

Wrote a story about a rapper writing a story rap about his shorty trying to rap his way up out the trap
Plenty hoes, gats, run-of-the-mill, but flow ill, voice old cognac
He'd say "no homo" if this was his track
So I'm writing about him writing about him writing about that
Felt it fell flat, took a break, but he kept going like "Sorry, B, I got an album to rap"
Two decent sixteens, chorus cooked crack
Ended up not using it, not like it was wack, just something off with the hats
Producer caught feelings, took the beat back
Tape bricked bad, he quit, mad
Meanwhile, shorty from his song still rapping, buzzin', this really might happen
Taking meetings in Manhattan, single has traction
Hip-Hop cops trying to catch him packing
Dusty old warrants dug out file cabinets
That's that good hate
Every time the phone ring, might could be Drake
Missed South By, whitey wouldn't let him out the state
Stayed home at the gate, wrote a hook on his phone and knew right away it was fucking great

"The good book says that he that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword, said the black. What right man would have it any other way? It makes no difference what men think of war. War endures. As well ask men what they think of stone. War was always here. Before man was, war waited for him."