

Comeback

J Hus

TSB

Baby, this the comeback
Every single day I'm in combat
Got nothin' to say, fuck the long chat
Been there, we done that
Got no one to rely on, born alone, die alone
Had a dragon stick, shootin' a fire stone
Everything my mama said was true
Them times, I never had a clue
Thought I knew it all
I was tryna walk before I crawl
When you know yourself you stand tall
Even if you slip you won't fall
Warrior, I was in my home but I was feelin' like a foreigner
I was on my own but I was feelin' like the governor
It's crazy how a murderer used to be a toddler

Juju J, you're movin' mad
Rollin' with the same stick that Musa had
Can't you see? Ain't tryna part the sea
If I have to kill him, I have to kill another part of me
If I have to drill him, I'll do it proper, not half-heartedly
Put my whole heart in it, that's the energy I'm harnessin'
My gyal was in the crib, nail varnishin'
Any time I pull up, she knows it's a criminal she's harboring
Body for a feature, I'm bargainin'
Used to have a passa, but we're calm again
Could've been armageddon
Give my brother a hand, give a arm to my bredrin
Right before I die, tell you all my confessions
Every step I take I know, it's an investment
Can't fuck with that gyal, there's not a spiritual connection
The last time I saw the truth, I saw my reflection
That man can't finesse me, I saw his intentions
For every loss I took, this must be my redemption

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Street sermons, no purpose, cold blooded murders
The idle mind's the Devil's workshop, for a weak person
Hangin' onto snakes would've killed me like Steve Irwin
Back and I'm determined, real raps resurgence

For the yutes, there ain't no deterrents
Youngin' killed a pussy, life's fucked, he was still a virgin
Lord, ain't nobody perfect
Judge a man off what's internal, not what's on the surface
Entrepreneurs the new gangsters, skills transferring
We're buildin' businesses, clear visions like Cornelius
I'm honorable but villainous, when money calls we never miss
I ain't a preacher, I'm a leader, street sweeper
Pull up with my diva, ratchet in her bag, no concealer
My mama said, "Hide that watch, son, they'll take it"
She don't know we come from hell raisin'
Like, don't be silly, mama, they know how I'm livin', mama
I'm still your baby boy, out there I stand on business, mama

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