

True To My Religion

Hunxho

Some like a rock I'm like the hardest in this shit
Hit the ground and kept on running like a faucet in this bitch
They said three rights don't make a left but I won't never leave
They said two wrongs don't make a right that's what you telling me
You not invincible stop acting like you never bleed
You not a tree and I ain't begging you, so gone and leave

They took my eyes out, I still see the hate
Behind closed doors I cry and wipe the tears out my face
They say you lost without no faith I talk to God about my problems
I know where all my opps will be Oh lord just watch my potnas

He never seen Japan or been to China, we got choppas
We got chopsticks
Like I been constipated for a minute I drop hard shit
Ain't heartless, I'm still in the hood this where my heart live

God telling me walk, but it's like I been buying cars still
I know I been moving with my Glock, but this bitch all still
Never trust a bitch who got a gun cause they say love kills
Fishing Rod, gotta tell my story this shit all real

I been thru it all
Ion need no doctor, but my heart feel
Abused, it been used
This shit fucking my communication up, Grandma abused me

They treat my heart however they gon play wit it
Amuse me
We ain't have no A/C I be venting through my music
The word love like big pants remember they gon use it loosely

They ain't never been wit Ice Cube these niggas ruthless
Pick a side and choose it
Sliding we been riding with these Glocks inside the Buick
Put this bitch on top of Niggas just like he Jewish

I had got the chance and then I ran just like Forrest
These niggas bitches
They ride with monkeys just like they Dora
Ride out I got twin Glocks these bitches plural

Hit his block I make this shit hot just it's Florida
Michael Phelps nigga I just dived in that water
I survived but I know niggas died in this water

Trynna see why they ain't open doors just had to twist the knob
I guess these niggas deaf they act like they ain't hear me knock
Dog a boxer, play with legos everyday he beat the block up

If they ain't riding round wit no needles get that shit shot up
Dog he like a Jack-in-the-box, box em in, Pop up
Love how it feel at the top, real Don Dada

Love how it feel at the top but still got problems
I put my hand on the floor miss how it feel at the bottom
The car I used to dream about I bought it and I'm still dreaming

These ain't the kinda dreams I used to have, I been seeing demons
Riding round with dirty guns shit that you can never clean
These niggas love to beef, you best believe that he was never vegan

I'm a Muslim and I talk to Allah, so why they say I'm preaching
I feel claustrophobic boxed in but I was never breathing
Some like roll bounce, how we slide so we ain't never grieving

Worried bout my momma when she was crying but I know I'm the reason
I know I did it
Trynna bow my head I ain't been True to my religion

X-Ray don't think my label seeing through with my vision
I can see the lies clearly, ion need prescription
What you know bout being homeless? Notice of eviction

Sleeping in them cars then I wake up go and steal one
We kept getting put out, moving like some pilgrims
I had changed my life, they had tried send me to prison

Tired of how I'm living

Yeah
Talking to my demons, like get out my ear
I had tied my shoes, I don't know how I fell
They just wanna use me, they don't know I feel

A hundred people in the room, I still feel by myself

You, you, you, you (hm)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah

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