

Trust (Interlude)

Dom Kennedy

Cold parenting
Addressing marriages that didn't last
What's in our past?
[?] today, but we gotta let it go
And I mean that for your health
Gotta collection of designer belts
We all are a little selfish for real, quiet is kept
Pain with the people you know that you can trust
Rest In Peace [?] heard the streets caught up with you
The demise of another black man
May only get one ride in the ambulance
Take a quick shower put on the same fit
Still the best man [?]
[?] realness
I'm finna [?] and make millions
You might meet opportunity once
Around the same time my son start loosing his friends
I had to step my game up
Step my game up
And I, pour out some liquor for the homie Brandon Brown
They ain't know me then, but they know me now, wassup