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Ok, watch them birds fly south for the Winter (Winter)
Reup (Rea)
Sofa cushion money for the dinner
Crank that heat up cos the winter's getting colder
The globe is getting warmer
The block is getting hotter
Younguns sippin molly water
Holla, Hallelujuh
A little dab'll do ya
Then gather dapper in the best, a hoody fresh
And full of foolies bully-blockin, pistol-cockin, gansta-walkin
White tee-rockin, gold teeth option, mouthpiece-talkin, White Girl-hawkin
Got the tools, who need a fix
(You? You?)
This shit gon' roto-root ya
You got two choices be the body or the shooter
Both embody a maneuver
(True, true)
Has the ghetto matured?
What they said was manure
Now call it ghetto couture
So it's best to make sure
Ya hood is ghetto de jure
Instagramming the guns
Youtube the roach on the floor
Fuck it
Who is ready to die for it?
The fame that you know is golden
Your face on a t-shirt mean you won and the game is over
Once upon a time
Once upon a time there was a middle of a story
But fuck it, they need some ends
Shoot up in the air
See where it come down
See where it come down
Don't look now
Once upon a time
Once upon a time there was somebody in this story
But fuck it, they need some ends
Shoot it in the vein
See if you come down
See if you come down
Don't look now
Calluses from counting money
Get a machine
They callous anyway
Skin is a dream
Skin of the teeth
Skinning the beast is easy
You sleeping on peoples skin if you really a G
Murder for sport
Watch the murder report
On the tv with a scorecard and a forty of course
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Fantasy killer killing the time

Till another reason to kill up Another dream come around in this rodeo show She ride like only a ho Could and these haters around you talking that bell biv devoe But if that pussy is poison then the whole block will be dead It end coz fucking is too personal You just getting some head Is nobody get in close Tongues Reach it the most They say the sticks and the stones shit They forgetting the toast Bullets hurt worse'er than all that If they tracing em all back To the same ones that say you keeping you safe And it's all bad

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Don't look now

Eyes closed Hands up Don't look and don't say nothing Yeah you getting got But they don't know that you ain't got nothing Broke robbing the broke And there's broken pieces of sanity on the floor Scattered for sure Jigsaw in the brain Rorschach is for psychos Ain't nobody crazy in here This where logic is vital The vitamin of environment Is providing desire for vicodin And fueling fire for violence Calling it whiling While they while away another The wild claim in profiles The files on all these hustlers And they can't catch what never was And everyone here been a ghost since day one Say something bitch say something Everyone's at a loss for words They wonder why the raps are full of floss and boss and murderers Cos killing shit is less painful than feeling shit And the dead can't be defendants Why live old without a pension

Once upon a time
Once upon a time there was a middle of a story

But fuck it, they need some ends Shoot up in the air See where it come down See where it come down Don't look now

Once upon a time
Once upon a time there somebody in this story
But fuck it, they need some ends
Shoot it in the vein
See if you come down
See if you come down
Don't look now

Once upon a time
Once upon a time there was a moral to a story
But fuck it, they need some ends
Scream it in the wind
See who come around
See who come around
Don't look now

Once upon a time  $\\ \text{Once upon a time there was an ending to this story } \\ \text{But fuck it}$