

I exist in the shadows created by street lights
My life is charcoal sketches, vandalizin' your oil-
based watercolored world thoughts and insights
My life-my life, drama takes place underneath these street lights
No-no curtain, no script, no costumes
No playwright's direction, no-no dressin' rooms, no-no curtain calls
My-my dreams are my image overlooked by these street lights
As we-we struggle to find the space between, the space between desperation and insanity
Loneliness in hell, hunger in street fights
Darkness in these street lights
Our-our souls play out underneath these street lights, man
Only a select few are granted fifteen minutes of fame though
We all run the same course through this man-made pitfall infested X-games
See, I-I've learned everything underneath these street lights

The butcher, I'm back recruitin'
We posted up like Olajuwon back from Houston
The streets, I adapted to it 'cause I was attracted to it
Took the I-95 from Dade to Massachusetts
You know how the trappers do it, blocks like Patrick Ewing
That coke turn to rock, when it's smoke it go back to fluid, deeper
When the brains of the teacher don't match your students
Lease a few 100K out the streets, no tax included
Ain't ask for nothin', I never had to do it
I came home on schedule, ain't have to rat to do it
I play whatever she like, she start relaxin' to it
Before she unbutton my Louie, she gotta ask to do it
I'm not a regular nigga, y'all some petty lil' niggas
At eighteen I had a plug and a federal sentence
You want my chain? Take it but end up dead if you get it
Black Suburban full of shooters ahead of the sprinter
Uh huh, look, if you want it all, then hit me
I get more than fifty
You can meet me by the border down in Corpus Christi
My old bitch cold, sick, yeah, of course she miss me
But she knew her choice to leave was gonna cost eventually
I let these niggas think they were smarter but I was speakin'
I drew the Mona Lisa up while they talkin', uh
Now this where we gon' clean up the market
But when I had to flush, I just read in the toilet

Hey yo
I spent your re-up on my belt and pants
I flew your bitch to a beach
Knew she a cheat as soon as her feet felt the sand
Open her legs like a health exam
Hella Xans and we party like we a part of a Elvis band
Fiends smokin' out the Welches can
I took green and white and painted the streets, I'm like a Celtics fan
A selfish man but I felt his plans
A powerful mind can build an empire with someone else's hands
Think major when I'm speakin' paper
Leave the tailor with an extinct animal, fuck mink and gator
I get the pounds then I shrink 'em later
You got premature paper, your stash belong in an incubator
How you niggas do illegal favors for free?

Give me a key to drop off, I won't see you later
I'm a whole brick of diesel layer
That's why you see me in the club lookin' better than an Eagles' player
I don't need a jersey, every piece at least thirty
Run the streets all week but sleep early
Mink inside of my car, my seat's furry
You the weakest link in your squad, Keith Murray
My plug know we gotta be strapped when he serve me
As long as the price don't change then we sturdy
Every time I text your wife, she hurry
Leave a bitch with wet pussy, broke pockets, knees dirty
Let's go