

(The spread of infection)
Uh

The streets don't show love and gettin' to it don't make you a boss
There's no remorse, the turns of the inevitable course
Don't follow nobody else's, figure out which path is yours
'Cause lights go off, and I pray to God I never get lost
They always watchin', pretendin' they want you winnin', of course
They want the torch, the turns of the inevitable course
All I got is my word and principles that I never cross
Can't get knocked off, the turns of the inevitable course (Yo, uh)

Rare that I speak on y'all, rather I not be mentioned either
You runnin' the internet with your issues, you're an attention-seeker
Never laid shit down for me, covered expenses either
That's where Blue came in, showin' love's an expensive teacher
Money involved, people'll flip-flop on you, Gucci style
You shit all on me, keep that same energy when the truth comes out
You flawed yourself, who put you in a position where you can vouch?
Do losers count? I brung you 'round, time to pack up and move the house
Losin' the best friend's a feeling nobody else can help
Just look at me, all these years later, still out here by myself
Lured from the fakest material things disguised as wealth
Thinkin' I'm vulnerable, I'm not, weapon concealed behind the belt
And half this doubt out here since before you heard of me, love it
Minimize him behind doors, switchin' it up in public
You lookin' for light, got a little bit off my name and loved it
Grown-ass man dick ridin' for pictures, I'm disgusted (Uh)

The streets don't show love and gettin' to it don't make you a boss
There's no remorse, the turns of the inevitable course
Don't follow nobody else's, figure out which path is yours
'Cause lights go off, and I pray to God I never get lost
They always watchin', pretendin' they want you winnin', of course
They want the torch, the turns of the inevitable course
All I got is my word and principles that I never cross
Can't get knocked off, the turns of the inevitable course (Uh)

Take a walk through my catalog that nobody helped me design
Just when you thought you finally clipped my wings, you were helpin' me fly
Maybe my dark aura's reversed, maybe I fell from the sky
Can't let no play-both-siders blot out my vision, eye-for-an-eye
They want the truth intact, force me to shoot it back, left me a boobytrap
How cruel is that? Got me out in the corners where it get spooky at
Believe nothin' what you hear, fuckin' dummy for just assumin' that
Half of what you may see, common sense is rare and you losin' that
AR1 with the doofy strap, this'll supply the fiends
New, improved version of super crack, cruisin' back in the Beem'
I was destined to have a king since the pharaoh get moved to Queens
Crabs tryna stop each other, hard to be happy if one of us leaves
These suckers don't get to slap five, point, I've severed my rap ties
Death's a permanent black eye, rest in peace Wise and Fat Shy
Pockets fat as your last lie, allegedly I'm the bad guy
Probably don't like me anyway, lucky to see me pass by (Uh)

The streets don't show love and gettin' to it don't make you a boss
There's no remorse, the turns of the inevitable course

Don't follow nobody else's, figure out which path is yours
'Cause lights go off, and I pray to God I never get lost
They always watchin', pretendin' they want you winnin', of course
They want the torch, the turns of the inevitable course
All I got is my word and principles that I never cross
Can't get knocked off, the turns of the inevitable course