

Crocodile Tears

Billy Woods

32 bars on how to rob and kill your neighbors
Still got the nerve to ask God to save you
The exhale got a whole different flavor
Official policy: don't do me no favors
Oakland Raiders, empire in decline, but still got plenty paper
Penny wise, pound foolish
Bring the mountain to Mohammed, move pounds stupid
A capellas, the beast chopped it and looped it
Threw some minor keys, bars, and hooks
Only option, cop the plea, it's off the books
This year
Sync the rapping up, the (w) rapping's off, I can hear
You rapping soft, no heart, defibrillate these niggas (Clear!)
Problem with the army is, they wanna be the boss
Problem with secret police is, it's like a dirty gun you can't toss
President Banana, lips burnt on roaches of bammer
Bad idea, like borrowing money in the slammer
Less than candid on camera
When you hit the big screen don't let whitey Space Jam ya
Sea of Green under rays gamma
Stunner shades, Ray Banner
You will like me when I'm angry
I got plenty of home trainin' and manners

Bring me champagne when I'm thirsty
Bring me reefer when I want to get high
Lord have mercy, hope that ya heard me
Y'all can't hurt me, I've been feeling like this a long time
Bring me champagne when I'm thirsty
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See folk you used to son, lookin' at you like you broke
And cats you used to look up to is smoking coke
That's that rope-a-dope, negroes tryna float they boat
In high school ya man's shot was wet
In Junior College, though, they trap and press
Crowd you off that jumper, couldn't even hit the net
And they happy to see you back around the way
Eager to front yay, rock
Take a dutch up the block
Slippin' back in that role like old slippers
Game on tilt, working them flippers
Start slowing down, the past will get witcha
Five on five, nobody picked ya
Ain't no 'next', you out the picture
Brown baggin' liquor
You and her bicker
Life crawling by the bottom of the screen like a news ticker
At least you tried, right nigga?
Put that syrup in the mixture
Feeling like the vic, every sip helps the shoe fit ya
Everything that glitters, old gold, ice cold, thrice-fold
Catch the Holy Ghost and the Spirit waiting for Christ to call
But it's all business, even God waiting for the price to fall
That's how they do, y'all

That's life, might as well heist the ball

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