By The Rules

K-Trap

(HONEYWOODSIX)

I was fresh home, dead broke, still, I felt blessed (Blessed)
All my niggas gettin' money, still, I felt left (Ah)
We was buyin' light way before we went jail (Yeah)
Came home, everybody's cookin' it themself (Cookin')
I'm gel, told my nigga hurry, get me in the kitch' (Kitch')
In a hurry to get rich (Rich), but I can't get nicked (No)
Cah that case ain't over yet, they got me on bail (Ah)
Passport and they want a surety as well (Ah)
Sis had to pay, man, I didn't have a dime (None)
Life, I'm really gettin' sick of doin' crime (Yeah)
But I couldn't do that time for that shit they're accusin' (No)
I'ma run in shootin' (Shootin'), there's no way that I'm losin' (No)
Bros on it too, but they got him on two (Ah)
Plus three hammers, they said one of them were used
To hit a boy (Hit a boy)
I'm antag', I'm a bit annoyed
All I'm really thinkin', bro, this case, I gotta beat (Beat)
Awaitin' trial, they said it'll take 'em several weeks (Several weeks)
Told my lawyer when I go to court, I better leave
We'll see
[?] waitin' and not knowin' (Knowin')
And damn, his sheet long, gotta take it in the moment (Yeah)

Tell your story, but don't miss parts
I'm just paintin' pictures, man, this shit's art
You never know the ending when this shit start
Sometimes it gets real, you gotta switch paths
Gotta do what's best, but play by the rules
Streets sellin' lies, I try buy [?]
Mummy told the truth, only see it now
When shit gets real, they won't be around

Let me take you back in time before they kicked the door (Door)
Twelve tens, three twos, or we could pick the fours (Options)
Rum's house, mummy said don't smoke in the room (No)
At one stage, we all had smoke in the room (Ah)
Leavin' out, black attire, she don't understand (No)
Then couple minutes later, they heard bang (Baow)
Run the wrong lap, you weren't sane in the head
So much work's hot, man, we had to spray paint the ped (Switch it)
Forward to the money, I was little league (Little league)
'Til my nigga that's in jail threw a brick on me (Take it)
It was pressure, but I got it gone quick
Couple months later, goin' through about six (Six)
Flew off my brick, didn't care about the feds (No)
Plug told me pattern up and sent me down to ends
Now I order them safe (Safe), food that flake (Food)
Take more, probably feed about four more states (Yeah)

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Street side effects, you know that's some real stuff right there
Feel me, you can go to jail, do mad years behind this shit
Lose your life behind this, it's real real stuff right now
The judge birdied the team, you know
Gave your boy sixteen EPP but
They say difficult roads often lead to beautiful destinations
That's one statement there that I live by, you feel me?

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