

# WHERE'S LANCEY

Lancey Foux

Oh, I don't know (Feel it), I don't know, I don't know (I can-)  
I don't know, I don't know  
Friend or Foux, I don't know (Feel it)  
Friend or Foux, I don't know  
I got angels with me, I don't know  
I got demons, I don't know  
I can feel it, I can feel it, I can feel it (Paranoid)  
I can't trust a soul  
I can feel it, I can feel it, I can feel it, I don't know (Friend or Foux)  
Woah (Psh), okay  
Yeah (Yea)  
Huh? Psyke!

Yeah  
Jay Trench  
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know  
Who my Friend or Foux? Woah  
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Just got a grip, so I'm back on my shit  
The pagans already know what it is  
They watching, pursuing and stalking the kid  
It was all bottled up, till I took off the lid  
How many times you gonna talk about drip?  
You ain't really doing nothin' until you're causing a spillage  
I was just shotting food for a couple of quid  
Now it's 25K for like 25 minutes  
I don't know who's my Friend or Foux  
I don't wanna talk and I don't wanna do business  
Everything difficult, everything different  
Any time I remember what I got, I missed it  
Life is a game and they all wanna play  
Just 'cause I make it look realistic  
Just got rich, and I'm tryna' get richer  
Young black man tryna fuck up the system  
Got a young black queen and I'm showing her off (Yeah)  
No, no, no you can't get what I got (Yeah)  
Can't be like me, can't roll where I rock  
Doors folded and my pockets are not (Psyke)  
They don't understand me it's pissing them off  
I jump to the bag, I criss and I cross  
I don't know who they are, I don't know what they want (Huh?)  
I'm taking my aim, I'm shooting my shot

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Deeper than road, this is deeper than rap  
You can go, but you ain't coming back  
I was just broke, took immediate action  
Nigga, what gang? I'm the gang and the faction  
Look in the mirror and I see the mandem  
She ain't no ho, but she know what's happening  
I tell her no, she gonna have a tantrum  
African G, nah-nah, no wrangler  
No challengers, niggas can't match  
Niggas can't banish us  
I got the baddest one up in the passenger  
Blowing her brains, blowing her back  
Breaking her frame, breaking the bank  
I don't wanna talk, don't mention or at me  
Better yet, catch me, better yet match me  
Feel like I seen this before  
Top to bottom, front to back  
They hate you when you're young, rich, and you're black (Huh?)  
Nothin' ain't changing with that (Huh?)  
Already died and I'm back (Huh?)  
I'm fuckin', I'm blowin' from the back (Huh?)  
Walk in the room relax (Huh?)  
Smoking a fruit pack (Huh?)  
Head turn around when I'm shaking her hand (Huh?)  
I'm too busy watching my back (Huh?)

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You my Friend or Foux? Woah