

It's weird man, I feel like I can't play. Every now and then I'm playing and I'm and just like what, I'm actually...

I ain't seen you for a minute
Wonder what for
Only really chilling when we were on tour
Even then there's something different I feel unsure if you look
at me and still believe I should of done more
Before your brothers on the top floor
Or before another show is just a dumb chore
We'd lay awake at yours dreaming of an encore and laugh at all
the things that we would say when we won awards
Course money was the source
I've never known nothing like the force, to ripp a world apart
shred it out its course
Now two best friends, who shared the torch barely talk
And if we do its mostly money not remorse
And yo I know theirs nothing funny bout divorce
But if this shit has really run its course
I want you to know that all of mines all of yours
Uh, all of yours

"Still remember your mum buying me the flat pack mattress?"
"Sleeping on your floor?"

Ch'yeah
Its supposed to be Ben and Krispy
And anywhere I went I said I'd take you with me
Tour around the world and get a fucking a miss me, in another c
ity Ayo a cried when that sentence hit me
Ben and Krispy, till the feet stop
Reminisce like CL and Pete rock or Blue and Xr cus every time t
he beat drop I start to tell a story and you follow wid' the be
at box
Tell em get up on your feet like the seats hot
Common and dilla started spinning from the T tops
But Rebel B was all I need and all I see drop the rythem on rep
eat and I would spit it till the beat stopped
But the beat stopped
So now what?
Yo, I can't wait another hour boss, give a fuck about the money
or the e-track [?]
I Just Want My G Back
Trust
I just want my G back

"Ayo listen, I got a lot more to say but I reckon I leave this
next bit blank, so you wanna write something, you can write som

ething"

I love you G
Ah