

# A Thousand Enemies

Huskii

All the world will be your enemy  
Prince with a thousand enemies  
And whenever they catch you  
They will kill you  
But first, they must catch you

PERFECT! PERFECT!

Ahhuuse, trust me, the weed we smoke is from Babylon  
Hussle like Nip, we keep the whole marathon  
Going on the strip, the streets are gon' carry on  
Long drive a packet of pot alley drop  
5 in the car the speaker is got rappin' on  
I'm in the front with the rackin the whole saddies gone  
Benny's in the back it's Supreme and Lacoste bally on

Check the stats they must have the tally wrong  
I've been on the wave these rappers still had a nappy on  
Sittin' in the trap, they too busy having backy bongs  
Now they on the crack getting aggy when they rap a song  
Pockets fat as Action Bronson  
Check the track and stake out the town where the pack is from  
These industry cats they all have me wrong  
They try to jack all my songs, they can stab me for them

We ain't ever breakin' any codes  
Half of you are faker than it shows  
Angel on my shoulder but I'm tainted  
I got something in my bones  
I get faded while I'm breakin' up a O  
All I wanna do is try and get away from rogues  
Me and Chill are hustlin' we playin' all these shows  
We was makin' nothin' while we blazing up the 'dro  
Trappin' for a habit that was makin' me a ghost  
'Bout to get a 8 and put the plate up to my nose  
Call me Johnny Depp 'cause I been faded off the blow  
Sesh and weed  
Protect Felipe  
We wreck the beat  
Got 20 G's in the basement of my home  
Maybe I'mma go and get this money  
Me and Chillinit, we fillin' up a Louis bag and gave it to your hoe  
I ain't gonna stop till my kid's got a Rolex watch and my ex bitch living on  
the coast  
I be on a jet, no carry on  
But if they wanna carry on, my hitter come and stick 'em in the throat  
I just got a Plain Jane, went and made it froze  
Wrist chilly on a pilly, getting litty on a boat  
I still got a side for sale, some white to sell  
I don't know why I feel like getting gritty on the road  
But my kiddy's got a home and I'm sitting on a gold mine  
Every time we drop a track, shit is gonna blow

Wait, still me and Benny up at the drug spot  
Got a bottle of Henny under the glovebox  
No patience, cover it, no faces  
They call me stonemason, the way that a brother cut rock  
Fuck off, who wants it?

Wanna go to war, you better get new options  
Or watch it, my brother be level we do boss shit  
And now we go the Cali' and looking at new watches  
Australia Post we move boxes and fly marijuana, imported it through Compton  
The cheques never respect your crews nonsense  
Better get the cheddar for settin' off huge mosh pits  
It's straight Tetris, brother I'm where the block is  
Brother, you my brother we never ever gon' stop this (We never ever gon' stop this)  
Check

People they hate what we do  
Start makin' paper, they change up on you  
Pressure and stress, I'll be better off dead  
Looking up at my coffin to change up the view  
Raised in the units, my olders were users  
I stay by myself when I'm making a move  
If I make it off music, I'm taking the crew  
I ain't never went fake for no radio tunes (Tunes, tunes, tunes, tunes, tunes, tunes, tunes)  
s, tunes, tunes)