

# DARKSIDE

Kenny Mason

Testin', testin'  
Darkside  
Take one  
COUPE

I wanna show you the dark side where none of the stars shine  
Multiple straps, multiple star signs  
Multiple dogs flyin'  
Totin' the MAC, recordin' on Macs  
The apples of crossed eyes  
I think my boy got some shit on his back  
Wherever he goin', I can't get 'em back

I keep it concealed in the function  
Ready for nonsense  
I done had con friends since a young kid  
I seen a nun sin  
I done had numb limbs tryna run hills, runnin' from gun drills  
Ridin' around with the torch filled  
Like I'm in the field with a force field  
I know it's fake, yeah  
Runnin' on E up and down the street  
Gun in my jeans  
Ain't no sun on my street  
[?], uh, thug in my genes  
I done had thirty K's  
Women for thirty days  
Just for my sleep  
Heard a little birdie say, "You was gon' hurt somebody"  
Yeah, we gon' see, yeah  
Bro with it braidin' the blunt with runts  
I'm big pup, down with no rut  
From state to state, my statement sure  
My stunt, my stick gon' show and they shrunk  
We can go lick for lick  
We can go blick for blick for month to month  
We can got hit for hit  
We can go hunt for hunt  
But you better not run when I-

Show you the dark side where none of the stars shine  
Multiple straps, multiple star signs  
Multiple dogs flyin'  
Totin' the MAC, recordin' on Macs  
The apples of crossed eyes  
I think my boy got some shit on his back  
Wherever he goin', I can't get 'em back (Can't get 'em back)

Think it's the dark side exposin' the southside  
Settle the score  
Now it look lopsided  
According to y'all side  
Multiple raps, multiple broads slide  
Lookin' for star signs  
I lift the city and this on my back  
Ain't where you from you know where you at  
I'm on the wild west where it's high-tech, TEC grippers on Hi-Tech

Triple reply text from the dark side speakin' difficult dialect  
My niggas ain't tired yet, we got dark ties  
Man, these niggas ain't tired yet  
I beat the high score with my eyes closed  
Now I'm just doin' side quests  
Fuckin' my ex and my side ex  
Fuck up the check on an iron piece  
Bust up a check on a chime piece  
3 A.M. in the 6 nine deep  
I see my vision in 9D  
Di-di-digital trappin', might triple the track  
And the system is simple to crack it  
I'm in the whip with some criminals crashin'  
When it got sinister, niggas adapted  
I caught the code off the zip, now I'm zappin'  
I took a toke of the zig and I'm zaggin'  
I fucked a hoe and she wanted some action  
Wipe that boy nose if you sick of the cappin'  
[?] of the game  
It ain't no work, it's a million ways  
Make sure you niggas remember my name  
Make sure you never forget when you came to the dark side