

Strays 01

Kenny Mason

Flame

Sorry mama, I cannot show weakness
Niggas walkin' round macho
My thoughts on defense
Paranoia make me talk slow
Freezin' on the walk home
Freezin' when the cops show heaters
Go figure
He gon' talk a lot of beef but he will not-show
I can see it in his eyes
Will weakening to pride
Fear creepin' in his mind
He feel as if he gon' die
And he might not be trippin'
A stack of money and a pistol make em' talk to me different
But my mind set me apart from these niggas
Words connect like apostrophes when I drop 'em on top of these tempos
Slick talk'll get me top at the cribbo
Tight

Firestarter
Motherfuckin' firestarter
Firestarter

Firestarter, flyer caught a flame, sayonara
Science, art, and pain
Every field I play in, I demolish
I'ma guard my heart 'til I gain light
Dark days became bright
Part ways, from dark ways and found ways to gain sight
Angel K9, stray nine bullets have grazed my hoodie on late nights
I read your eyes, you can't lie to me, you can't hide

Once dollars turn into cents, ain't no guarding my innocence
I'ma walk with my syndicates, I'm the heart of it
No matter how hard this shit'll get, I'm hitting it harder
My power unlimited, I'm showering in the shit
9 infinite

Anyone still doubting me's out of touch with reality
I've got my balance, my lowest center of gravity
You do a whole lot of braggin', but never challenge me
If I didn't practice, I'd still be good at it naturally
I've watch niggas get more than me doin' less than me
While nobody recording my shit or mixing me
Sometimes I get real lonely and that shit gets to me
Because the ones most important to me ain't listening
But now niggas going diamond in the bluff
Angel dog, I'm a diamond in the 'ruff'
They gon' see how I blind 'em when I'm cut
All love, all Niners in the cut
To whoever it was that shot me back in 2014
I'm glad you got away, or else none of my boys would be free
I had to duck, running
Blood running faster than me
I felt my trust numbing

I need to make some money or fuck sum'
'Fore I blow my genius brains all over these streets
Since I already got my DNA all over these streets
I'm tryna remain professional with nowhere to sleep
But a nigga'll say you greedy on the day he ain't eat
A nigga'll try to test you the day he ain't cheat
And with that being said, I think I'm done taking critiques
You know from zone three to Brooklyn, much energy keep on looking
Gotta shine through the bullshit for niggas like me

Give, give
What would I give?
Give, give
What would I give?

I got battle scars like Simba
You got dark agendas
But it's not my bidness, carry on
My chérie love the pot
My shit like cherry bombs
My clique don't carry bombs
To flip at every function
Big scary monsters, flinch
When Kenny come with clips
Like Terrence Thornton
House 9 and it is very haunted
Big angel shit
Repent and get anointed bitch
All my boys done been raised by bullies
And grazed by bullets
In the neighborhood where ...
Gave out goodies
Got paid in full, ate a full, played out ovens
While everybody who stayed in school ain't got money

They gon' call me the GOAT once I end my time
Once they show me the ropes, I just 6-1-9
'Cause I can only cope if I spit my lines
I know somebody would call, shawty hit my line
Myself, I keep my nose clean, don't even smoke weed
My addiction is in between your knees
In addition to gettin' the most cream, from gettin' the most streams
And swimmin' in your streams
Come get that pussy hit up in zone three
Hit it at pro speed
The shit if you don't sleep
A fit if you want sleep
It's finna get grown, squeezin' in, fittin' it slowly
You finish before me
Ken' in the pot movin', similar most true but
This shit'll go down more sinister roads if or when I'm provoked
Pissed or sit in a hole
It's on, them boys livin' on limited hope
Big Kenny from Heaven, I'm bitch nigga repellin'
A pit rippin' the flesh, I'm in shit
Skin him in seconds that's it
Let 'em air out this shit
Give 'em a second, I been in the trenches with niggas with weapons
You givin' impressions, your gimmick depressing
(was) feelin' aggressive and didn't suppress it
My mental affected from years of oppression
And livin' in desolate images, niggas was hesitant
Visitin' death was as distant as relatives livin' right next to us

Locks in my face swing
Locked in my daydream
Thoughts in my brain think, sharp like I can't sing
Fuck dese niggas up when I drop nigga, Tay Keith
Fucked her in a truck, parked subtle in da cut
Y'all huddling fa what? Buddy lyin' to ya face see
I already know he won't slide cause he can't swing
I already know it's my time but you can let me know
I already won but you can tell 'em dat you let me bro
Gotta stay professional, gotta pay me extra though
Gotta bring some extra folks, got 'em stayin' extra close
Fuckk dat being friendly, niggas done almost killed me
Watch yo blood spilling, den you'll probably feel me...
My dog was in da field
When he talk I hear pills speak
When he talkin' dat grilled cheese
He don't gotta convince me
Had a talk wit da lil me
Told me go on a kill streak, if niggas still sleep
Den it's a Nightmare on Dill Street
(heheh)

Wings

Scraping the demon off of my back, I need him off me
These niggas need to stop for a snack, they leave the Glock in my lap
I like the feeling, I don't even offer it back
Oh you planned it out, I see how it's panning out
My confidence in you dumping if someone start acting out
It's bringing my panic down
I wore your hand me downs, when they was your hand me downs
(I) don't even like 'em but I know rockin' 'em make you proud
My Saturdays got sadder the day that they sat you down
The day that they let you out... I knew you had changed
Knew you was dueling with rage
It's only so many things niggas can do with the pain
(Bruh)
Shoulder to shoulder with real soldiers, drinking from pill sodas
If your eyes still open, then I know they peeled open
I'm ready to steal wit ya if that bitch still open
I know you gon' pull it if that bitch real focused
If that bitch real focused
If that, if that

I'm an OG
The OG OC
D so clean, no sleep
Then weak, butt on fleek
The old 3, Kobe, a zone three
Good game, no cheat code, he could show me
Backflipping in a bad bitch's vaginal slit
Pussy taste magical (chef's kiss)
Smacking my lips
Smash and I dip to a bag, crackers or chips
Just to bag every bitch tagged in a pic
Grade A pussy got me drowned in A Boogie
If you down to play hooky, I can take that ass down today
Everybody say I should have died but shit, I found a way
Every time they play my shit I'm bound to get a lot of play
Make room for who?
It's a lot of space in outer space
I'm spacing out, they need a lot of patience for what I'mma say
I'mma take thumbing through some faces like they breaking out

Over breaking down conversations in an office space
That extendo'll make a fake street nigga switch like Nintendo
Niggas gon' blast shit, you at the wrong address
You must've typed in in wrong
Your face card declined, you must have got the pin wrong
You must have got the memo
He duckin' all of the smoke, I'm headed for the end zone, ay
Get money, ay, ay
Get money
Who am I? Ay, big puppy
Ay, ay, big, big
Free!