

Guilty Verdict

Don Trip

I
Yeah, yeah
That's all I know
That's all I know
That's all I know
That's all I know
I, that's all (DTdaKidd)
That's all I know (Beat those drums)

I'm the reason for the problems I face, now I'm convinced
Purple rain, pain smother me bad, Michael and Prince
I know that karma's a bitch, what goes around comes around
And as of late, I'm drownin' in scriptures, hoping I get a glimpse of
understanding
I've been the recipient of some blatant underhanded
Situations that was granted from complacent antics
I gotta change up my ways and refrain from remaining ashamed
When I stare in the mirror, the image I see is a stained
Polaroid who has yet to finish developin' in frame
I don't wanna resort to settlin', dog, I'd rather hang myself
But I'll be damned if I give you niggas the satisfaction, so let me c
ontain myself
I'm the product of the slums where we profit from the crumbs
Drums on our guns to ensure that we see another sun
'Cause nobody's promised twenty-four hours in this bitch (Yeah)
So all we know is try to get a dollar in this bitch

Then we blow the money fast, so our problems still exist
Still a trap nigga, shit, it's kinda hard for me to quit
My lil' homie used to get it poppin' with the bricks
'Til they found his baby mama dead body in the ditch
It's a cold game, nigga gotta know the risk
Can't be blinded by them cloudy-ass diamonds on your wrist
Buddy treat the glizzy like a '96 Civic
In other words, homie put some mileage on the stick
Like an excavator operator, I'm hopin' you dig it
The only way to spit it this vivid is to live it
Mama in the courtroom cryin' like an infant
The judge just gave her baby boy double digits
Lil' buddy in the courtroom livid
'Cause he know he ain't built for that sentence, but he never gon' ad
mit it
I used to think homie was a stand-up nigga
'Til he turned state witness, now I'm never gon' forgive him

Damn (I)
Long live Pif (Yeah, yeah)
That's all I know
That's all I know
I, that's all (DTdaKidd)
That's all I know (Beat those drums)