

THE UNNERVING PRESENCE OF THE BLACK HAND

\$ilkMoney

You know
They always said Whitney didn't really love Bobby
But
If I was ever kidnapped by Richard
Hogtied to a chair while buttnaked in a dirty Bronx apartment and forced to
sing New Edition songs that were made when I wasn't even in the group anymor
e
Because I was caught slippin' at the club while tryin' to fuck another bitch
, but
But it was really a set-up because I just didn't
I mean, I couldn't pay for that kilo
You know, that kilo I smoked
Mhm, remember that one?
I pray you go withdraw that four hundred thousand out your account
Put it in a bag and come get me from the projects
Just like she did he
Would you do that?
Would you really? For me?

Everything dies when I's arrives
The lieutenant in dismembering the vibe
Like gettin' home and just rememberin' you forgettin' the fries
You couldn't reach the filet maintenance, nigga, the stakes was way too high
Grits ain't groceries, the eggs ain't poultry and Kool-Aid ain't wine
I adore bein' the bearer of bad news or the crab that drags you back down, b
oo
Throw a parade when a zero-
day hack attacks you and even get the date tattooed
Then tell you shit like how your pussy wet as the firmament
And that dome you spit just as impervious as the one that surrounds the worl
d we in
Control a rapper smile with voodoo like I was Ufwala, carrot next
Then leavin' him panhandlin' with his clarinet, tryin' his absolute very bes
t
I wanna let this blood on my quilt so motherfuckin' bad
Or his blood is my bath, how could I ever feel fulfilled if I don't put one
in uncovered bags?
You die right beside me tonight, shit, that'd be quite alright
I'd tuck you in nice and tight and give your wife kyanite whenever I slide t
he pipe
I'm gonna get you, sucker
I fronted you the brick and you fucked up
And tried to act like you didn't like you was Mitch's uncle and now you ain'
t gettin' supper
I'll burn this whole shit down to the ground with us both inside
And be the lone survive
And then arise with my skin moisturized
You done fell into my trap pit like Travis Scott did
And I was so ecstatic at the fact that my hat trick was so well-enacted
Can't help but be the giving tree, but cursed with the black hand
You can sit up under me peacefully, but please believe no retreatin' me from
your last stand
Your soul ain't worth what I paid for it, so me and the gang rolled it
But somebody left the can open, so unfortunately that motherfucker just ain'
t smokin'
Your chickens comin' home to roost
You kicked it with Diddy, now you up on the news

You slipped mickeys with Willie and now you all on the roof
Now you don't even know you anymore and that's for sure
Them IOUs you wrote when them NDAs weren't paid, so now the truth get exposed
A dog that delivers a bone will also carry one home
So be careful when you center the wrong one, he'll be bringin' something to
feel and hold on like En Vogue
You went to get them short ribs out the kitchen like Blue and never made it
back to the dining room
I sat with your mama by the yams and cried while fixin' me a second scoop
But ain't nobody comin' to see you, Otis
Unless it was your funeral, then we front seat posted
Begging for the giving tree to release just one more minneola to make mimosa
s
'Cause after all that was gave and it's over with, noticin'
That you give your all to it, never even owed you shit to begin with (Shit to
begin with)

We want somebody who can act like Eddie Murphy from head to toe, that's what
we want
Someone who can dress like Eddie Murphy, to, to look like Eddie Murphy, to be
Eddie Murphy
To give, um, the actor himself a Murphy-ectomy
To have a Murphy-like quality, Murphy-esque, to be Murph-onic
This is really a surprise, uh, my fifth Oscar
I'm gonna tell you, I didn't think I was gonna win tonight
And against the competition, I didn't think I had a chance
And I just wanna say tonight, we're all winners
Gotta believe in yourself, Bobby
Don't play yourself cheap
Don't ever let anybody take away your dream