

# Smothered Mate

GZA

Guns, guns, guns, guns, guns...

His autobiography had came to an end  
With the final chapter written in blood upon a skin  
From snakes, that was dirty as rodents  
Therefore to a starving one, the call for hunger is potent  
Some kids at a young age, their skull is fractured  
Their mind store the sickest images ever captured  
They draw pistols to resolve issues  
To give 'em a sense of closure to expose the brain tissue  
The shells was evidence of a violent event  
That left a young dealer bent from a hundred rounds spent  
The lifestyle is a thousand miles from a minister  
A small con game with something far more sinister  
Peer pressure got him moving faster  
A paradise of mutation open the gates of disaster  
And murder is not the only cold blooded crime  
You got fiends that'll torture the teens to get a dime

Empty ya pockets nigga and don't move  
You react any other way and they'll prove  
'Cause they ain't got a problem with laying ya ass out  
Or putting in work so you can see what it's about  
Money got the flow, nigga, it don't stop  
Whether drugs or a ho, nigga, stay on top  
'Cause they don't have a problem with running up in ya house  
And burning it to the ground after the shit is doused

I told him to save his breathe  
'Cause he hovered on the brink of death  
He wasn't living right before he left  
His life took an unexpected turn  
For those who walked that path, here's a lesson to learn  
Coming from a nesting ground of those on the growl  
In a state of darkness, menacing on the prowl  
Local rivals and known competitors  
Who try to stay clear from the spying eyes of predators  
On the hunt, they constantly taught persistence  
Those with less heart keep a respectful distance  
The prey know it's too hot to lay in the street  
They find shaded areas a few feet from the heat  
'Cause if not, then, it will be costing one  
Who will soon evaporate under a scorching sun  
'Cause when the drought is on, it's little left  
Then what lies ahead, dehydration and eventual death

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We doing music from the heart  
And not from the charts

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