

## Peace Connecticut

Apathy

I'm on my CT shit, but when ain't I  
I've been repping this shit since I was yay high  
I'm from heroin town, yeah I was born there  
Check the location on my four square, junkies and whores there  
Hartford and New Haven's like warfare, these days  
Channel three news with the replays, where the body decays  
White trash free base, plus we da home of slept on rappers and  
dj's  
Big mike put me up on his tapes, for I'm repping this state, no  
t because I drop hates  
And my name holds me, this is just a reminder  
From the state where we call subs and heroes grinders  
It reminds me of nine five in the pathfinder  
Playin Only Built 4 Cuban Linx, or Da Beatminerz  
Well the evil deed broke me off lovely, it's ugly  
Shout out to all the Uconn huskey's  
I'm a CT

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Yo, I'm a young man, with an old soul  
I'm from where Good Ole Tom will buy your old gold  
Shout out to steez-o, peace to duelo  
And Chris Webby gettin' buzy in the studio  
I'm dough rakin' with my mo'fuckin' spliff and bone  
And got my northface on son, it's wicked cold  
I'm New England like a mo'fucka', turn turn it up louda'  
We export more white powda' than clam chowda'  
An epic beast repping streets where they say F police  
Sitting in this interview, with my man Kevin Reese  
I'm a product of Dock 9, it's classic  
In case you didn't know he's Connecticut's Mr. Magic  
If you all want problems, here comes trouble  
That's why I got Connecticut, tattered above my knuckles  
Peace to all my people, chilling in Williwico  
And chicks on the metro north, strapped with Kilos and CT

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