

My advice is, stand firm for what you believe in
Until, and unless, logic and experience prove you wrong
Remember

Yeah, shhh

It was supposed to be you and I and the curtains closed
But somewhere along the lines we switched episodes
It's kinda like when Gina left Martin for New York
Speaking of New York, the city is so lost
Even with the Knicks lookin to make the playoffs
Spike is back on the court, and Jeter's still in the Bronx
Bloomberg got the city ready for seance
Go get your ouija boards out niggaz and pray on
You want (Drama)? Get your fuckin (Kay Slay) on
Still got the world on my shoulders, a nigga headstrong
About to go in; you can lock my body
contract my mind, my thoughts keep escapin
Power of the pen it work provoc' like Basquiat
They fancy, 'cept I paint my pictures lyrically
But fancy enough, bitch foamin like a Swiss B
And we ain't talkin hoes, we talkin Euros and raw weed

Who do you believe in?

Is it money or the man upstairs? Is it power or prayer?
God bless the dead and fuck the world fast
What's progression if you never been through backlash
Nigga what do you believe in?
Cause my money's on me, myself and I, my team and this music
Y'all ain't gon' believe this
Maybe it's my fault, or maybe y'all just makin excuses

Who do you believe in?

Motherfucker the money is talkin to me and tellin me that it's lonely
In need of new friends, preferably Grants and Franklins
And the singles and the fives went to the bitches
Dubs is for wifin in the club, no mention
But you know who you are, nigga stop flinchin
Stop cuffin; you may not think that it's a bitch
but life's a hoe and everybody's been fuckin!
See that's what I believe in
With n o logic, no need for experience
To fuck the world would be a lifetime achievement
You make it cum then e'rybody jump on the dick
Y'all niggaz full of shit, that's why you fuckin assholes
And never smell the shit stinkin 'til you get shitted on
Fuck 'em all, not for nothin
I ain't (Always On Time), too much ice in the vodka muh'fucker

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