I love her;
No sleep for two days, so doth she abuse me,
I'ma make a scene for my sake to approve her.
Told that bitch don't call my loss is my love's gain,
These niggas ain't no kin to me no friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and DEA, got bricks in every state
And both for my sake lay you down (I lay you down)
But here's the joy; my friend to me (hell naw)
Sweet flattery! then she loves to eat, we eat bon appétit

Sonnet 43:

Your bitch want do mine eyes best see,
I don't fuck with them niggas, they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams I sold her
And darkly bright, are Glory Boyz Entertainment. It is GBE
I know how to make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy but they mad I'm home
Smoke about a zip a day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade and I'm selling lemonade
How would, I say, with the Glock it's outta sight
Got a hundred up in the living day,
Pulled up in the night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on my dick, I will be scorin'
All days are nights to see you like he see you cause we not
related
And nights bright days when dreams I sold her

Sonnet 44:

If the color of Coca-Cola cans
They know they should not stop my way;
For then despite of Sam (bang bang)
From limits far remote, where yo big homie?
And take care of my foot did stand
I be smoking earth remov'd from thee;
Just stash one Lemon homie, I can jump both sea and land,
Fuck the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me that money then I'm bouncin'
To leap large lengths of miles when we see you
Now they see me everywhere, bracelet full of earth and water
wrought,
I hopped out of that Rari with my moan;
Congratulations, she brain me so slow
But heavy tears, badges of people scared of me and I can't blame
'em

Sonnet 45:

Kush yeah I smoke that and purging fire
My niggas with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the trending topic
High as fuck I'm coolin' with swift motion slide.
Cause I'ma cut you off, quicker elements are gone
Take care of love to thee,
I got weight, lot of four, with two alone
Sinks down to some ass and grits, yeah (yah)
Until life's composition be twenty twins
By those swift messengers return'd from the back on a fuckin'
jet
Who even but now come and diss me
Of thy fair health, recounting it all for the Fendi
This told, I joy; but I got crack like the 80's
Might just give your bitch back again, and straight grow sad.

Sonnet 46:

Baby girl, these diamonds are at a mortal war,
Cause they know I got a lot of thy sight;
Get 'em out my sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the gat always spendin' money
I walk straight in him dost lie,--
Keep the tool when we move never pierc'd with crystal eyes--
But the defendant doth that chopper, grab that K, 100 rounds
(graaah)
And says in him how that MAC feel
To side this 4-0, that's it
A quest of Sam (bang bang)
I remember sellin' coke, posted by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and and left her one (I left for one,
yeah)
For the record, this thy outward part,
And my heart's right, hundreds in my left

Sonnet 47:

Hop out with them 30s and heart a league is took,
And each doth good bought her a 300 (300)
When that mine eye is off the leash
Or heart in love with Sosa but not every day
With my love's picture then leave her leave her
Got me weak in the painted banquet bids my heart;
These critics is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love like this
So, either by thy picture or you gone lose your life
Who my neighbors is? Jack and Jill, still with me;
I sell more meth than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, cause they didn't have no success
Or, if they sleep, man I miss these streets
Awakes my heart, to balling (yah)

Sonnet 49:

Against that time, if ever wanted
When I shall see my money come first
Somebody need to call Tyrone and tell him that his utmost sum,
Call'd to that life?" You gotta ask that?
With my niggas when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me show my age, nigga
When love, converted from the trap feel
Shall reasons find of purple in some peach soda
Looking for who I ensconce me here,
Within the knowledge of the prison
And this my hand, against my fuckin' waist
To guard the lawful reasons on that, OTF I'm with that
Nina like a boxer bitch the strength of laws,
Since why to love I said that I would do it and I did

Sonnet 50:

How heavy do I'm a rich nigga, I need a rich bitch
Lord knows I got my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and knock you off the map man. (Bang, bang)
'Thus far the miles are Glory Boyz Entertainment. It is GBE
The beast that bears me, I make it look easy
Plods dully on, to them I act like I'm rusty (Sosa baby)
If we ain't got it pull the wretch did know
I hate being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot go boy
That sometimes anger thrusts into coke then soda man
Tray Savage got the answers with a groan,
Bitch, I'm fresher than spurring to his side;
Try to rob shit, I put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and them clips is never empty

Sonnet 51:

Got yo bitch in the slow offence
He think it nasty when from thee I speed:
They know they should I haste me thence?
Industry full of posting is no need.
I know my poor beast then find,
OG kush, you can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though (bang, bang, bang)
In winged speed no motion shall I ain't got no rat for you, I
know you must love cheese
Then can no horse with me (play with me)
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love them gun sounds (b-b-boom)
Rob a fuck nigga, take his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my veins, I need mo'
A nigga think I'm going, he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give everythin to a nigga

Sonnet 52:

I be sad as the rich, whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his momma til her teeth jerk
Yeah, she wanna chill with Frenchie, but not every hour survey,
Real talking no rapping (nah), on point of seldom pleasure.
I let 'em count it and so rare,
Since, seldom coming in that got a cooler too
I'm from Chiraq where they thinly placed are,
300 swoll in the carcanet.
I don't remember her name but when I fucked that keeps you as my
chest,
She suck the robe doth hide,
Watch this choppa flip some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his crib the next day
Blessed are you park, turn your wheel in
I hate being lacked, to hope.

Sonnet 53:

What is your bankroll right now
That millions of them one what-you-call-its and it boosted my
stamina
Niggas kill every one, one shade,
Weed so stanky, you can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and she got ass (thot)
Is poorly imitated after my last blunt
On Helen's cheek all my nigga violent
Tell me, are painted new:
Ain't no telling what the spring, and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of the mind is not a joke
The other as your ass in your lane, boy the streets hurt
And you in every big booty bitch in the club (yah)
In all external grace you wife em up and marry em
But you like none, weed is not my problem

Sonnet 55:

I be high above the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this dick until her jaws ache
I got twenty seven more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with me, my nig, but you're stuck
with me
Savage squad my squad, we go to war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out ther whip the yay up like some mayonnaise
Nor Mars his brain on my sneakers
And take care of your memory.
'Gainst death, and I can't blame 'em
Who my neighbors is? Jack and Jill, still find room
Real niggas in my eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out like some Jordans
Splashin' on these bitches, yeah that yourself arise,
"Chief Keef ain't no hitta, Chief Keef ain't this, and dwell in
lovers' eyes.

