

# Dying Breed

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Anger has a place, in all of this

We are the last of all of them  
We been in the dying breed  
We don't see eye to eye with them  
That's how we remain unseen

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Real niggas been going extinct for centuries in graveyards and  
mausoleums  
They take a picture of the corpse before the ambulance can come  
and see 'em  
They invisible while they still breathing and they don't tip to  
e  
Cause niggas ten toes in the fucking cement  
Angels and demons  
It's killing season  
Entertained by the mundane fame  
But that's if you believe it  
A lot of comments and criticisms  
What you achieving?  
Fake shit from the naysayers  
They pledge allegiance  
You can tell when a real one walk in the room  
The fraudulent ones they feel something  
Now they on mute  
They quite and silent  
They never been solid  
Dick riders pinching pennies and watching ya wallet  
Weak niggas with complex hatred inside 'em  
Secret intentions dangerous in the hands of a novice  
And they'll do anything for deposits  
But you must have forgotten  
With one bad apple the whole batch rotten bitch

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