

## Sweet Haste

EARTHGANG

Gave a fuck, they told me where to store it  
Bitches be drop, they gorgeous booties stick out like horses  
A creepy notion, notice the flow is scorchin'  
Lower the blindin' spark to eliminate these voices  
Can't tell if its heaven or hell, better than sleepin' in cells  
Brushin' your teeth with a stick is leavin' the smell  
I smile, puff the blunt, leave a thirsty chick in a well  
You'll lose yo' hair runnin' through the brush chasin' these tails no love  
I'm cold like my toes growin' up po'  
Compare us to ghosts 'cause niggas don't be livin' no mo'  
A million images but no vision they shrinkin' the scope  
And ain't nobody preachin' my nigga we here for the dough  
So muhfuck a critic, they just don't know  
These niggas ain't got no face  
So now they screamin' man get back in the boat  
And I be lurkin' fo' a yam through the streets for a quote  
Pack my bow like I'm headed on vacation meditatin'  
A small conciliation, my niggas ain't got no patience  
So they sit irate, impatience  
I hope you there that faithful day my heartbeat gets complacent  
My people build a barge and push me off into the lake and wish me bon voyage  
My shrink be tellin' me I should not think like this at all  
And then I told him spring got it's confidence from fall  
Feelin' like we got me conquering 'em all  
Paranoid report cards  
ARs that don't Packed you brothers packs  
feed the cause  
Easier wrapped stack then filled up with the gauze  
Pretty she 'bout the L well fill up with Nas  
And maybe I'll let her put her pretty feet on my loins

I asked my nigga what he thought was heaven  
He said a place where he could crash the six  
And probably end up with the seventh  
Where he ain't got to keep a clip inside the Mac 11  
And he could hit it raw and won't expect a call like  
Yo I'm pregnant, I guess he feel that's sorta like a death wish  
A child unexpected, won't have him spendin' money on onesies  
Instead of throwin' ones on that thick chick named Alexis  
Then hop in that new Lexus, do 100 on expresses  
How many ways can I express this  
Life is shorter than a broke nigga's necklace  
And that car you travel in you only get one of  
So make sure you don't wreck it  
'Cause every tick tock could be yo' last second  
So sync yo' wristwatch if you happen to get the message  
Sometimes you gotta look in the mirror to answer questions  
Sometimes you gotta go against fear to reach yo' destiny  
'Cause anything worth havin' probably ain't free  
And if it ain't worth havin' it probably ain't me  
Quality over quantity, learned that from a OG  
Lightin' tree a quarter to 3 in a Chevy Caprice  
That was back in high school tryna bag this cold piece  
And the game ain't changed the stacks just increase  
And now my old worries is now my new laughs  
And I'm still tryna turn this old dolla to some new cash  
They give me a reason to celebrate 'cause these niggas is so shady

And the hoes is hella fake, type of shit that keep me up at night  
What can I do my nigga this is life  
And so I write

I looked her in her eyes, promised her paradise  
She probably thought I was lyin' and that's why she left me  
So now I'm in the land of milk and honey by myself  
Feeling stupid, stupid as suspenders with a belt  
Dependin' on all my sin to make my virtue cool  
Like close your eyes God I know you wouldn't approve  
Felt the breeze when he replied like  
Damn c'mon dude you know you better than the moves that you put yourself through  
I made you brilliant, I made you talented and handsome  
And you got the fuckin' nerve to destroy what I built?  
Nigga you sick? Is that why you popped all them pills?  
You know yo' momma shed tears for the way that you live  
At this point in my life, my pride was kinda outta hand  
So I hit the brakes parked the whip and hopped the fuck out  
Snatched God out the passenger like what you talkin' 'bout  
He punched me in the mouth the blood is what you hearin' now  
The club just lettin' out with all type of gorgeous women  
Goin' home with slimy niggas that'll make his mother proud  
And make her father scowl, he wasted his time raisin' a dime  
For nickel dick to get all in yo' mouth  
But its cool we ain't judging, we ain't' jury, we ain't bailiff  
But still it ain't no changin' what we witness doe  
And nothin' last forever 'cept the guarantee that nothin' will  
Still I bet you niggas don't forget it though  
It's funny, how niggas say its funny when they realize some shit That don't really have no humor at all  
And its none of my business what you do with yo' thoughts  
But, if I cross yo' mind while you talkin' to God  
Tell him my brain's fucked up and I'm tired  
Tell him that I seen it all and tell him that I'm blind  
Tell him that the people called, they wanna get behind  
Some honesty and wisdom and he told me that it's time  
I made you the oldest, so you could be Moses and make the 3rd Testament the next time you smokin'  
I made you the oldest, so you could keep growin' and make the 3rd Testament the next time you smokin'