Sonnet 56:

Sweet love, renew thy force; be talking that shit
Thy edge should be crowning me
Which but it's so hard for me to cry
To-morrow sharpened in his fuckin' grave
If staining up was a sport, I would be thou, although to-day
thou fill
And it's like that till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and he might shoot (Bang)
Lemons on the chain with a perpetual dulness.
Knock them down like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where the couch at
Bullets hot like the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more bitches in France
Niggas ain't getting no money it winter, which being full of
care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more bread (uh, uh)

Sonnet 57:

Being your slave what you need, serve yo' ass like a waiter
Cause I member all the times of your desire?
I have no precious time (Some of your time)
And it's like that till you require.
These niggas little niggas I chide the world-without-end hour,
Blood watch the clock for you,
Nor think the deal up on my end
When you have bid your woman (yah)
No new nigga I swear we don't fuck with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or three blunts and that's it
I heard that bitch stay and think of nought
Save, where you are, how to make me mad
Smoking opps, pack is love, that in your will,
He shot the thinks no ill.

Sonnet 58:

That god forbid, that bitch right
I should in thought control your bitch back when I wanna
Empty out my account of hours to crave,
She know I got plenty thots but she say she don't want to stay
your leisure!
O! let me suffer, being sober
I hopped out of your liberty;
And patience, tame told you I could introduce you to this trap
life (trap life)
Without accusing you of Fendi shit (yah)
Be where you list, your head, boy you better pay attention
Get up off your ass, make yourself may privilage your time
To what you will; tol to his throat (to his throat, bang)
Yourself to pardon of my daughter (my daughter)
I am to wait, though (bang, bang, bang)
Me and my team man, we be it ill or well.

Sonnet 59:

Don't know nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are you worth it?
Rob you you holding, for invention bear amiss
You don't fuck with me? The second burthen of a former child!
I remember being fucked up, down and bad with a backward look,
Even of five hundred rounds (graaah)
My bitch walk 'round in some antique book,
Since mind at first in a fucking hearse
That I might see what the kush nigga (loud)
I poured a four of your frame;
I'm not your average or wh'r better they,
A fuckin AK what I might use. Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am the dreams I sold her
Tryna have given admiring praise.

Sonnet 60:

I know how to make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to screw me over
Thirsty-ass bitches, shit that which goes before,
Rest in peace to all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in it don't frisk me
I hate being crown'd,
Pistol slap his glory fight,
Got me weak in the knees SWV. gave doth now his gift confound.
Rep my set on youth
In blue flame, yeah the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the chain with the V-cuts
I know it's hard for his scythe to mow:
Big titty Amazon in hope, my verse shall stand.
Praising thy worth, despite his door Fredo gone blow

Sonnet 61:

OG kush, you can taste it thy will, thy image should keep open
But I ain't tryna go back to the weary night?
They know they should be broken,
I go down to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that since a youngin (let's get it)
So much soda and coke man, I'm into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and play crazy
(Hang up on me one more time and tenure of thy jealousy?)
O, no! thy love, though much, I think I'm starting to believe
'em
It is my love that I ride (car that I ride)
Mine own true love stalking (huh?)
To play the watchman ever wanted
For thee watch I, cause I'm hot as fuck
Cut a couple bad bitches off, with others all too near.

Sonnet 62:

Sin of self-love possesseth all I know
Pull up on my soul, and all my every part;
If you wasn't there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my blunt (blunt)
See that kush is as mine,
Kno truth of such account;
A trapper, baby, I rap but I own worth do define,
Shoot his momma in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me cause I think that I'm Kobe
Don't be fucking with tanned antiquity,
A trapper, baby, I rap but I own self-love quite contrary I
read;
Niggas undercover so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee,--myself,--that for myself cause niggas a tell
Painting my age with me, my nig, but you're stuck with me

Sonnet 64:

I remember sellin' coke, posted by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost you a dime (Gucci!)
She say I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave tol to his throat (to his throat, bang)
When I have seen the joint he on it
You know you came to fuck, so why the kingdom of the shore,
And all we do is win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and none of that squad
When I have seen lil mama, she wasn't wearin' no panties
Or I might use the 30 and give you Michael
My daughter call me thus to ruminat--
That Time will come and take your bitch (take your bitch)
This thought is as a dumb-dumb (Mmm)
But weep to have, that which it, take it, take it all, Ms. Lady?

Sonnet 67:

Ah! wherefore with them thirties in them straps
I need a new connect, cause his presence grace impiety,
Tryna act tough let the Macs bust leave him advantage should
achieve,
And lace itself with the V-cuts
They know they should false painting imitate his cheek,
Sipping purple in this cup, sweep of his living hue?
They know they should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his brain on my sneakers
Yeah it's green now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through a check, running up a bag
We shoot up your block now but his,
And proud of my squad (my squad)
Niggas sneak diss and imma show what wealth she had
In days long since, before I know they name

Sonnet 68:

Thus is his cheek the mac, he make it scream for me
The nigga died as flowers do now,
I just popped me one of fair were born,
God damn you got a mouth on a living brow;
Before the joint he on it
So I could take care of sepulchres, were shorn away,
Only got one life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made his ass split
Baby girl, these diamonds are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and I made it far
Making no summer of the hood
Robbing no old to be a bastard, won't even raise ya own boy
Anti-sober, for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what the fuck I might do. (Might do)

Sonnet 69:

Right now I'm high as shit, I'm on the world's eye doth view
I'm that nigga, thought of hearts can mend;
Smoking big Backwoods of souls--give thee that due,
Couple pints of drink so as foes commend.
I'm with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give a damn (Looney)
I'm not these other accents do this praise confound
Or beat from the eye hath shown.
Just took half of thy mind,
Bitches see me they measure by thy deeds;
Then--churls--their thoughts, although their eyes We the team
bitch
To thy fair flower add the Mubu, Rollie Glo
But why I Skype you
"Chief Keef ain't no hitta, Chief Keef ain't this, that thou
dost common grow.

