

Never Free

Huskii

Shout out to the Brethren Sonda for the beat
Fuckin' oath Lad
(Sonda on the beat)

Don't judge me, ten in a box, shout to the mens on lock
Foot long shank for the opps, putting all the holes in your top
Pump a esh with my celly, charging money funded my telly
Down to splash for the man them, dip that shovel rank in your belly
Man, ain't shit you can't tell me, blazing blaze all day it ain't healthy
On an opp block I'm lurkin', gloves on by myself, I'm all stealthy
Rep S 2 S, who want drama? Like wagwan come and want start it
On road wear them tings and we're blasting scary, stolen rides and we're lau
ghing
Burn a man like it's arsen, cock that pistol back and then blast it
Went to seg for shanking these bastards, three months man I'm back in that y
ard then
Who mersh a man when they ask him, bet man drop me cold when they asked him
Boy bridge up gon' be a target, we gone finish things them boy started
Seal 'em like who want test me?
Who want disrespect me?
Share that rum, that's on me
You know that sharp and deadly
Lico was on road with his weapons, now he's too outblazing up eshins
When I was a ward we hit two eleven
Split that two ways, counting up blessings

Stuck on the wing like bird feathers, playin' cards with murderers
This sim card service isn't perfect but I'm still earning quids
Discussions with columbians, can't trust translators, gotta learn and shit
Que con Julios inside bitches, in Spanish, not talkin' xanaxs
When I say that we are landing bricks
Stacks so thick that I switched our feet
These cunts are acting like they're Brad Pitt
Thousand packs that fat Pez might rip
Just blew my cash, I'm pissed
Gotta bally up like rappers in vids
Doing a wack on video chat
Kickin' back with a slag, she's flashing her tits

Still walk, still walk around, two spikes in my fist, done pierced like Jesu
s Christ
Lately been losing sleep, I can't tell you the reasons why
But I still gotta move this heat so my family be eatin' right
I get lit then I beast on mics, all these thots wanna be my side
Line up shots gotta make my future, 8 balls and cues ain't snooker
Boot full trips, everyday gets risky, I started 30 bucks for a 2fer
Now the cops won't catch this supra, don't stop when I see them lights
Last month I was moving bupe inside, now I'm out and the fiends want white
Hole in my greens inside, thots doing drops to my CSI's
Freezing nights, I still serve the junkies, my kids ain't hungry, they eatin
g right
But I hate these long nights, since young it has been my life
Since a kid, all my olders told me, when I get grind, I would be this guy
Now I rap up beans and rice, meth in a ton, Mexican plug
'Cause we got P's at the cheapest price, going OT in the streets all night
I don't hang with fleas or mice, dogs and rats, they can meet my knife
I got dreams of a decent life but D's under me wanna see me fried

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