

Speak Gently

Billy Woods

Seen your buzz building
There should be an inflatable rat, youse a scab
Verses came bubble wrapped in styrofoam
It's pretty bland
Homegirl sayin' er'ybody just doin' what they can
I nodded, but nah, these dudes are trash (Be honest man, be honest)
Turn up at the scene of the crash
I'm a bad penny
I'm the feelin' after you killed him and seen the safe empty
The weight lift like payday lendin'
Face twist at the memory
One machine for vending
The other take empties
This your land of plenty?
This your land of plenty?
It was all I could do to speak gently, gently
I'm only rhyming, where the horns at? (Fuck that)
But, any port in a storm, black
Landed balls deep in the landed gentry
Port of entry, centuries
Melt away at Sephora counters
My Hasidim on Broadway a Debbie Downer
Sonny Corleone on the causeway, E-ZPass past the cowards
Speak gently

Speak gently
No one likes a show off
But my show off you just can't blow off
I grab the microphone with one shoe off
My other Fluevog flew across the room when some shit kicked off
Bodies are fallin', furniture's movin'
Burners are bein' slapped outta niggas hands (Damn)
I'm from the Fellowship, talk about your hot potato (Hot potato, haha)
Little sumthin' to trip off (Yeah)
Operator, gimme the ambulance
A tambourine crashed on somebody's head
Pieces of wig, weaves, and dreads
Fools catchin' Z's left and right (Get that, get that mother-)
Bitches swingin' purses
Security nursin' themselves like it was the fallout in Chernobyl
Jaw jackers in the corner
Tryna dial out but it's no signal, especially if you usin' T-Mobile (Hm)
Hollywood Cole yellin' "Who want that fade?" (Nigga what's happenin', nigga what's-)
Got slid on his back pockets
Two of the homegirls giving this big bitch the business
All villains, all grown-ups, only one few soldiers
Generals, mostly civilians
But when caps start peelin', it was actually sad
Almost like watchin' a fat guy do half a push-up
Scalps was pushed back when the little homies pulled up
Just speakin' gently, simple
"Hey, hey, hey c'mon, hey, homie
Yeah, this nigga's wanted
On the real, though
Ah, shiton the real, nigga, what?
Oh, shit, nigga

Gimme the, gimme that shit, gimme that motherfucka
I'm fittin' to let the motherfuckas--"

"So we're there, just like, talking or whatever
I'm explaining (whatever, whatever, how's your new place?)
And so anyway, I had missed the whole thing 'cause I didn't get the piece of
mail, blah, blah, blah, you know how it goes
"You gotta get your mail forwarded, you gotta get your mail forwarded"
I'm like, yo, I know I know (Get organized)
And you know, copping a plea, whatever
But then, later, I'm sit, I'm, I'm like thinking, like
Why I don't get my mail like, you don't get your mail forwarded when you're
poor
Let me explain to you, right
I lived in this building for like, almost twenty years (Just say twenty year
s)
And almost the whole time I lived there, I got mail for Rolodon
I got mail for Mr. Sahadi
(I got a lot of mail, I was getting everybody's mail. People you don't know
when they even lived there)
I got mail for, you know, so I'm getting all these people's mail for like fi
fteen years I'm getting these people's mail
Twenty years I'm getting these people's mail
And now, I come to another spot and the mailbox full of other people mail
People who don't want they mail forwarded, ya mean?
And you could tell, cause you'd look at the mail, it's creditors, car insura
nce, it's the-
It's the hospital bills, police man, ambulance, insurance, child protective
services
(That's why you don't get your mail forwarded. Somebody getting my mail righ
t now)
After I'm dead, they still gon' be getting my mail
I'm getting your mail
I'm reading it
It says you're broke."