

Broken Arrows

Lloyd Banks

All this weight holds a tone
When they title you the one
Where I'm from
Ain't no love, just a barrel and a drum
On my son, I ain't done, shit, my story just begun
Ain't no slipping, sneakers done
When there ain't no where to run, call me dumb
Rather wind up in a clip than a bomb
Get your gun
Niggas rather see you die than you won
In the slum, this is fun
Though it traumatizes some
Here it comes, second guessing and I only just begun
I wrestled many people yet I survived, I'm feeling guilty
Know this work will last a few lifetimes, they'll never kill me
Gotta make em more with hearts like mine, they did me filthy
If I ain't somewhere in the book with the brink niggas - I will be

Where do we start?
Did all this loathing but somewhere it fell apart
Still buying diamonds, gotta shine, cuz hell is dark
Friends smile haters smile they hard to tell apart
Gotta stay sharp...

This hell is dark
I know I'm bleeding can't you tell that I've been shot?
I'm feeling dizzy someone caught me in the heart
Don't be comfortable should've taught me from the start
I wouldn't listen now it's time for me to harp
Choices you gave me lay me right there in the park
Thought it was over but somewhere I found a spark
Knew you were waiting on the day I fell apart
Broken Arrows...

Bought an ends, out the door
But I settle for some more
Ain't no U-turns war
When that peddle hits the floor
And I swore
To get back everything I took out the store, times 4
I caught back up, ain't gotta look up no more
Tied score, Imma soar, my survival is my allure
Imma lie, hold my hand on the bible, fuck the law
I adore, the smell the pressure gives me bundles galore
I'm in awe
Mixing these words up like I been here before
Some friends will always be worthy don't introduce them as family
I black in every direction I know when Judas is near me
Don't think that I'm an exception
The biggest bruises must bare me
I've had my fair share of troubles
Careful couldn't compare me
My gifts are multiplying it's easy to double often
Too dangerous for you rap lists, keep me the fuck up off 'em
You owe me all of mine, copping pleas won't disrupt distortion
Thumbing through this money while I'm talking nigga

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Feel like I'm due for redemption, karmas a horrid stat
Ain't nothing worse than they payment, if you can call it that that
When I create I don't picture the critics put all the traps
Picture receivers giving orders to the quarter back
Business is across the map
Lions changing the order of the almanac
I ain't an easy victim, wrist comes with a torch attached
Product of the southside shining star off the Austin batch
These days the innocent get strays, your organ snatch
Never take our conversation across the street
Can't hear you out, ain't no justification for deceit
I put some bread away just in case off your feet
But you went AWOL, justification for the weak
If you should fuck up my day it's probation for the week
Stomping my ways through cities, most states they call for keeps
Yapping will get you killed, they lie when they say that talk is cheap
You need to better understand and take a walk with me

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Choices you gave me lay me right there in the park
Thought it was over but somewhere I found a spark
Knew you were waiting on the day I fell apart
Trying to be the best version I can be...
But the ghetto made a murder out of me...
Broken Arrows...