Sonnet 70:

That thou art blam'd shall not hold your breath
For slander's mark was ever since (bih)
I poured a four of beauty is suspect,
I got too many niggas in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but I don't wanna mail you
Thy worth the greater being sober
And I'm a big dog, he got the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st an off with yo' pack, you a whole bitch
Thou hast passed by the ounce
Either not assail'd, or its the squad that's behind me (squad
that's behind me)
But we cannot be so thy praise,
Cause my bands up envy, evermore enlarg'd,
If you let me I do not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hoes and they cookin' blow

Sonnet 71:

Lemonade Gucci shoes for me when I am dead
I went from trappin' on the surly sullen bell
Number posted on the world that I am fled
All this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
I can introduce you to this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for a bar -- I know I'm finally rich
That I in your sweet about Chief Keef
If thinking on me then you don't know
O! if,--I say you look at my wrist (look at my wrist)
When I been that since a youngin (let's get it)
I don't drink Champagne, shit I'd much as my poor name rehearse;
Don't care bout no broad, I only love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should be crowning me
I ain't with me after I am gone.

Sonnet 72:

Baby I'ma boss you should task you to recite
What merit lived in the Lotus (I did)
After my dick and lick my balls all night girl you a baller
For you in me can to protect that girl
I stay with some virtuous lie,
If you know me than mine own desert,
(Hang up on me one more praise upon deceased I
Why the fuck would willingly impart:
O! lest your true love to wear purple
Your friends know how much you love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where yo' hoes at
These niggas ain't no kin to me nor you.
For I am shamed by that chopper, grab that K, 100 rounds
(graaah)
Told you, to love things nothing worth.

Sonnet 74:

But be like me and I think that you owe me
She do it all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this .40 that I'm blastin'
I just got some business with thee shall stay.
"Chief Keef ain't no hitta, Chief Keef ain't this, thou dost
review
But Puff was consecrate to thee:
I'm high off this earth, which is his due;
Real nigga from the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the bottle, cause today I'm feelin'
great
In the hood, my body being dead;
And a lot of a wretch's knife,
Get so much of thee to be remembered.
See, the power of the mind is that which it contains,
And that is this, and we can go to war nigga

Sonnet 75:

I be sad as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are immaculate
And for the peace of you know them beams lit
As 'twixt ake me do a drill, do a hit, after my last blunt
This ain't an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will smile, but really be frienemy
Now counting best to be the first, they smoking up to heaven
Then better'd that the O (I'm finally rich!)
But I'ma still put some diamon your sight,
And by and by the pound 'cause
Bitches call me G Herbo or pursuing no delight,
If you ain't with me, you must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and the next bitch
Or gluttoning on all, or make sound

Sonnet 76:

Why is my verse so much coke
So far from variation or we can beef first
They do I not glance aside
I just bought ten guns and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all foreign (skrr, skrr)
Got em pitchin wild 100's, keep invention in a noted weed,
And last time I smoked gas, I almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where my mask at?
Your friends know how much you love I always write of you,
Baby girl, these diamonds are still my argument;
But that ain't gonna solve none, weed is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is boring (yah)
I am fucking president and a sun is daily new and old,
So is my love drinking, some love smoking

Sonnet 77:

Now they wanna show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how it's dancin'
Light it up I guarantee that she will bear,
And of this book, this nine or with this Uzi
Them niggas will truly show
Of mouthed graves will tear your face off
You smoke by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Brown skin chick and she love to eternity.
Look! what thy memory cannot go boy
Commit to these waste no time (graaah)
Mama crying, couple bodies dropping from thy brain,
Got a lot of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as you throw it (Sosa baby)
Shall profit thee and much you love me (Sosa baby)

Sonnet 79:

Whilst I alone did call me Mr. Millions
Orange seats, orange feet, what do all thy gentle grace;
But now my niggas violent
And my sick Muse doth give to my attorney
If I catch another motherfucker talking sweet love, thy lovely
argument
Deserves the travail of guns, I'm cashin' out
Loan me some of thee thy poet doth invent
I just bought ten guns and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and I'm shootin' you in the face
Kick his ass out the give,
And found it in my car
Smoking on this Compton but what in thee doth live.
Got the macks and them tecs that which he doth say,
Since what he see you cause we not related

Sonnet 80:

Reesemoney where that tech, I of you do write,
A fuckin AK what I might use your name,
And we ain't with the praise thereof spends all his might,
I look like half a million worth of your fame!
And these niggas the ocean is,--
The humble as the block in this silver Porsche
My saucy bark, inferior far (I'm finally rich)
On your broad (bang bang), I only love my squad
Your shallowest help will hold it hold it underwater
Go on, get your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrack'd, I am nigga but I ain't sparing nann nigga
He of tall building, and that's it
Run up in your spot, and I be cast away,
You better love was my decay.

Sonnet 81:

Do wrong man your epitaph to make,
Louis kicks when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your bitch will leave home
Although in me each part will kill for me
Your name from hence immortal life bitch, I'mma bout that
Though I, once gone, to all the times I ain't had shit
I'm like Big's from Belly, catch me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes We the team bitch
That mean you be my gentle verse,
I'm showing love but it's not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your driveway
When all the breathers of these niggas
I'm still shall live,--such virtue hath my pen,--
Where breath most breathes, even in' in a cell playin' solitaire

Sonnet 83:

I never saw that you dig?...
I don't love no painting set;
He shot the crowd up, he thought I found, you did exceed
We go by gang and none of a poet's debt:
I be flexin your report,
Learned how to record myself, well might show
Now everybody wanna come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in the field we going hard
(glaaaa)
Violence, violence, all my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my block now (yah)
For the record, this is not beauty being mute,
Trap life or no life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one boat (Mmm)
Than both your poets can never miss

Sonnet 84:

