

Dark Dayz

Gunplay

Little bit higher
Little bit higher
The umm, the beat, yeah

My point of view is viewing points on the digital
Happy face sticker on the brick, still feeling miserable
Scramble with the handle of the hammer still visible
Bail bonds wishing for my bonds to be municipal
Reminiscing on them rock chopping days
Made a few M's, still got them rock chopping ways
As I step into the fog where it's desolate and dark
All the odds is against you like you wrestling with God
From the bottom to starting right back where it started
Right back on the white plate, the razor, and product
Had a beam, a dream, a fiend, and a team
A hustler ambition and a box of ammunition
Until the end of time I'm defending every dime
With my life if I got to, splitting rice with my partners
From a sinner to a winner, bag of chips to a dinner
Ain't no way in hell my patience wearing any thinner

And I'm still 'bout that life boy, got that right boy
I dare you take a risk and try to step outside the light boy
You scared of what awaits you, afraid who's there to face you
They may be there to hurt you, or maybe to embrace you
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I'm a prizefighter holding the highest title, numero uno
Numerous two-doors, but I ain't never knew those
Just coke and a cup of ramen noodles
Way before the name brands bet you I can name some shooters
I came from where ain't nothin' but straight rum and cake crumbs
Not enough birthdays and way too many graves dug
Now I'm running round with more chains than a slave's son
Been a H-U-S-T-L-E-R from age one
So close to just being another stat
Being another cat that got capped in his Or just another dealer with a nine
millimeter
Can't blame me if I still sound a little bitter
Relying on firearms to take my corner back
Like I'm another [?], like this is my sidewalk
White wet cookies drying on the iron board
Listen closely, hear the hunger through the drywall

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Yeah

Oh you pussy-ass niggas out here?
Calling nine on a trill nigga?
Hope you die
And all these co-defendants out here giving statements?
Man shut the fuck up

I'm a life sentence-beater, black Benz two-seater
Put both feet up right before I light the weed up
Thinking 'bout the days that was dark, all the snakes, all the
Sharks, all the fakes, all the frauds (you know who you are)
They all come and go, just like all my hoes
Thinking that a Swisher gon' get 'em through my door
Ain't no loyalty, ain't no lawyer fees
Ain't no commissary, niggas just want you buried
My co-defendant gave a statement to the state
It broke my heart, had me questioning my faith
Now I'm pressing pedals in Panameras and Wraiths
Tryna dodge devils and penitentiary gates
These niggas ain't playing fair out here in the playing field
Wanna lock a playa up, cuz the playa staying real
I'ma leave this Earth same way that this hustla came
Hustlin', and I put that on my
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Hello?
(Hey Rich, what's up?)
Ay I'm just chillin what's up Mom?
(Just called to tell you something)
What?
(You are a very strong-willed, strong-minded individual
I'm saying this to say that
No matter how many times you go to jail
No matter how many times you try and fail
Okay, just do me one favor)
What?
(Never leave the game, okay?)
I love you Mom
(Love you too sweetie)
Bye