

Swivel

EARTHGANG

Head on a swivel
Trouble lurkin' 'round the corner
Run up on you any minute, you'll be gone
Yeah

Nigga, keep your head on a swivel
Trouble lurkin' 'round the corner
Run up on you any minute, you'll be gone
I know niggas dead out of desperation
RIP my nigga Allen Dem, I wish you would've stayed at home
Learned to make the best out of shitty situation
No complaining, no more Xan, I leave the medicine alone
Y'all gon' swear to God that I'm changing for the better
Fuck whoever got the nerve to try to tell me that I'm wrong

I done made it up, I done made it out
I done made a way, we been makin' waves, we been making sounds
Rappers hella fake, they papier-mâché
Like piñata, they can't wait to break, I can animate
Promise mama she gon' see the day when we all okay
All it really take is time and dedication, I pray
For the hunger to be permanent, no matter what that make
Hey, batter, batter, swing, bake
Whip the batter for the cake

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I don't know what it is, man, I just
I don't think I'ma be here much longer, man
Something's watching me, man
Something's following me
Something want me dead, man
Pray for me, pray for me, please

Hell, when I was young, I ain't had to pop no guns
Nothing cracking in the slums you couldn't handle on your own
Shit around my block where we used to knock
Couple souls fly, wasn't nothin' like you guys, which I loan
Shit it wasn't nice, wasn't paradise
Wasn't lights back to back to back, many nights was on our own
Mama had to work, papa had three jobs
No, we not Jamaican, my sir, but we all was robbed, hah
Should've kept my head on a weave and bob
I'd rather be dead than to weep and sob
So we solve any major prob with the quick resolve
Had to squab', circle that bitch up, feelings get involved
Neighborhood on lock, fuck we need a cop?
That was way back way 'fore Reagan passed the rock
Left us with a needle and a jumpshot

Leave you countin' seconds on the fingers through the gunshots

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