

# Heartthrob

## Father

Better call the cops  
I'm 'bout to run up on yo' block  
Take shit that don't belong to me  
They say that something wrong with me  
Red rum, red rum (eh)  
Hoodlum, I'm done (yeah)  
Dust on hell spawn (woah)  
We don't get along  
Rock with it, lean with it  
Styrofoam with lean in it  
Party not popping, less my whole fucking team in it  
Glenn Wood, hitting jugg's  
Niggas wish that they was good  
But niggas couldn't keep it real  
But I don't hold no ill will  
I ain't got no ena, and you ain't got no stamina  
So nigga don't you come at me  
We know you ain't got no family  
You ain't got no crew  
Cause they don't keep it real with you  
Niggas keep it real with me  
Despite all of my savagery  
No matter what I steal, or all the niggas that I rob  
Living on the west side  
Pretty black heartthrob  
The way I used to make her feel  
I miss when we were only friends  
Juggin' in the west end  
Touching in her west end  
Big house Duplex (yeah)  
Suplex, who next (woah)  
Russian roulette (yeah)  
Bullet threw neck (eh)  
Brett Hart, sharpshooter  
Scamming bitches on computers  
Future in my hands  
Popped a vyvanse, blew five bands  
Hang time, gang signs  
Use you're hands, fusion dance  
Stay in school  
So tinted  
Oprah Winfrey, we ain't cool  
Soda whips is bullet proof  
Getting throat in a jeep

A nigga ran off the streets  
Say they got evidence on me  
But that shit ain't concrete  
No matter what I steal, or all the niggas that I rob  
Living on the west side  
Pretty black heartthrob  
The way I used to make her feel  
I miss when we were only friends  
Juggin' in the west end  
Touching in her west end Better call the cops  
I'm 'bout to run up on yo' block  
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Red rum, red rum (eh)  
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Dust on hell spawn (woah)  
We don't get along

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>