

Dark & Violent

Denzel Curry

Fang life!

You ain't never heard no tales from the darkside

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Welcome to the land

You ain't never heard no tales from the darkside

What it's 'bout?!

It's 'bout a young nigga, running away from the moon to catch the sun quicker

Drug dealer, Nino with the steelo trying to sell kilos and grams

Settling angry stomachs up in his fam

So if that silver spoon on your plate, if you touch that, that's your fate

Don't have faith, Like Evans, you got to face demons to get to your heaven

The pimps is the prophets, not prophets for reverends, this is the lifestyle of a broke adolescent

So here's a lesson of a teen who survived Rikers

But shortly, his life had ended with a bullet that's made out of Midas

Touch

You ain't never heard no tales from the darkside

You ain't never felt the pain of the darkside

You ain't felt the burning flames of the darkside

You ain't have a fucking name on the darkside

Knew a young brother without a name, he was in love with his nina trapped
And steadily schemin, barely sleepin, but dreamin of pretty bitches and beamers

But when he awake, he sees his fate

And his reality, to do whatever it takes to elevate his fucking salary

Any niggas a casualty, kill 'em, rob 'em

Then casually walk off into the darkness, it all started

When he was, welcomed into our fucked up world, the son of a fucked up girl

And his father was just a blur, his life had took a curve

When he saw his brother dead on the curb, due to retaliation

Of the gang relation, he was young, a kid, a baby

And yet to realize the pollution of the nation

Now he 18 life in jail is what he facin'

Shit, murder was the case that they gave him

Shit, murder was the case when they raised him

Mind stuck in the all black prison

You think he give a fuck about the system?

Nigga we gotta get this money

Damn right

We gotta get this money, I got the plans...

Everything's set up

Just got to go in there-..

Got the banger man, as long as you got the hammer man, we out

...Go by the book...

You ready to do this shit or what?

Yeah, yeah, 'this what I got to do

Out on the gank, rolling the dank

As he cased out the bank, he was catching that shank

Getting loaded the stick, trying to major his rank

Thugging was how he was brought in the paint

Rush the security, no longer pure was thee

Soul turned it cold for the love of the gold
Bust in the air, everyone hit the floor
Not giving a fuck, loc-ing off of the 'dro
Bodied a nigga, riding in a dropped 'Lac
Top back, cruising them twenty fours
So I went crazy, my vision got hazy
I walked in the bank, and I start to get bold
Clutching that pistol grip
The teller was moving too slow so I pistol-whipped
The bitch, he was twitching, bust at a civilian
And blasted the mag with no mask in the buildin'

Burn the fingertips off, replace the dental
Left the golden bullet magic in his coufie, no his temple
That's engraved, leaving corpses
In graves, Glock 17 cutting fades
Barber, we dumped the security in the harbor
Then we switched the identity, so the name Leroy Carter
The bank teller looking short and squeamish
Steve pistol-whipped the bitch; she kept screaming
Shut up, ho, before a nigga nut up, ho
Steve said he couldn't take the shit
So he took her to the back, then Steve grabbed the MAC
Then he put it to her head, and then he ripped the bitch
Boy, we gotta do a job or we might get toast
13 shots rung out and it left two ghost
Tales from the dark side, jack move, riding
Trials and tribulations of the dark and violent