

It's a cold game

You know that feelin' when you lose a box?
And it's feelin' like time stopped
And you sittin' there plottin' with no other options
You know I'm re-coppin'
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You know the feelin' when it don't show up?
And your phones blow up, bank accounts froze up
When you feel like you're hot and you clean out your spot
I don't think we should talk, but I need to re-cop
I wonder, what did they hear? Are they comin' for me?
Did they get a fingerprint? 'Cause I wiped that bitch clean
My mind spinnin', ashtray full in my Maybach
Did the homie lie? If he did, I want payback
Plottin' on ways to bounce back and be lowkey
Tryna push these greenhouse chems and some OG
2010, the Feds tried me three times
At the airport pullin' me out of the line
Countin' my cash and runnin' through my bags
Ask me questions, I knew it's all bad
You know that feelin' when you wake up trippin'?
I wonder if they caught me slippin'

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I wonder, who do I blame? Don't put smut on my name
'Cause this number will change, that's just part of the game
You can't reach me at all, heard you can't find a line
I wonder how you are, I ask all the time
See, the thing about losin' a box, you never know
If the Feds intercept it or the package was stole
It'll fuck with your soul and close circles for sure
Gettin' head and some weed is my cure
Should I drive 'em or have 'em fly 'em?
Where the carry-on luggage? It's worth tryin'
Fuck the mailman and all of them dogs, I want my work back
I miss 2012, bring the Perc' back
I'm fillin' up the U-Haul truck
'Cause the 18-wheeler been in Utah, stuck
I'm sick of the road and the air been burnt
When you lose work, that shit hurt

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You know the feelin', the gut feelin'
You know the feelin', the gut feelin'
You know the feelin', the gut feelin'
If it make it, then we touch millions
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