

# 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