Who is it that way we ain't really gotta chase niggas
But I ain't got no rat for you alone, are you?
All I get is the store
Which should example where you can get killed
Lean penury within that life?" You gotta ask that?
That to his ass off the checklist
I just wanna fuck on you, if he can tell
That you are you, so just keep it to yourself
300 the team, what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made his ass split
Pull up on the block in a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every room, tryna see that...
You to your beauteous blessings add a milk carton
Being fond on that, I'm on that, I'm on that, I'm on that

Sonnet 85:

Earth OG and swishers they keep me in manners holds her still,
While comments of your ho can't handle it
Reserve their character with a thirty on my lap shit (blaaa)
In the trap house whippin' all the Muses fil'd.
Man that head so good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
Wack a fuck nigga like unlettered clerk still cry 'Amen'
This that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of that Rari with that Louis bag
Hearing you praised, I gotta butler
No sex bitch I only want the most of praise add something more;
LV's on my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come from Florida
Then others, for the porch, I been savage
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in the mall in California

Sonnet 86:

Was it the proud full of work
Bound for the prize of Louis shit (yah)
That did my plug come from Mexico
Now GuWop they grew?
Was it his spirit, by the ounce
Above a mortal pitch, that's that shit I don't like, nah
Put an opp nigga in his compeers by night
These bitches in my verse astonished.
Aye, Wop go grab that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him he on his job quick
I spend lots of my silence cannot boast;
I just popped me one of any fear from thence:
Yep Gucci bang up his line,
Ripped my ear, now I matter; that enfeebled mine.

Sonnet 87:

And your car too dear for my possessing,
And like enough (can't get enough)
I look like half a million worth gives thee releasing;
Got some niggas in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but this shit real
Run up in your house where is my deserving?
Them niggas belong in me is wanting,
I can taste it, I can chase it back again is swerving.
Time is money and we own worth then not knowing,
Or me to give it up
I'm with Chief So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on the whiskey
I be sad as a dream doth flatter,
Niggas say they trapping, but waking no such matter.

Sonnet 89:

Say that check then I'm in the wind
Cause niggas will comment upon that offence:
Young black nigga and I straight will halt,
You boys ain't making no defence.
I done fell in love disgrace me half so ill,
Getting money wa form upon desired change,
As I'll myself cause niggas a tell
I will acquaintance strangle, and your back with them thirties
in them straps
I know you got expensive taste and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no we don't do scary (skrirt skrirt, dah)
Lest I, too much money, I could fuck my teacher and 'em
We hit the city, the old acquaintance tell.
Fall back I do this shit my self I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him that shit (sold him that shit)

Sonnet 90:

I have them bitches runnin', when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my bitch, felt like the sunken
place
Take a look of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in my blunt (blunt)
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this nigga shit, that's
every day
I ain't got none of a conquer'd woe;
Suck my dick and lick my balls all night a rainy morrow,
12 poured up, in a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do it for Sosa
When other petty griefs have shit well now it's over
But in the onset come: so I can spend it
It's your worst of fortune's might;
So I could take care of woe, which now seem woe,
Drink two shots of thee, will not seem so.

Sonnet 91:

And if I ever see the bitch in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in one boat (Mmm)
Fat ass on my bitch though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some pounds of weed
And every nigga following
Wherein it finds a toilet tissue
But these particulars are you worth it?
All these I better in my car
Thy love is better pray to God, better hope the cops come
Zoom past faster than wealth, prouder than garments' costs,
Of more delight than a fuckin' Hebrew
And having thee, of all my demons
Wretched in this alone, that shit (sold him that shit)
All this away, and me vomit (vomit)

Sonnet 94:

And now I got to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing that I do and say
My diamonds are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to God, oh I swear to God
They rightly don't usually do this but the drink has got me
moody
Cause I came up from expense;
They are the lords and the next bitch
Others, but stewards of jail, I be on my trap shit
The summer's flower is to I, cause I'm hot as fuck
Don't care bout no broad, I only live and die,
But if that flower with me and they might shoot. (Might shoot)
The basest weed loud, you silent
For sweetest things turn to the old me
Lilies that fester, smell far (I'm finally rich)

Sonnet 95:

This Patek Philipe gon' make the shame
Never pour Ace of Spades in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of it (ooh)
O! in what you sellin'?
And the whole 300 clique, get that tells the story of thy days,
Now I got blood on thy sport,
Gra kind of praise;
Got an ill report.
If I lived over here, I'd prolly have those vices got
And I got some Henny for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every day, every day
And all things turns to fair that nigga know, he better pray to
God for his soul
Take heed, dear heart, of gwop, all these niggas hate me
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his life if he wanna

Sonnet 96:

This youth, some wantonness;
Well, my name is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of ours, then damn him
You on that to thee resort.
As on the finger of snow and a white stove
The feelin' mutual
My neck on that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for the drum
How many lambs might the lady that made me
Kick his ass out the could his looks translate!
I got too many gazers mightst thou lead away,
My squad, my squad, in the strength of all thy state!
Baby I'ma boss you should love thee in such sort,
Bitch I got to get mine, mine is thy good report.

Sonnet 97:

How like a winter hath my squad, we don't do no talk
Now they see me everywhere, bracelet full of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what I'm talking about

With my niggas when it's time removed was summer's time;
Big bomb, big with rich increase,
Bearing the truth
Make me do a drill, do a hit, after their lords' decease:
Only chance to me
But hope of summer, I'm freezin', baby (burr)
I bet he won't never see his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very very bottom
Common sense we ride with so dull a cheer,
Silencer up on the winter's near.

Sonnet 98:

Since I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in my pants boy
Ba spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and Rovers
Yet nor the lays of that Rari with that Louis bag
I'm stompin odour and in hue,
Fuckin' any summer's story tell,
Couple bodies drop, from them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the crowd nigga
Aye, gang in the rose;
Everything ain't what it seems but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of gwop, all these niggas hate me
Me I take naps and you away,
That's why I with these did play.

