

Thumbing through bands how my day start, great start  
Don't hit my line if you're caged up  
What they thought, I hate narcs  
Don't answer questions when my case caught  
Interrogation room, me and detectives face fought  
I put you rats in the graveyard, I hate y'all  
Got your name attached to this bullet like it's trademarked  
It ain't talk, youngers stay sharp  
Could play dumb but a dumb motherfucker can't play smart  
Told my man "This ain't sports"  
We take forks and turn an appetiser to a main course  
Our brave hearts became dark, exchanged thoughts  
Could put my lyrics on page and frame art  
I was swimming with eight sharks  
That night for dinner, we ate shark  
My homie got the town on lock, I'm chilling in St Bart's  
While he put you niggas outta business like Kmart  
Playing with me, it ain't smart  
I'ma get you buried, like February, your days short  
I came to rearrange chores  
Seeing thirty-eight, that number one is gonna break hearts  
Trust