

# 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 rhymin', 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."