

Fear

Bawal Clan

Got that fern, get the fire
Let it burn, let it fry
In a blunt, in a pipe
Anything to get that high
Let it float, let it fly
Take a toke, let it ride
Let it turn and in turn
Let off positive vibes

In the zone, when I slide
When I stride. When I glide
When u don't want to catch them fades
In ur shades, hide yer eyes
See the signs of the times
Different lives, different crimes
Hear their cries, gotta keep rollin
Rock on bawid-daba bye bye

Bye Bye (Aye) Pull up in your city yea i finna do a drive by
Fly High (Aye) On buddah level contemplating like a rabbi
Third eye tell an enemy from an ally
If you ain't on the same boat you a sore eye
Your aura tell it all and it dont lie
Who da fuck looking at me with a side eye?
Sick as ebola, verses from torah
My mind controller is ready to roll out
Ballin with the clan a legit high roller
Ice on both wrist im a bit bipolar
Power from the gods whenever i roll up
I don't play no games i dont tic tac toe
Put you to test in the west they go
I'm the big bad wolf with a red head hoe

Fear in ya eyes I see it
That fear in my eyes I beat it
Daily criticize my bein
They be tellin lies in between the lines I read em
Can't hide that feelin
I can sniff it out from a mile that demon
I can see it so clear in the dark that demon
Swayin like a tide throwing everything aside for a time now I be steady fightin that demon
Ain't nobody hearin me
But I hear em all clear all the voices in my head tryna find that peace of mind
I be killin it
Even though at at times I just wanna blow my head off wit a 9
One time for my people ere
Got that money on my mind, bout to get mine bitches on the side
With the clan yeah you feelin that
When we pull up in the spot
Everybody feel the fiyah
Burn deep in ere

It's all or nothing; it's dedication
It's your concentration
The situation not a vacation

If you wanna be famous
Now you complaining cause I'm Asian
Now I'm one of your favorites
Don't be no lame bitch
Do what you say kid
Are you really complaining?
Well, you ain't done shit
Please don't act rich
Cause you under surveillance
Boy, you ain't that sick
You need practice
Why, you testing my patience
Why, you is plastic
You is cashless
When it's all about saving
Don't try to swag up
On your mashup
Cause I'll be your replacement

Hold up, hold up, hold up let me breathe and free my mind
I just wanna hit it, hit it pass it on and then rewind
Living in a crazy world where everything is out of line
Ain't afraid of death but truth is I hate running out of time
I'm alive and I'm high
See the fire in my eyes
On the grind all the time
All the time on the grind
I'mma get it, get it, get it, get it yup by any means
Middle finger to the haters go and take it as you please yuh

Smokin dat spinach like popeye
Smoke a bitch nigga yell bye bye
I cannot fuck withcho energy
I'm with my niggas we myt do a drive by
Way too damn cold to feel anything
I'm sippin Hennessey I'm gettin new facial ink
I call it pop high
Might roll on molly and whiteside
Handle my bidness at best buy
Fuck any op finna blind side
Ima take flight on da westside
Buss it down on da eastside
Down at bedstuy where da best lie
Got a bad bitch wit dem best thighs
And a QP by my bedside