

Fire Kicking Tree Limbs

EARTHGANG

Sittin' here, room getting smaller by the minute
Ain't enough space to fucking pivot
Ain't enough God in they eyes for forgiveness
We be in them trenches
Mind your fuckin' business
In the city where they value niggas tennis over tenants
Hoodrich baby what I call a death sentence
Momma check that bed every night, hope he in it
But you know we gotta get it so we left his ID
Shit, anything go
Barely 17
Snow on the Bluff trickle down the bloodstreams
We be fired up, I ain't talkin' special teams
Got a goal motherfucker so I'm sewing up my seams
See, I gotta plug these holes up for the winter
And all these rats come in and try to share my dinner
Talkin' they working hard, niggas barely caught a splinter
I'm all up in her and when I'm finished, y'all can get her
Hahaha, They funny man
Tell em Nique, I been here
People street like a mirror
Selling fruit snacks in December
And them niggas behind me, naw man, they ain't tenners
And naw, ain't got no temper
And naw, don't care bout sentencing
Quick to hand yo ass a 12 piece like Mrs. Winners
Off healing, I know where we headed, God with us tho
Bad chicks on the couch, that's Arsenio
The way we take this rap niggas out, its larceny, yo

Well, well, well
Here come Nique with his black ass
Not only do I act bad, I lie and I carry arms like arachnids
Here ye, here ye
I'm lion motherfucking king
A peasant oppose? He'll be a dying motherfucking thing
I'm Tutankhamun if he would've stayed alive and learned to rhyme
Churning lines, adhesive herbs and terpetine, nigga wait
Burning time, forever earning mine but it be certain times I'm laying low be
cause for my demise the fucking serpent slides
O Goon got me, my Nefertiti, lil' Punjabi
Your rep ain't authentic but I'll admit, it is a cool copy
But I know niggas came just to here me talk shit
Since the verse started, I ain't fucked a girl, or bought shit
So uh, cooley bitch with a french braid, expensive sneakers dipped in gold
Porno star, she can lick a load
Imma slime her face like Nickelodeon
But it ain't green like Piccolo
I be picking hoes that love picking clothes
Got a sip of Michelob
Watching basketball
Can I live? or won't you niggas die, I wasn't asking y'all
Fathom all and if you could, you'd see this nigga had the balls
Battle scars, I'm chillin now
Your rent is what my Bally's cost
Ya little bastards, y'all matter fact faggots y'all

At the back of the parking lot
Baby Doctur asked "Why you crying Mom?"
She ain't respond
She rarely did in those days
The parent's kids don't know pain
Then why do kids go insane?
Tuck em in and cut the lights, the whole room started change
Poltergeist performing pornographic images
Poof, my innocence has ended
According to scripture, we all was born demented
So why these niggas lookin at me so defensive?
I had the necessary impulses to pulverize and indulge in vagina when I blend
, virtue and sin
Who died and made me king? I couldn't tell ya, I missed the funeral
I like the way this crown fit and I like the way her mouth spit and purr
Fiction for a legend
Cookin up that poison, y'all be sure come back for seconds
Your soul'll get swoll and that will cardiac arrest it
Rest assured we rest in pieces if the recipe's affected
Invested in drugs, pussy, money, money, pussy, drugs
Invested in drugs, pussy, money, money, pussy, drugs
Guarantee she on her knees no matter who she love
And I'm a well-made, hell raising, son of a 12 gauge
Been on my Coolio since the Kenan and Kel days