

Heard the stage calling in the distance

It was all us crammed in the house  
Back when my dad was the man of the house  
A lot of dads left, they abandoned the house  
My dad Joe Jack start a band in the house  
He said one friend, one friend in the house  
Only one friend in the whole wide world  
One day will come when you only have each other  
Never give it up for a boy or a girl

We come in peace but we don't come in pieces  
We on some tag-team WWE shit  
We look just alike, the prestige is so prestigious  
The splitting image of Lupita standing on them beaches  
Don't tweak and don't be facetious  
Those shells'll shred you to pieces  
These niggas faking like demons  
But I'ma send 'em to Jesus  
This is me and my bro  
Versus all of you heathens  
They think I'm reading Ephesians  
I have all these niggas hiding, avoiding meetings like vegans  
I got the keys like I'm Keegan  
I'll line the trunk with the bleach  
And I'll leave you inside the freezer and let you chill for the weekend  
But forget over the weekend and come back inside a month  
And I throw you inside the trunk but it's plastic so it ain't leakin'  
But we can be cool  
We can be cool  
Me and my brother  
We can be cruel  
Find your ass  
Line your ass up  
Go to work on 'em

Hear the stage calling in the distance

It's a lot more crammed in the house  
Back when Chance was the man of the house  
Baseball bats if they ran in the house  
We from out south like birds in the clouds  
When I was 11, heard my homie dad died  
This shit deeper than music, I got PTS for life  
So if you do production just make sure the drums right  
The independent Bennetts will never need your advice  
Our image won't diminish 'cause Charlie and Marley right  
Me and Chano like Peschi and Robin's life  
A made man, we just makin' the songs right  
You just makin' the song hype  
I really snapped, the last time I rapped I was movin' packs  
In adolescence, seen ambulances, learned other lessons  
Catchin' blessings, overstretchin' from first-hand impressions  
Chano called my phone voicemail, hope he don't get a message  
Heard that I exit from my axis off that intersection  
So if you say somethin' 'bout big bro, bitch, I'ma smack you reckless  
We from down south, we bogus twice and we are not from Texas

One more rep, can't run around strapped, so I walk around like pedestrian  
Chi-town summer lookin' like my numbers, and you know how I'm bomin', ain't  
checkin it  
Called big bro, now we run it up, set it up, get it up, nigga, now let's beg  
in  
OTF, free Durk and them  
We was inside with a curfew then  
What's fire without earth and wind?  
And what's a fight when it's worth the win? Yeah