

Pit & The Pendulum

Billy Woods

This is what matters
If the world shatters, it's on you to pick up
The shards, put 'em back together or cut deep
Into the scars. Somebody call the guards
Midnight in the mental. Pulled over in the
Rental and roamed the crossroads with only one
Shot like crossbows. Mephisto
Couldn't pray harder. No atheists
In foxholes, just unwilling martyrs. Oh
Heavenly Father, I could have played smarter
All this talk who thugging, you
Bugging. Pork come through, slap your moms in the
Onion, you won't do nothing. Put you in
The oven, strip your sis, put you in the dungeon
Lift your sacks, spread those cheeks, nigga
Now who thugging? Nightmares
Without sleeping, clock steady creeping

This is what matters. Everybody
Falls-it's how you land. Kind of like
Snakes and Ladders. Once they started shooting
Everybody else scattered

Exploring freedoms
On highways weeded, stresses get
Left behind, (Skating) skating
Thousands of miles, blow out clouds, drown in
Henny and Crown with lobster shield
Living in risk, trying to get out of momma's
House and into cribs. Too many memories
Of families at windows shedding
Tears-that never helps. No one living
In fear as the only thing to fear is self
Awakening from falling in deep depressions
You can't worry why skies is blue
Only wonder why my hands is tied
From all the bullshit caught in my mind
But I can't let it fall all on me
It feels like someone else helped put it there
Entrapments from ways we live
Entrapments from ways we live

At the wake, I had my first pair of dress shoes
No black pants, so I wore navy-
-blue. She asked me, "What happened?" "Shit, girl
Time flew, everybody did
What they do. He gone-next, it's me or
You or them too. Blunts?
Yeah, we smoked a few. Been on
The precipice, girl, I'm a pessimist"
We slept together but only kissed
Stormy weather Spitamatic for worse
Or better. Lighting
Sticks, pulling cheap wine
Every nigga I know that close to losing their mind
Walking fine lines of moonshine
We're all doing time

This system will make you a cog
Brothers wandering in fogs
Burning through the smog. Lost
Highways we drive. Something died
Frustration just boiling inside
Ready to go outside, just ride
Burn a nigga something awful
I'm not partial
Pass the bottle
Step it on it, man, choke the throttle
The night in a rental
Pulled over in the mental
This is what matters
This is what matters