

The Middle Of Next Month

Boldy James

Let's ride, 'til the gas on E
Tires go bald, and they need some brand new me
'Til it putt-putt, stall out, transmission leak
'Til the tie rods pop off and the engine block steams
Somebody gotta die, 'til I'm captured, I'ma prey
On your mommy and your pa, tell him "Happy Father's Day"
Tell him "Happy Kwanzaa", tell her "Happy Mother's Day"
Tell her "Happy Hanukkah" before I blow your fuckin' brains
In the middle of next month, I'm going through a thing

I just lost my two twins in an accident
Would've been my firstborn kids, guess it wasn't meant
It's been a series of unfortunate events
And I'm gettin' real leery of whom I call my friends
Them didn't help when I need a helping hand
Only one that sent me mail when I was locked up was Danielle
Elizabeth Merriweather in my jail cell
Them letters held a nigga down like an anvil
In that time capsule where time stands still
Like you runnin' laps for practice on a treadmill
Better beware of what comes with all that transactin'
Just take care of my moms if somethin' bad happens
Tell Arielle Marie Jones to tell my dad that I
Wanna let it be known that I ain't mad at him
Taught me to stand on my own two, I'm bad mannered
With bad habits, gon' smoke until I catch cancer
Curse of me, but most importantly
He taught me how to laugh in the face of adversity
And how to be a man, I thank you for learning me
Now I truly understand what "patience is a virtue" means

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Fully in my hand, burstin' flames
Bullets flyin' everywhere, that's the thing about this dirty game
It never fails, the big house or an early grave
Dead or in jail, use your blinker in the turning lane
And let's ride, 'til the gas on E
Tires go bald, and they need some brand new me
'Til it putt-putt, stall out, transmission leak
'Til the tie rods pop off and the engine block steams
Somebody gotta die
Hearin' rumors they gon' take out and murder James
You get respect when you lay down your murder game
I laid my game down flat as a vertebrae
You gave your man to the Feds over thirty days?
Facing unnatural terms 'til eternity
They say they down then turn they backs and turn on me
Then turn around in my state of emergency (Snakes)
They turn me down, need a favor then turn to me (Fuck outta here)
In their time of dire need with the urgency
But they ain't nowhere to be found and it's irkin' me

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In the middle of next month, I'm going through a thing

My mind, body and soul can't help but feel like this
Since the love between us no longer exists
And each time that darkness calls
It finds me alone in these four walls
(Who's there?)