

Keloid

Billy Woods

You won't get no answers, not for the stuff that keeps you up, you won't never get no answers
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Thirteen days in December, you probably won't remember

My mother's son, I'm the Great Pretender

Smoke in my eyes

Realized this time the wolf had no disguise

Should she take the deal or no?

Question posed over jailhouse phone

Don't remember my answer

But wasn't the same when she came home

Blame who you want, flame to the blunt

Bunk Moreland burning a hole in his gut

Just when you think it won't, it will

Just when you think you can't, you'll deal

Gas leak, plug screwed up the vacuum seal

Secret wars, left our dead on the field

Feel like inside it's a hole you can't fill

Who knows though, maybe you got a soul still

Maybe you got a soul still?

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Trigger warnings in every verse

Can't feel it if it doesn't hurt

Ted Koppel doppelganger

Told the cops we rap sangers

They said we dead ringers

Smell of the wax lingers

Watched my man smoke till the cracks was finished

Best among us ended up broken and splintered

Maybe that explain why I'm staring away ashamed

When she ask, "why they take my baby away?"

Just pray yours don't live to see the day

Everyday Hustle, his own lookout and muscle

Slow pitch, once whitey show, he code switch

Told the bitch wish you the best- click

Texts written, never pressed send

Voices in my head is all yes men

Consensus is yes, fucked up again

Friends, how many of us have them?

Hard bargains, shotgun apartments

Smirking sergeants, certain death

The direction you marchin'

(Born alone die alone, no matter who your man is
Born alone die alone
Born alone die alone, no matter who your man is
Hope you live long enough)