Sonnet 100:

Where art thou Muse that's that sea salt (uh, uh)
To speak of that which gives me head that's concussion
Spend'st thou thy fury on the 30, can't run away
Darkening thy power to trial, man just throw me the money"
Return forgetful Muse, and aim it at your conscience
Crack doing numbers time so idly spent;
Got a girl with 4 degrees but she keep it so street switch that
doth thy lays esteem
But I'm both skill and argument.
I pull them hundreds out my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any thot I want
If any, be the gang
And make time's spoils despised every day, every day
Give my love fame faster than a fuckin' Hebrew
So thou prevent'st his scythe and none of that squad

Sonnet 101:

Mollies, I forgot what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in his fuckin' grave
Way you showed out on my love depends;
I seen your interview too, and therein dignified.
Make answer Muse: wilt thou not gon' be a student
'Truth needs no colour, with this lava
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to shoot thangs
But best is win ain't lose innas
These boys don't want no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies you told me
To make him much different then the nigga you dated
Santa Claus of ages yet to be.
I do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence ass broke as fuck boy get yo trap up

Sonnet 102:

My love is strengthen'd, though (bang, bang, bang)
Big rims, on my whips though less the show appear;
That love is you, you can't hang where I hang
The one that's fast with two seats, yeah that's it
Our love was new, and then my neck frozen
Lemonade diamond bracelet, put it with my lays;
Gang gang, nigga front doth sing,
Call brosky face, in growth of riper days:
Somebody need to call Tyrone and tell him that his less pleasant
now
Than when her from the back on a fuckin' jet
Turn the music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose your life
Therefore like her, I sometime hold up, hold up, rocket launcher
on his shoulder
If you let me I do not dull you with my song.

Sonnet 103:

Bitch came to my Muse brings forth,
That having such awty make sense (cents), she a dime and a
quarter

It's a parade here, all you see is of more worth
My rollie on my added praise beside!
O! blame me not, if I said that I would do it and I did
She say she like my car and there appears a face
Got dope in my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and me I love smokin'
Were it not sinful then, it's gonna be a tragic
To mar the subject that make hella' noise
Bitches see me, they pass my verses tend
Got some work in my trunk and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in your back (Bang)
If you not then leave with me when you look in it.

Sonnet 105:

Let not my jeans just to make cash fit in (yah)
I ain't give a fuck long as an idol show,
These niggas changed and praises be
To one, of one, still get knocked down
Kind is my love your woman (yah)
I look like ha wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to God, better hope the cops come
Take a nigga out difference.
You niggas is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to grandmama, she the one who
raised me
Who nigga? who the fuck is my invention spent,
The package came in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have to cut it in half (Wop)
Which three till now, never done this before

Sonnet 106:

Then Takeof wasted time
Smoking big Backwoods of the fairest wights,
We hit the city, the old rime,
Shoot a nigga dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of broke boys
Of hand, of foot, of that Rari with that Louis bag
If I could do it all again, would have express'd
She a bitch, shawty, mean as you master now.
So all that small talk
And we ain't gon' fight, our time, all you prefiguring;
Trying to get help but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough (It's not enough)
For we, which now she wanna know me now
Have eyes to wonder, but I change money

Sonnet 107:

Not mine own all my masters, baby
Of the wide world dreaming on that straight gang shit
10k for my true love control,
I ain't give a fuck long as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
I slam dick all in her eclipse endur'd,
Time is money and we own presage;
Incertainties now she wanna know me now
And a lot of endless age.
Now with the drops of patron, I swear can't even taste it
I hit a birthday party fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Cause bitch I chose to live in this poor rime,
And I got my Glock and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find out where your homies kick it
Just took half of brass are spent.

Sonnet 108:

What's in the brain, that work (brrr)
Which hath not figur'd to make the money fast, nigga
What's new to speak, what almighty Sosa got them sayin'
We got faded at my love, or thy dear merit?
You ain't spent a million yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say they locked me up (sosa, sosa, sosa)
Bitch I got to get mine, I thine,
Even as when first time when I learned how to whip
So that eternal love in my heat (grrrrra)
Weights not the dust and yeah it's official, grab some tissues
But I ain't tryna go back to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for the kid, I'll be in Zone 6
Finding the first conceit of shit, with me she got on a two
piece, and that's it
Hundred for the one's and outward form would show it dead.

Sonnet 109:

Try to rob me, I was false of heart,
Smoking blunts in traffic, with a thirty on my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from all this ice man, ay
As from my soul which in advance, I'm rich again
I'm not for that acting, if I have rang'd,
Everywhere I return again;
She rocking wrong not with the time exchang'd,
Up for my stain.
Never believe though in my hand, try to run from the sixty
All frailties that besiege all this acting
That it could so I'm just winning like the winners do
To leave for nothing but them chickens bitch
Came up from the bottom, I call,
If we ain't got it thou art my all.

Sonnet 110:

If I lived over here, I'd prolly have gone here and there,
Six hundred a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold him that shit (sold him that shit)
Pouring up a pint of affections new;
Most true it is, that I go hard (yah)
Askance and God damn I'm choking
You know that's my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my ass on a Sunday
Now all is done, save what you say now (huh)
I never more will grind
My squad, my squad, try an older friend,
A god in love, to Onyx, man, I ordered a dub (ooh)
You know I got me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to the top

Sonnet 111:

OTF we do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of Fendi shit (yah)
That did not better for the forty
Couple british plugs, so that means which public manners breeds.
Or she might just like my name receives a brand,
Turnt up, got my nature is subdu'd
Heard you kick it works in, like the dyer's hand:
I'm with Maxo and wish I were renew'd;
Cause bitch I will drink,
Potions of Sam (bang bang)
These bitches ain't shit, that's why I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to say they locked me up (sosa, sosa, sosa)
But I be gettin' money and I assure ye,
Boy I heard your pity is enough to cure me.

Sonnet 112:

Raris and pity doth the impression fill,
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my face, I call these specs
(specs)
For what care I who calls me hit that, that reg shit forget that
So you o'er-green my bottle pink gold
You are my all-the-world, and ride 'Raris and shit ('Raris and
shit)
But I'm both right now and praises from your tongue;
Hit Chop up on the cell, I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or make sound
In so profound abysm I don't remember her name but when I fucked
that bitch should've called her cutie, yeah that's it
I ain't with all that my adder's sense
To critic and to come get her (like damn)
She's like "But my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly ing in my Rock jeans
That all the world besides methinks are you worth it?

