

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)