

# Red Dust

Billy Woods

It's not the heat, it's the dust  
It's not the money, it's the rush  
It's not the weed, that's a crutch  
It's not greed, that's not enough  
It's not the heat, it's the dust  
It's not the drugs, it's the cut  
It's not the act, it's the touch  
It's how she arch her back when she-

Knock the plane out the sky  
Spark the genocide  
Let's see who gives who a place to hide  
You might be surprised (You might not)  
Either way, it'd be wise to retrieve that black box  
If you live, sometimes it's best just to circle the block  
I was in the ceilin' when they swept the buildin'  
I kept my head down when the cops came for the children  
I rode the train er'y day past that fuckin' prison  
I broke bread with killas and rapists  
I got money with niggas you should not leave with a child for two fuckin' seconds  
They don't tell you that in they raps  
Don't tell me that's the past  
I live in the past jack  
It ain't even that different  
Niggas rhyme fast about bitches  
Niggas supposedly abstract  
White boys take what they want and just flip it, flip it  
Shrug before he licked the revolver, shoulda listened  
Now these are shenanigans, you have all witnessed the system  
Crocodile slid it in, almost graceful how he swim  
I'm a savage, volcano rim, just toss him in

It's not the heat, it's the dust  
It's not the money, it's the rush  
It's not the weed, that's a crutch  
It's not greed, that's not enough (It's not enough)  
It's not the heat, it's the dust (It's not enough, man, that's the problem)

You on the list  
Planet ain't big enough, we can't coexist  
Say my prayers e'ry night you'll be in the mix  
I can't wait, dream about it like sex  
Etch you off the writ  
Help you remember what you tryna forget  
I want us to be alone in your home  
I wanna suck the marrow out ya bones  
I wanna show you what I learned from the worst people I ever known  
I wanna follow you like the Jakes  
I wanna swallow you, show you the hate inside, it's a lake  
So cold, so deep  
I see you, you never saw me  
Transferred to the sea  
So close, I can see a nick from shavin'  
Your neck so exposed  
Your throat would open like a hose  
Eyes wide open, I would watch you go

Seeing you in hell, all I think about when they say woods  
That's all she wrote  
I know the list long  
I put you at the fuckin' top though