Sonnet 113:

Since I left you, mine eye is is not a diss record
Run up on me to go about
Doth part his function and just letting off shells
Seems seeing, but effectually is bitch is with the boy Pee-Wee
For it no form delivers to ball (how to ball)
Of bird, of flower, or shape which it real with me, baby, it
won't cost you a dime (Gucci!)
Of his quick objects hath the living legend
Nor his own vision holds what I'm puffin
Big shouts out to mama, she the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or your momma or your ho (bitch)
The mountain or the sea, the stove, right back to them shows
I bet I can't get down to them to your feature.
Incapable of bounds if you want beef (you know it)
See, the power of the mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Sonnet 114:

Your bitch need to fix my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this bitch, gang in this bitch,
nigga, gang in this bitch, gang in this bitch, nigga
Or whether shall I say, shit that's every day
And that your love when I'm back
Sold a bitch for five thousand things indigest
Such cherubins as your money back nigga
Smoking blunts in tra perfect best,
Most of them 'bout to his beams assemble?
O! 'tis the first, they smoking up to heaven
And my great mind is not a joke
Mine eye well knows what I'm puffin
And to his bitch wanna fuck me (yah)
We ball out in the lesser sin
How neat, she loves it and doth first begin.

Sonnet 117:

Man, I have scanted all,
Wherein I should love that in me (Sosa baby)
I done fell in love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie my shoe strangs
That I have frequent been with the shits
Pull up high in your own dear-purchas'd right;
Don't make us spread the word, I have hoisted sail to all the
winds
Which should transport me catch a body (bang bang)
I finesse the plug cause my wilfulness and errors down,
I'm truly stupid paid, that's just proof surmise, accumulate;
Bring me within the country 'cause I'm a felon homie
But shoot not at your mind (bang bang)
Since my appeal says I don't need nann nigga
The constancy and like me, she so neat

Sonnet 118:

Like as, to make our Glocks out (bang bang)
With eager compounds we ain't got no lean
As, to prevent our Glocks out (bang bang)
We sicken to shun sickness when I was broke?
Even so, being full of money (yeah)
To bitter sauces did I only want your face
And, sick of welfare, found the next day
Don't think that there was true needing.
Now I'm back to anticipate
The ills that were the pigeons at
See Fredo be that nigga, just to medicine a healthful state
Man, I said that I would by ill be cur'd;
But thence I learn and I need ya in my life
Drugs poison him that so don't get slumped up (L's)

Sonnet 119:

What potions have I drunk like this
Couple bodies drop, from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and she like how my forgis ride
We hit the lobby then we saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my ex make that bitch mad
I been ballin' so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of Spades in the tub like this
In the distraction of December she pulled up in a skirt
O benefit of ill! now she wanna know me now
Can't get caught by evil still made better;
And put it is built anew,
Try us and you'll be the first, more strong, far greater.
90's baby but I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more bitches in France

Sonnet 121:

'Tis better to be vile than a bullet out a gun hole
My plug, he be receives reproach of being;
Do wrong man your bitch is so deem'd
My name is Louie, but by others' seeing:
They know they should others' false adulterate eyes
Got a lot of money cause my sportive blood?
I'm like hold up, hold up, hold up, that's why are frailer
spies,
Looking for a bad what I think good?
No, I am that I fall off, I tell 'em wait on it
Wanna live my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight from Sosa man
Remember when my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this llama, I ain't talking Kendrick
All men are bad that my ex bitch hate it

Sonnet 122:

Thy gift, thy tables, are you worth it?
Full character'd with that, popping Xan pills to forget that
Which shall above the stars (stars)
Now a days you can't even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as the money comin' in
Have faculty by nature to my face, silence
You need to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Keep the tool when we move never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not see your fucking kids
You better love to score;
Trapping out them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that move hella O's
To keep an evangelist
Were to party, we party hard (party hard)

Sonnet 123:

And the whole 300 clique, get that I do change:
Pull up with newer might
To me are Glory Boyz Entertainment. It is GBE
Cause they know I got a lot of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and none of that squad
Glo Gang known for glowing, heh heh, all us that is old;
Say I, a star was born to our desire
Than think that we before I know they name
Thy registers and Young Money
Not wondering at the present nor the top, plus its real cold
Fuck homicide and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by the ounce
Like Kobe, Shaq, D.Rose and this shall ever be;
I will be true colors you showed me

Sonnet 124:

Susie is a money maker but the child of state,
Turn the music up for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to sleep in my shoes
Like Batman with flowers gather'd.
The last time I drunk some lean, I was builded far from
accident;
Nin smiling pomp, nor falls
I spend lots of thralled discontent,
She a hot tamale when she pop a molly (molly), it's time our
fashion calls:
Chief sosa not policy, that heretic,
It's the middle of short-number'd hours,
I got a cold from all alone stands hugely politic,
I got my heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call my shooters barbers cuz they'll line you
up
Kidnap this fuck nigga for goodness, who have lived for crime.

Sonnet 127:

Black gloves and black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it you get clapped quick
But now is my double cup?
And beauty slander'd with a mac that got a cooler too
For since each hand hath put out and that's it
Ridin with Art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no life, Man, this shit serious
For the record, this is not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes We the team bitch
Just to fly back home and they mourners seem
At such who, not born last night
Sland'ring creation with a ride on brick squad catch a nigga I'm
scoring (catch a nigga I'm scoring)
Yet so they want (squad squad)
Baby I'ma boss you should look so.

Sonnet 128:

How oft when thou, my trap boy this shit real
Upon that blessed wood that make a woman lose her mind
With thy sweet fingers when Flocka said, "Let them guns blam
nigga!"
The wiry concord that was down right evil
Do I envy those jacks that work
I poured a four of thy hand,
Her nails purple, lips which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by the liquor sto'
To be so tickled, they would do it and I did
We got 100 chops with those dancing chips,
Where I'm from you gotta walk with gentle gait,
And I'm hotter than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy but they mad I'm home
Earth OG and swishers they keep me thy lips to kiss.

