

Finally Free

Fat Trel

I don't know man, like, I love D.C. I mean, I love really love D.C, like I'm in love with D.C. You know, you could be riding in the back of a limo, you could just easily be riding in the back of a [?] on this van. The sound of Go-Go is the same as the buzz of a bullet, spinning passes your ear in the dark. That randomness. That's D.C. You know, you got fires, twenty-four-hour sirens, drive-by shooter, the juiced-up burglar, he high off P CP aka dip. There's always a drunk driver or the savage youth out carjacking. We got killer cops and cop killers. There's the husband or women you fucking. And then, there's that one man, at any moment, on any night, there's people getting raped, violated, robbed, abducted, mane, murdered and loved. There's definitely always a baby at its mother breast and sometimes there's a baby alone in the dumpster. That's D.C, die city, don't come. Drugs and chopper, district of Columbia, walk with me on [?] to morrow.