Uncle

ASAP Ferg

Let's ask a question of real life
How you gon keep it
You gon keep it trill
You gon keep it real
You gon keep it to yourself
Or you gon keep it away from what it should be
Ask yourself

You was devil walking I mean you never taught me nothing
Talking about you knuck if you buck
You walk through the block as if you was tough
You was always got fucked up
Oh, my uncle got stabbed?
Granddad, he never gave 2 fucks, claimed it was good for your ass
Oh no love from your dad, is that, the reason you act up
Grandma always spoiled you
Even kept your mac tucked in her mattress
How could you ask for trust?
You's a junkie smoked on glass dick and be holding glass nuts
Grandma was "Ma" and Auntie was "Sis"
She was my best friend even taught me how to kiss
You was in and out always get up in some shit
Quick to lock a door, while that blood is dripping from your lip
I learnt nothing from you, you took my chain cause you said it glist
I was only 8 I still loved you cause ignorance is bliss
You's a bitch probably in the bathroom rubbing on your clit
Claim you committing suicide, motherfucker then slit your wrist
I'm different from you, because you live to die and i die to live
Good riddance for you, cause you a handicap with nothing to give
Go fuck yourself cause you better off not having a kid
Got two sisters pregnant now they brothers and cousins and shit
Confused as fuck, a lot for a toddler growing up
No wonder why I had anxiety in school throwing up
You claim you know my life but you don't know wassup
All you know is keeping it trill and that fucking stuff (what, what)

They walk back into my life [x5]
(They walk back into my life)
Don't walk back into my life [x5]
(Don't walk back into my life)

I wanted to be just like you
Wear Beef and Broccoli Timbs just like you
Army fatigue pants just like you
I wanted to get box braids be a man just like you
You had a move called the cycle I wanted to dance just like you
You listen to O.D.B. that was your idol
And that explains your drug habit he was a man just like you
Always getting locked up with no plans for life
You drowned your life with 40 ounces, contraband with pipes too
My chain wasn't enough, you even stole my bike too
Claimed you'd bring it back tomorrow after that I ain't like you
Always running to my ma talking 'bout you got a job
But you still begging for dollars for a fucking metro card
But I still love you uncle even though times is hard
I know you see me shining somewhere near the stars
(5,4,3,2,1)...

Ferg forever
A$AP Mob

Legendary

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!