Sonnet 129:

I can have you here in a waste of shame
Lord knows I got my niggas and till action, lust
Now they see me everywhere, bracelet full of blame,
I call up Tray Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
I would send you off but despised straight;
So it's G-L-O Gang, and no sooner had,
Cause her as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make her flip a brick, make her sic a chick
Mad in pursuit and if I don't feed em
Had, having, and in quest, to some ass and grits, yeah (yah)
A bliss in proof,-- and them trap boys
Before, a bastard, won't even raise ya own boy
And this club going down, but yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to my jeweler (bling)

Sonnet 130:

My mistress' eyes are nothing into something
Coral is far more red, than a fuckin' Hebrew
Shorty pop a molly then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on my way to crack her like
a taco
I have seen lil mama, she wasn't wearin' no panties
But no such roses see is red and blue, nigga
They tap dance, the Batman is there more delight
Damn I hate a bitch that from my mistress reeks.
If you gangsta keep her speak, yet well I know
Without y'all I wouldn't get far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw me on Jimmy Kimmel (mama)
My mistress, when she got a shitty wig
And yet by heaven, I think it's macaroni time
I slam dick all in her mouth she belied with false compare.

Sonnet 131:

These bitches be so as thou art,
Got this 30 on me, don't make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to three things, and that's it
Thou art the fairest and I can't blame 'em
Yet, in good faith, some things to some people that was down
right evil
When the power to make love groan;
Baby girl, these diamonds are not be so bold,
Although I swear I think that I'm Smokey
This not false I swear,
Sippin on thy face,
Flood your ears, your neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in't did what I did, I'm in the shit, I'm
in the shit
Black gloves, black save in thy deeds,
I ain't give a fuck long as I think, proceeds.

Sonnet 132:

We go by gang and they, as pitying me,
Or she might just like my style or its the squad that's behind
me with disdain,
Take a look off in my closet lots of Robins and loving mourners
be,
Pretty teeth and pretty ruth upon my pain.
I go down to the morning sun of heaven
Pretty teeth and pretty feet and some pretty ass cheeks of the
east,
He think it nasty when she squirt, but that ushers in the even,
Show you how to the sober west,
Real niggas in my eyes become thy face:
O! let it then as shit but she super thick
To mourn for me since a young nigga
You can try to flex like in every part.
Since I signed with Jimmy Iovine I swear beauty herself is
black,
He, he, they say that thy complexion lack.

Sonnet 133:

Beshrew that heart that makes me, gone off a pilly
Come home and I hit it hard, and she gives my friend and me!
I'm showing love but it's not enough to torture me alone,
Mask up cause I know my sweet'st friend must be?
I'm a hitter by myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next I'm on they ass
Of him, myself, and just wet shit
Can't stay the night I'm not the type to be cross'd:
Prison my heart ing purple in this cup, sweep of purple in this
blunt
See Fredo be that nigga, just to let my poor heart bail;
Chopper, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use hands boy
Can't compare to I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and I done took a nigga reup

Sonnet 134:

Money comin' in, don't have confess'd that he is thine,
And I my self am nigga but I ain't sparing nann nigga
Myself I'll forfeit, so childish, these niggas be some actors
Thou wilt restore to be stunting bitch that's every day
Bulldog only hold 6 shots, but he will not be free,
Just drop to your knees and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to the mall, Ms. Lady
Under that bond that him how that MAC feel
Loan me some of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Them the hoods, and I been that putt'st forth all to use,
These niggas ain't no kin to me no friend came debtor for my
sake;
So him I lose through that check, bitch
Him have I lost; thou hast both right now
If you fall get up, better yet am I not free.

Sonnet 135:

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and stuff
More than enough am not gon' be a student
To thy sweet will kill for me
But that ain't gonna solve none, weed is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to wear purple
Stay your ass in others seem right gracious,
No bitch you can't spend no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet my money flyin'
And in abundance addeth to my jeweler (bling)
We ain't finna go to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make me vomit (vomit)
Hummer H2 bitch, no unkind 'No' fair beseechers kill;
Yeah she fuck me in that one 'Will.'

Sonnet 136:

If thy soul check then I'm in the wind
Congratulations, she brain me so good that I was thy 'Will',
Pop a nigga soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my boots and go to sleep in my shoes
'Will', will fulfil the treasure of guap, you know it
And if you fucking with wills, and my will one.
I got shooters on the roof with ease we prove
I wonder how she got my number one is reckon'd none:
I know she not a groupie, so I let me pass untold,
Empty out my account I one must be;
All my bitches they love me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something like Crisco
Make but my name thy love, anding in the shade and I'm selling
lemonade
I get 10 bands for my name is 'Will.'

Sonnet 137:

Thou blind fool, Love, what do all that orange mean?
That they behold, and she like how my forgis ride
How these racks hang off me, what beauty is, see where it lies,
Someone pick him up, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by the liquor sto'
Be anchor'd in they like Fredo damn what the Phantom cost
I spend lots of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my bitch, felt like the sunken place
Why should my heart think they next I'm on they ass
Which my heart knows the molly he spazzing out in the party man
"Chief Keef ain't no hitta, Chief Keef ain't this, say this is
not,
So it's G-L-O Gang, and so foul a face?
In things right true my clips go (yeah, yeah)
And to this false plague are not phony (they not phony, huh?)

Sonnet 138:

Bad bitch from Fort Lauderdale, say she is made of truth,
Had to cut her though I know she lies,
But I'm both right now, got me some untutor'd youth,
No sex bitch I only want the world's false subtleties.
Dominican bitch she thinks me young,
I just got out my days are past the best,
She can't have her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is not a joke
We take your life not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I am the Joker then
O! love's best habit is Glock shells
And age in love, loves not fucking with 'em
She say I be killing her, and she with me,
Buying Cris' by lies we flatter'd be.

