

Heroin Rap

Huskii

I feel like Darcy Dugan in the old days
I spin a block in the bucket, don't need a roll cage
I got no time or respect for any of them old mates
Most em told jokes when I see em back to my old ways
I ain't tryna rap on drill if that's a cold case
They talk packs, every single thing that I roll laced
We used to get a occa now it's old plates
Give a bitch a habit, say "I love her" now we soulmates
Fat rappers on steroids, they got the swole face
I keep the muscle in the muzzle for them cold days
Still struggle in Hustletown for them dole-days
My family name in your area and it holds weight
I'm the antihero this is heroin rap
Every day I try and send myself to heaven and back
Guilty conscience I don't ever relax
I got Lucifer to thank for writing every track
Done shit I wish I didn't have to but I'll never take back
That's too deep for them ever to catch, they'll understand though
I pay your bM in bud just to drive a van load
Custy's all junkies, I got boujwaas in a bando
Remember when pushin' music the plan though?
How we go from doing hand to hands to flippin' Nandos?
Money ain't as fun if all ya mans broke
Fighting all these demons ain't as easy when your fans know (True)