We roam tundras

The boy been gone a few summers too long from road runnin' Trunk full of old hunnids Of course my old lover was scorned, we grow from it Don't tell me they don't hunt us for sport, I chose substances No cuddles, the bases is all covered Niggas come in the door and smoke somethin' Choke up on the slugger from home run-ins Nigga it's on, chest thump, his head thump on the floor We pressed up on the boy, no more bluffin' Cold summers, don't tussle with strangers Some of those keep one in the chamber Three spliffs had my wing tips clipped, I was stuck in a hangar , nigga Muffle my pain and muzzle my brain up Really, I'm just makin' sure my promise is kept Chuck a duece if you know it's the end Kept the truth in my palm and my chest See it through, keep a noose hangin' off of my neck We got the juice, niggas corny as shit We on the loose, niggas know what it is We makin' moves, niggas corny as shit We got the juice, niggas know what it is Yeah

It is night and like the others I clean my weapons It is all so familiar