

# Line Of Scrimmage

## Evidence

I show trust it still ends the same  
Instead of friends  
You got friends frontin only out for your fame  
They tryna cross the line [x4]

Tryna steer through this jungle made of concrete  
Drew the map on my hand  
The ink sweatted off me  
They tryna cross the line [x4]

Defense, no charity event  
And they say, familiarity breeds content  
And I say, this ain't a parody just barely vent  
What I feel until it's so clear I'm scared of my sense

New day, built for the distance  
Never knew which side to choose til they drew the line of scrimmage  
I view different sagas, never doubt my outcome  
They seeing double-vision for invested interests (keep it movin)

Win some, you just lost one though  
Defend what I love, don't give a fuck the drum's slow  
I'm an eagle, fuck par for the course  
Your little birdies seek peace but ain't planned for war (nope!)

L.A., still workin the angles  
Evy ain't a devil just a greazy angel  
I got love, got slug, got drugs, some thugs  
Still keep it moving never threw my anchor (uh!)

Same son, friends ain't changed (nah)  
It's a cold game still sniffin Ronald Reagan cocaine  
Don't wait, hand and foot on me  
He's a machine, mechanical anti-freeze (hot!)

Light up, the mind of a genius  
Smoke this cush, there'll be no lies between us  
Every step I take, dangerous  
Here we go, three seconds, this message 'bout to self-destruct

Down wind, your new found friend  
Drew the guilt across the grill just like a clowns grin, I'm all in  
Tall and thin, tears down walls when the dolphin gets caught  
In whatever pocket she falls in

Shame none, the blame game's done  
No more sweatin through the heat wave waiting to make the rain come  
Gain some, ingrained from the same tongue  
Can tell by how I bang some everybody wang chung

Free-throw, feeble it seems so  
Break the egg and let the greed grow, beggin me to re-load  
Heave-ho, behold the super freak show  
Navigate through people with that life fast bleed slow

Down play, about face, the clay rotates around whatever it takes to make you  
count them praise nowadays  
Show the ace, with no poker face  
On the belly, open legs and hold the aim between his shoulder blades

Square-biz, so terror thick  
The air is thick with embarrassment, go share it with your therapist  
There it is, careless to pair with the no-name  
Tag-wearing, faux-famous derelict

Now sit, and wrap yourself around it  
When your done wear it like an outfit in front of the township  
Sound check, allowed inside of the mix  
To show em all why I'm this make the music with your mouth biz

Yeah that's it right there  
310, 612  
Ev, Slug  
Alc  
Putting these little thumbtacks up all over the map  
Connecting these dots  
We watching out for these double-cross cats tryna cross the line  
You know  
Give and inch they take feet  
Give 'em feet they take the street (haha)