

Premonition

Lute

I got a friend who little brother infatuated with guns
I tell him "Watch yourself, with that you know what comes"
Two shots to the lungs 'cause some young nigga thought you had it coming
And I know you not the type for running
AK sound off like the band drumming
Quick to check a nigga if he sayin' something under his breath
Two shells is left, everyday niggas dance with death
I got a tone that make you one-two step
You see, life's too short to be so reckless
Which one? Your life or that gold necklace
'Cause niggas soul checkin' and all my life I been so patient
They say, "Life is what you make it", so it's all for the taking
Seen a family get evicted, had me reminiscing
Yet I'm bitching about life, I should be happy I'm alive
But shit, we tired of flipping fries, niggas trapping on the side
Don't need no blue check, bye, to be verified
I'm so solidified, they don't question my qualifications
Young legend in the making, I'm tryna' be patient
But no time to be waiting, I'm just feeding my baby
Unemployed, no diploma, what nigga, this crazy

Gotta be another way, aye
Gotta be another way, aye
Gotta be another way, aye
Gotta be another way

All around, she gon' hold me down
Long as I can make her make sounds like coyote howls
When I'm in the center, outer limits, nonexistent
Is you riding? Is you with it?
Ain't too hard to figure out, ain't too hard to live for now
Is you artificial or your art official?
Only clean my messes with official tissue
I'm a picky nigga, picking up on signals
Crystal clear, I get the picture pissing off whoever watching
Watch the minutes and the seconds keep on ticking
Got a cousin in Kuwait
He can't wait to see his daughter, when he left she wasn't talking
Heard her sing the other day
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Craters on my thumbs from the lighters I spun
I just stop by today to work on my lil cash flow
Spit oil spills in they lanes, I'm more revealings than sayings
"I'm fucking wheeling," is the phrase that pays, my nigga
The free money kitty, I get it all day, my daily

They heard of my city, can't tell me 'bout labor, wadies
The freakiest babies with labias, only debating
Microwave pregnancies, we've no sense in time waiting
Attention span or whatever get my dick rocked
Not to mention my nigga just got slammed after fifth block
So we gon' have to handle all of that when all of the tick stops
And the bell rings, no hiding at the neighborhood pit stop
Shit, I'm on my own, so if I make it home
Know I ain't have to use my chromes, I ain't have one to own
Let alone two to rub together, just a few to throw
So when Judus ran up on me, gave him two boots to the throat

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