

# Outside

Jurdan Bryant

A nigga not violent till police come  
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Come

Grab a knot out the sock  
Put the gun away  
This the type of shit  
That make God  
Put the sun away  
I ain't been this nervous  
Since a runaway  
I smoke a lung away  
I'm dealing with some  
Hunger pains  
A nigga not violent  
Till he need something  
Never fronted weed  
Get some seeds  
If you need some  
Used to have khakis  
With the crease in them  
I ain't felt safe  
Since I was three or somethin  
They keep the burner tucked  
Like it's I-D or somethin  
If a nigga ever rob me  
Bet his teeth running  
Look at me  
And believe something  
A nigga not violent till police come

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That's why I keep my feet Runnin  
Holla if you need somethin

How life look  
From the door way  
I wonder if they hear me  
Where the lord stay  
I wonder if this blunt  
Will get my nigga back  
I wonder if his son  
Still remember, Dad  
Handing out packs  
While you pump his gas  
Throw a nigga 20  
Tell him make it last  
I came back home  
And they said he passed  
They killed him at his peak  
Watch the blood drag