

Duality

ASAP Twelvyy

Yeah, I like that, yeah
Yuh

His piece was hitting, bagging bundles blasting
It Was Written
Far from fiction,
Kept the Smith n' for the friction on the ave pitching
Talking shit Stephen A. Smith when talking 'bout the Knicks
Got dimes in his trench, young dirty boy
But that tech don't glitch
Red flag by his stitches and that clip don't miss
Aggressively bad attitude, his moms used to whip him
He bounced back, no crying, never played the victim
Stabbed in his back, left with a slight twitch
Big heart, small frame, still like 5'6"
Known the status, corner with the automatic
Famous for the shootin', left scars that'll autograph
Blood in the streets, Stephen King graphic
Scales on the daily, just jugg'd the plasma
Smoking heavy sour, coughing bad asthma
Sell to dummies out of town, you could hear the laughter
He need a pastor
Moms ain't seen him, don't ask her
Lil bro following behind in a life of crime
Should've gave him composition, tryna bright his mind
But steady on a ledge with a gun to his head
Went on to juugs with his friends, found two to his head
Shit nasty, now big bro lost, activated anger
Here everybody got crossed, now he a bigger boss
Chip on his shoulder
Deez on his body, got a case in the folder
Early with the dope, why you raisin' the Folgers?
Life getting weird like [?]
Hearing strange voices like "Look what I told you"
Only 16 but he live like he older
Mean mug, diddy bopped [?] toaster
His hideout, heard his face on a poster
Robbery went south, grab for the holster
Cops ran down, close rain on a soldier
Just a young nigga going out in the dope gang
Never seen the world, only settle for small change
It's fucked up (It's fucked up)

Momma smoking stones, poppa was a rolling stone
Uncle was a booster, auntie had a mobile home
Scary Freddy Krueger, smoking to some Hall & Oats
Projects with intruders, illuminati skull and bones
War scars, exclusives, kicking rocks with open toes
[?] to gain a student, dog food for older hoes
Books by Rasputin
Shakespeare, know his quotes; "To be, or not to be"
Legacy we goin' for
Neighbor keep the stash for him, wifey keep the cash for him
Brodie keep the gas for him, hood got a pass for him
Alligator dashboard, tag on the backboard
Cryptocurrency corporation come in cash form
Never met his pops, he was busy

Lost his two sons to the city
He did 15 in the mountains
Baby momma he ain't wanna bring around 'em
Saw it on the news when they found him
Damn the same day he got out
Money and success don't equate
When the angels in your life fly away

That's real shit, and that's fucked up
That's fucked up
(More energy is [?] at the end of the day...)
Karma is crazy, she'll pop out at you with a fashionova fit, you feel me