

?? Departures...

M Huncho

Quincy Tell Em
Yeah, Yeah

Put my trust in the hammer
I'm broken from all of the trauma
This money don't matter, I got brothers that still in the slammer
I been stabbed in the back baby, I can still feel the knife in my back
They drop when I drop, ain't it mad?
From the bando, I graduated
Sitting at stove, praying that I need to make it
120 on these diamonds, it was just for motivation
Please don't call me a rapper, I'm an entrapreneur
Left council homes
Thanks to the stove, thanks to the pot, thanks to the plug
I owe him a lot, I owe him my life, I grew up a lot
I'm buying this whip, I'm driving it fast, it's straight out the law
They feel entitled, calling my phone they ask for a lot
I'm linking my side ting, not for a fuck, it's just for a slop top
I'm watching my blood, I'm watching my tears, I put in a lot
I'm watching my love I put in this shit, I put in a lot
Life is a blessing, I had no roof, now I got a drop top
I had some trials and tribulations, been through a lot
There's too many snakes and too many ladder en-route to the top
I take care of me, I take care of mine, no way Imma to flop

I had some trials and tribulations, been a through a lot
Huncholin'
There's too many snakes and too many ladder, en-route to the top
Lin', Lin'
I take care of me, I take care of mine, no way I'm going to flop

Jay Youngs got the beat knocking
Lin'
Huncholin'
Lin'

I feel inspired by the people that's around me winning
When I shine bright, they turn my light and dim it
I can't deal with it, the shit that they look up to I can't deal with it
Run up on your veggies, make a mill of it
I sold weed and I sold crack, yeah thats the tip of the iceberg
If I die, I wonder which one of the bro's would ride first
Can't remember what I faced, it's deeper than rap
If I had my own choice
Wouldn't even hit the trap, wouldn't even buy a gun, wouldn't even need a st
ash
Wouldn't even bury friends, I can't even bring them back
But it gets a little sad
I can't cry no tears
I'm too broke for the grave
I got way too many sins, if I go there I don't know if I'll be saved
I don't know, I don't know if I'll see the gates
I don't know, I don't know if I'll see the gates
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I pray my brother beats the case, pray that I never change
If I did, it's for the better

I got sins, but I can't confess it
Get a brick and try and press it
I got stresses, I can't stress it
Even though I got some blessings, I got problems that are still present
Guilt is crazy, cause I tend to blame myself
If my deeds were to get weighed, I hope they balance out the scale
I put three-fives up in the spliff, and I made a couple M's, I still need an
other twelve
I spent way too many years, watching people disappear, why you think I'm by
myself?
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