

# Scrubs (feat. Shakewell)

Pouya

Bitch I been a scrub since day one  
Scrub under the toilet till the pay comes  
Popping ten pills until the pain numbs  
I can feel all the head from my day 1's  
Claiming the clique like they into it  
Really wishing I felt you my enemies  
I ain't pay for no hoe I'm just feeling it  
Where in the fuck were you at my sentencing  
See the judge and he sentence me to the pen  
where he already sent many men  
First time offender to felon,  
he can't feel resentment from crimes I'm just putting in  
Work for the [?] and I'm reppin' it  
But what happens when said stuff start to caving in  
I pray to [?] don't get popped  
They get picked up, picked on until they speak to the cops  
I can hear squealing like some pigs in a pot  
So I'm still praying that the case get dropped  
Aye yo Pouya  
I been praying a lot, but I don't know who's talking back,  
is it Satan or God?  
Could be the voices in my head since I been kicking the ox  
All I really need is beats so go and pass me the aux  
Wrap the cable around my neck and then I stand up on top  
Kick the chair from under my feet,  
now that should tighten the knot, damn  
My verse going harder than the noose neck  
Sorry shorty, can't fuck with you, you got them loose legs  
Funny thing about the looser [?]  
Catch me on the [?]  
[?] [?][?][?]  
Keep my mind preoccupied  
Work on myself  
Can't let nobody get into my mind or get intimate with me  
I enter my stealth, playing dip down the block, block cop way back  
Blood stains dripping all around the face mask  
Throw it in the river now where your case at?  
Devil in my eyes telling me to face that  
I cannot comply to the feds laid back  
Fucked up in the head and i bust in her legs  
So sick to my stomach, laying down in my bed  
Contemplating the suicide, thinking like who am i?

You from the gutter, bitch I'm from the suicide  
Got a lifetime in a hard drive  
A hundred racks and it's all mine, can't go for the minimum  
Yuh, Yuh, Yuh, whippin' the [?] bad pussy  
You drippin' blood out of your ovaries  
Tell your hoe please to get over me  
Know it's me when I pull up in the Caddy and hoes wanna photo me  
Follow me, i can show you what you posed to be  
I ride my coat, never ride with a [?]  
Hoes sell pussy on wholesale  
The cops go low when you desperate  
The cops ride slow like they creepin' on yo necklace  
I got the block together with no tetras  
Bump this hoe right here when you feeling real helpless  
Keep the Glock somewhere near my pelvis,  
in case I gotta get my vengeance  
The Lexapro, it can't help me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>