

Die Slow

Choker

Ain't nobody gonna hold your hand
Young man you gotta ride on your own
Understand that you can if you know
Let your head bob slow
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Put your shoes on
Let's take a walk with the spark
Let's lighten up in the dark
We're watching stars in the park
She put The Who on
I never listened to garden
Was too fruitful
Arguing was neutral
Also I was too gone
My homies spoke regardless
I was coast to spar
I'm on the ropes my God
My lady oo-lah
Still playing games
I pretended like he changed
It's all the same
That sugar cane still sweet as ever
You still got the keys to my Jeep sim-simmer
But you don't even listen to that Ghostface Killah
I should've known
That hateful tone when you talking to your own
It's all a front
I stepped back and scoped
I was lost in the view
I saw the ruse
That's when I knew

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