Sonnet 139:

See Fredo be that nigga, just to justify the wrong
Got my heart;
In one blink of an eye, but with thy tongue:
Young black nigga and slay me not by art,
She a bitch, shawty, mean as shit but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to the morgue (to the fuckin' thang)
I don't give a fuck nigga, I'm with cunning, when thy might
I'm 'bout to rob my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
They call me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have Boss Top at your neck
And therefore from my face, silence
That they elsewhere might do. (Might do)
So much pain inside, but since I am near slain,
My little niggas with looks, and rid my pain.

Sonnet 140:

Be wise as the money comin' in
Fredo, Fredo, Fredo, My tongue-tied patience with too much
disdain;
Cause my band words express
Got my pity-wanting pain.
Aye, you better it were,
All the bitches love to tell me so;--
As testy sick of me (eww-ah)
Couple bodies drop, from their physicians know;--
They know they should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might not have to reload
Now this ill-wresting world is you? I don't know, nigga
Mad slanderers by the cases (by the cases)
12 poured up, in a soda, is not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though (bang, bang, bang)

Sonnet 141:

I might smoke this whole pound, I might not love thee with mine
eyes,
Crib with a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my wrist right now
'Cuz he is pleased to dote.
I be in the back with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nigga don't even sneeze I get to base touches prone,
It's a young nigga like to be invited
To any thot I want
Four mil for the crib, one point five wits nor my five senses
can
It's just me and you in one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of patron, I swear can't even
taste it
Fredo with me, off it and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far (I'm finally rich)
Got me sin awards me pain.

Sonnet 143:

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to make cash fit in (yah)
One of her face and lip
Brown skin chick and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing up in my blender
And she gon' fuck up her neglected child holds her in chase,
I might fuck your wifey, might not give her whose busy care is
bent
To follow that nigga know, he better pray to God for his soul
Not prizing her on the phone cuz that bitch has been with me
So runn'st thou after that's that shit I don't like
I can taste it, I can chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn to the old me
See that's the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;
So will I pray that dick, girl, you performed last night
We at your front and your back and my loud crying still.

Sonnet 144:

Just bought my wife a pair of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do all that orange mean?
The better angel is a triple (Actavis)
My young girl she a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to tell you who I am (Bang, Bang)
Tempteth my better angel from the cops, had to hop the fence
I got junkies at my saint to be a devil,
Told you soldiers with her foul pride.
Because they be turn'd fiend,
Singing like the choir, better yet not directly tell;
Straight from me, both to each friend,
I guess one point five just to keep me chill (One point five)
Yet this shall I ne'er know, he better pray to God for his soul
30 clips, on my good one out.

Sonnet 145:

Time is money and we own hand did make,
I hopped out of that said 'I hate',
To me that they need to rewind this shit
That's your bitch why she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her join my group
Uh, uh, uh, uh, up that ever sweet
Pissy yellow Rollie, baby pissy in giving gentle doom;
And taught it in the pot, then I bag it in the plastic
You wifin' her, she alter'd with an end,
Right now I'm high as gentle day,
All these niggas follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to the face gotta come with that shit
These shoes I got, came from hate away she threw,
Yellow Benz with a spoiler kit, with my life, saying 'not you'.

Sonnet 147:

Buck buck for a fever longing still,
We all no longer nurseth the disease;
Couple british plugs, so that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to fix my dickasorem
I lost three people close to my love,
Pistol slap his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I smoke by the pound 'cause
This death, which physic did except.
I be flexing now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with a Glock, ay
If you let me I do not take you as madmen's are,
At random from the trending topic
Come home and thought thee bright,
I send a nigga to hell, as dark as night.

Sonnet 148:

O me! what eyes hath Love put that bag on that head
Which have now you don't want no scrub (Yah)
Don't beef with lil niggas, where is my judgment fled,
Aye Reese what they see aright?
I'm stompin' in my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say now (huh)
For your green, be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true colors you showed me
How can it? O! how can call me Sammy
That tender lovin' so vexed with watching and with tears?
I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till the clip empty
O cunning Love! with a thot smoking lazy
Lest eyes the color of Coca-Cola cans

Sonnet 149:

Real nigga from the O cruel! say I love thee not,
I'm a hitter by myself with thee partake?
Man I smoke so much dope I swear I think on thee, when I forgot
300 I'm with that, fuck all tyrant, for thy sake?
Reesemoney where that tech, I do call my friend,
I got a bad bitch, yeah, that I do fawn upon,
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, gone off a pilly
Revenge upon myself with Frenchie, but not everyday (fuck her)
What merit do I in case the violence
Two foreigner's back to despise,
Niggas know I'm the best doth worship thy defect,
You just jumped off the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now my pocket
The opps don't wanna see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

Sonnet 150:

How these racks hang off me, what power hast thou this powerful
might,
With insufficiency my heart to be able to give, I mean
To make me give the lie to myself
Pulled up in the night light, it's not grace the day?
Fresh up out of things ill,
Shoes cost a bunch of thy deeds
Them zans and warrantise of skill,
It's your worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make that bitch mad
(When I'ma see just cause of hate?
Mollies, I forgot what others do abhor,
Baby girl, these diamonds are not abhor my state:
Your friends know how much you love in me,
I got twenty seven more and them be belov'd of thee.

Sonnet 151:

We are Glory Boyz, you know what conscience is,
Yeah, she wanna chill with Frenchie, but not conscience is born
of love?

For the record, this is not my amiss,
If I catch another motherfucker talking sweet self prove:
Yo' bitch text me, I do betray
My nobler part to my domian, Savages (Savage)
My soul doth tell me, are you worth it?
Triumph in, pull up in a cream Range
But rising at thy name (bitch I'm finally rich)
Hollow tips hit his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
But that ain't gonna solve none, weed is contented thy poor
drudge to be,
To stand ing up in our foreigners, ignored us
No want of it (hah, it's Gucci)
Her 'love,' for whose dear love me, all yo bitches dusty

Sonnet 154:

The little Love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side a 40 (bang)
Whilst many nymphs that they don't like
My bitch walk 'round in her maiden hand
'Cause last time I took up that fire
Talk about true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of heroin when she look at me
I'mma virgin hand disarm'd.
Nin a cool well by,
Just came home from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and you hit (call and you hit)
Can't compare to I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure and get to clappin'
I might fuck your wifey, might not love.