

# Most Beautiful Thing

38 Spesh

They callin' me in, my OG's 40 again  
In the '90s I cracked 40s before we was men  
That's where the story begins, I might have even ran orgies with twins  
Sick in the dice game, always a win  
My main man around them niggas came off to get me  
That's when I had to hide the torch and hickies  
I ain't never go to school, played the porch with Ricky  
Pack got stolen, now it's more than iffy  
Good old days, you ain't talk candles if the wood don't fade  
My brother Spesh had the hood on treys  
Sawed-off on my arm, that's a foot-long gauge  
Facemask jux, no football plays  
Che, grew up in the toughest times  
You get killed if you pick up a dime  
He want the money but he doesn't grind  
They seen it all but they hustle blind

Uh, the most beautifullest thing in this world is street cred  
We got a referral  
I'm thorough, made moves in every borough  
Niggas go against God and get punished like Ferrell  
Find yourself in hot water like the Devil  
I know rebels had to pray over troubles  
My shooters, never cared about your muscles  
We hustle, connecting the dots to the puzzle  
So be careful, 'cause the hood don't love you  
And all of your peoples is really not there for you  
So watch your best friends 'cause they're the one to destroy you  
I never told 'cause I was way too loyal  
But the feds will wrap you up like aluminum foil  
All types of numbers when they done with the total  
So young heads, shoulda listened when I told you  
And take notes when the wise man molds you