

# Stoned

King Iso

Tarrel was searching for a sense of self  
To understand where he came from  
Something his siblings couldn't understand  
They knew their dads though  
I ne-I ne-I ne- you  
So they had who they could, you know  
Look in the mirror and see where they get all their stuff from  
And identify with  
And then I'm the middle child so it was like  
I always felt like an outcast  
I didn't have somebody who I could say, "That's my hero"  
Or, "That's who I'm gonna be like" (Be like, be like, be like)

My father wasn't there, father was a rolling stone  
Prolly never be aware of me 'til they put me on the cover of the Rolling Stones (Stones)  
Sister and brother had theirs, I was feelin' so alone  
If I wasn't it was rare, like the blood, I'm gettin' gone  
Just sittin' here stoned (Stoned)  
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You never even heard my voice (No)  
You never even shook my hand (No)  
You never left me no choice (No)  
If you ask me I look like Pam (Uh-huh)  
Was a ghetto psycho in the makin' (Facts)  
You never seen how good I am (No)  
Was in the shoe, good at bein' in the box like (What?)  
Where I used to put my bands  
Ironic when I sit and I think about it  
I never really had one, livin' in the Good Life Inn  
If its a gamble I'ma have a Suge Knight den  
With a pair of dice, that's where they took my fam  
In the middle of the east, where the hoods I ran  
Like a third world country, better book like champs  
Everybody tryna make 'em somethin' out of nothin'  
On the corner makin' jugs like a good five dance  
With the devil daily, I took my chance  
With the weed in elementary  
I think that it would get to me  
To see who all befriend me  
Receiving love attentively from father's  
It was sickening, the look, goddamn (Uh-huh)  
Lone wolf gang is where I took my stance  
Y'all go where the wind blows  
Niggas look like Stan's (Facts)  
Feel welcome to the hood  
Think I could ice Stan's  
I was one in the chamber on the wood night-stand (Damn)  
Had the five dolla' blunt, feelin' good, got grams  
Put that on mama's mama, in the hood, right hand  
When them rubber bullets flyin'

They done took my man's (Man's)  
We need more songs like Nas's hook "I Can"  
 Fucked up, dealin' with this tough love  
 Pops playin' duck hunt  
 Kick it through the hood pop cans  
 Set in stone (Stone, stone)

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Sometimes I feel (Like what?)  
Like a fatherless child, his bastard ODED, rest in peace  
Fall so deep, pour another drink  
Take a pill and prolly will bounce  
Sold a little bit of product that I'm talkin' about  
Call me the Wizard of Oz, how I got up an ounce  
Prolly chillin' with a model, hold up, it's Monica Brown  
And then I became and addict like the top of a house  
Pretendin' to be an angel when my mama's around  
Preacher horns with a halo, nigga, follow me now? (Uh-huh)  
Diggin' through a liquor cabinet, a shot on the house  
Playin' with the pistol, blood and no more shot at the house  
Mama checkin' if I'm sleepin' but I'm not at the house  
I'm runnin' around with a baddie and knockin' her down  
I went to mental wards and jail and I was jottin' it down  
Rhymin' the hardest while you niggas sound like Oscar the Grouch  
Learn to make paper, boy, when I got to the south (Uh-huh)  
With the empire now, shawties pop at the couch  
They sayin' that I changed but I plotted it out  
Man, what the fuck these niggas talkin' about?  
I proceed to hit the weed 'cause it be calmin' me down  
I'm stickin' my dick in a thottie  
Addicted, forget it, hobby  
The lobby with busy bodies  
I'm sinister with the molly  
My nigga, I'm Ricky Bobby how I'm drivin' 'em wild  
In a box Chevy, 'bout to slide through the town (Skrرت)  
King nigga sippin' on a bottle of Crown (Uh-huh)  
Turnt up like the gangs that they brought me around  
Wonder would it be the same with a father around? (Hmm)  
Never thought I'd make it rappin' but they jackin' my style  
Turn this motherfucker up and blow the monitors out  
All I ever needed was to see my mama was proud  
I'll be sittin' back and laughin' like it's comedy now  
Just gettin' stoned (Stoned)

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Shit when-when I couldn't find my pops, homie

I was on the block like with the older niggas

Nigga, we we're gettin' high

I was skippin' elementary school, nigga

I'm a fuckin' weed head

Could you imagine that shit?

And ever since then nigga, I ain't

I ain't really put the shit down

I mean, I tried to

Shit, if I ain't high, I'm feelin' low

Stoned, ay