

# Voice

## Hi-Tone

(Verse 1)

They said if I was black I would've blew up  
They said if I was I white I would've blew up  
I think y'all acting racist like Adolph  
Remember the end of the story hitler blew his brain off  
This shit is weird to me homie this shit is weird to me  
If I was reppin Compton I swear you'd be acceptin me  
If I was sellin drugs I swear you'd be reppin me  
Cause everybody know who the real plug is  
Those are my uncles, my cousins, my homies a lot of busted  
I took a different route cause I'm different, I found a purpose  
I'm buzzin I got the weight up  
It's easy I got the lay up  
These labels are cock blockin  
You labels are outdated  
Why you think we all at empire  
Why you think half the rappers you sign all wearing some girl attire  
I'm just talking some shit  
I did a sold out show then pulled off with my bitch

(Hook)

I am the voice (x3)  
And you don't have a choice

(Verse 2)

Everywhere you eat my people are cookin up for you  
Everywhere you stayin my people are cleanin up for you  
Trump build a wall yeah fuck I'm climbin up for you  
Either way this Mexican coming to spit a verse for you  
Damn  
This shit don't make sense in LA we like 80%  
All the DJs got my skin but they afraid to give me one damn spin  
But I ain't mad though  
Residual checks they equal cash flow  
My team never settle for less look at the dash bro  
All white paint Yo Gotti 84 flow  
I bet you non believers is feelin like some assholes  
Dude I forgive I forgive I forgive

But just cause I forgive doesn't mean we spending Christmas  
Everybody gettin along that's on my wishy list  
But you been sleepin on me so long I bought a pillow bitch

(Verse 3)

That's the movement that's the lifestyle that's the hope  
That's 400 pyramid tats around the globe  
That's sad you can't even get 400 to show  
You need 5 other rapper to sellout your show

Oouu

Where the blogs at, fuck the blogs that  
Said I wouldn't blow ah man with no tongue could've called that  
It was just a matter of time I never fall back  
Tony got soul the salsa is what I call that  
The ghost writers that ride inside of the ghost  
The ones that always out in the open are hiding most  
These fake Gs love to brag and boast  
But real gangsters love they bread and they ride with toast  
These fake rappers pay they way in they hood  
And they love you just as long as you paying them good  
I'm no gangster I don't live that life  
I got killers in my fam I'm tryin to give back life

(Hallelujah)

Valenzuela baby get that right

Word to Fernando it's Mando I pitch that right

From el chapo to dodgers, from dodgers to soccer, from soccer to boxers Julio Cesar Chavez

Fuck it I'll fuck Ivanka naked wearin some chanclas

While Steelz fucking Melania made her swallow horchata

I don't even need to say no more

It's Hi-Tone muthafucka got the voice that glow

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>