

Venting 2

38 Spesh

Huh

Know what I'm sayin'?

This my type of music right here

Ayo

I'm tryna figure where the team went
We all took risks, broke bread, had a real agreement
When you was locked, I sent you pink slips when you need it
Said I'd be there soon as your feet feel the cement
But niggas ain't as real as me here
If I ain't help you, think of the position you still would be in
You fell victim to your inner demon
It's inconvenient when somebody say they with ya
But don't really mean it
You went behind my back pillow-speakin'
Hear the secrets get to spillin' to these bitches
When you feel a grievance
I never thought that we would end up beefin'
I shoulda seen it, but couldn't
Still tryna find the missin' pieces
Like I wasn't there with your nieces
You was incarcerated
Know your father hate it and sister speechless
And I could get you hit the cheapest
But I'll put in my own work
Do dirt 'til I sit beneath it
We was kids, you had a plug, was gettin' it cheaper
And we was all in the trap eatin' chicken and pizza
You never let me meet your plug, this why it's deeper
I met mine and let mine officially meet ya
And that situation, life-changer
If I had to use words to explain it, I would write pages
But the way we playin', quite dangerous
We was like brothers, now that money got us like strangers

Huh, know what I'm sayin'?

That's just what the money do sometimes, you know?

Make you fall out with niggas you been cool with since the motherfuckin' six
th grade and shit

Huh

Motherfuckers get short-term memory and shit

You know what I mean?

They forget about

You know, all that other shit

Ayo

How could you steal from me?

You 'posed to be my sister

How could you ever think to hurt me?

And now, reconsider

Two years passed and I'm still not speakin' with ya

Like Big said, money and family is an evil mixture

I was there when you need it, nigga

For the kids, I put food in the crib

And gave you weed and liquor

I never thought that I'd be beefin' with ya

But you never miss the water 'til it's gone

And you don't see the picture
And to my ex-girl, I don't regret you leavin'
I'm kinda glad that you gone, I needed extra freedom
Every day I'm gettin' special treatment
And I wake up feelin' like I just left a successful meetin'
These niggas wanna catch you sleepin'
It be the same ones you looked out for, and gave 'em extra pieces
It's jealousy that kept you speakin'
I might pull up with the windows down, that's just to let you peek in 'em
Trust