

Steak Knives

Billy Woods

You don't, you don't wanna be in fourth place, man
Hahaha, yo

Roaring fire with the bear skin rug
She said, "Don't pretend we back in love
I'm just tryin' to get dug"
Your job tryin' not to look smug
Four names, two aliases and all of 'em is mud
Album dropped with a thud
Awkward silence, like when the grenade a dud
A bum, what you call an old thug
Comin' by my mama house, askin' after me for what? (For what?)
Sleepin' dogs, you either buryin' or diggin' 'em up (For what?)
Either way, it's reckless
My record clean, your past checkered
I shoot you in the street, be home for breakfast
Yes, it's sick, but banalities might as well be death threats
Let it sit, there's the threat of sepsis
Kept smi-, kept smilin' like a clown
Facial expression lookin' silly
Kept askin' me, "How you got away with all them dealings?"
I replied I been goin' through this same things that he had
But that was a lie, I could see he doin' bad
Second place is steak knives, he said, "What you say?" (What?)
I said, "Nah, it's just a line" (It's just a line)
It's just a line

Anyway, man, turn off over here, man
(Yeah, you know)
Just a little bit up here