

Fuhrman Tapes

Billy Woods

When I grew up, move out
When I, when I

Black pussy is the world's first religion
Laying prostrate in her division of joy, I've been redeemed
Bareback in the valley of kings
Empire State can't carry the weight
Ride with us or against
Attempt an execution
Shit's too critical for a euphemism
Practical magic launder my rations
Since '99, watching society slipping past us
I won two longstanding bets on an orange fascist begrudgingly
Butter leather cover me from the elements
I ain't buying what you selling, B
Tenement dweller knocking down wall for luxury loft
Just white presence is a value increase
Held deep under me since he
But I still peep
Every shut eye ain't sleep
Sun rises in the east
Where planes hang low
But the pressure sky high
I feel niggas when they be like "why even try?"
I elect "Nature of the Threat" as the new black national anthem
White panther, private dancer
Shake that shit for a real nigga
I been in the spot getting slizzed for some time now
On some self-care shit, medicating
They still murk you if you standing up or lying down
Unarmed, in a suit, birthday or Armani
My philosophy:
Pig reform policy is an ice pack on the gun wound
No, no no, no idea is original
That's wisdom from a fool that's still applicable
That's not beef, it's just I'm not that into you
Back in the east, crack fume mixed with Mistolin
A dank shelter from American war machine
Pills and lean, ain't been clean since the Afghani invasion
Kush blazing, open cases, tossed a book
They rich, we barefoot
Niggas on the run, evening
Style of attack: aggressively defensive
Held a pistol, this be one of the memories

It's the reason they don't look you in the eye
It's the reason they change the subject every time
There's's a reason she don't look you in the eye
There's a reason they change the subject every time
It's the reason they don't look you in the eye
It's the reason they change the subject every time
You know the reason I don't look you in the eye
You know the reason I change the subject every time

Blood in, till its finished
Ain't no out, you in it
Days like hours, hours be like minutes
When in doubt, assume everybody with it
Everybody with it, everybody with it
You'd be with it too if it wasn't you
That raw be like sodium pentothal, tell the truth
On accident
It's cool you don't smoke how I do, I be practicing
Cain laid his brother in a shallow grave and went about his day
Yet God said not one hair on his head, now shake a leg
Those glory days was generations in the feds
Took two generations for these niggas to start doing drugs again
Small victories, huh? Fled the village, accused of wizardry, huh?
They never seen the light, personal Christ shots muffled but witnesses seen
the light
Before they dip, calmly pick that brass off the ground
Don't call my jack with your hand out, it's hard all around

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It's the reason I don't look you in the eye
It's the reason-