

Two Wise Men

M Huncho

A wise man once said, "I forgot the phrase"
I was banged up with a lifer, he gave me lots of game
But that lifer was my bredrin, so that's lot of pain
Them man forget about their friends and put their block to shame
36 hours in the booth, but I've had longer days
Anytime I see them cowards with their jewels, I feel to confiscate
My worker keeps fucking up the count
I tell him "Concentrate"
I need a house or on a lake, I got guns all need a safe
This shit's just in my DNA, listening to Hunch & Nafe
Potter's rich he's in a wraith, but I don't think your son's are safe
I show you how to hustle backwards, 100 things, 100 ways, 100 bricks, 100 days
Dingers, spinners, number plates
Said he's got a 100 problems, cause he's got a 100 mates
Tryna feed a thousand mouths, dinners on a thousand plates
You think I need you now? You're a little too late
Cause you was busy hating on me, when I was getting you straight

Yeah

P and Hunch, that's like buj and cocaine
Then we came to showcase, yeah their was some broke days
I put white on the table, on my gums like Colgate
Rockin out the pot like we're here with Coldplay
36 hours that I spend in the bando
Just packs, no lights, just a candle little bitch
[?] and I got my little fizz
In the jungle so long, I had to get my own stick
The stars in the roof shine, I roll with my Pooh Shiest
We made it out the streets, we still on our old grind
I still, put the fire, I need me a cold mine
Fuckin weirdos around, fuck it in your co sign
I make up for lost time, I'm trying to get ahead
Some of my friends are dead, I wish they had some more time
We brought NutriBullets, not for protein shakes
I sipped lean from young, guess I'm a codeine baby

I drink Henny from the bottle, this ain't Activis
I'm still on the front line, like a activist
We do YG of the month, who's the active-ist
And you best not say my name if you get grabbed with this
The way I cook crack, I might need a lab for this
I really been on the corner selling grams of fish
Before I step out the kitchen, I grab my kitch'
And I still think I'm money, don't make me grab your wrist

Grab my wrist, I'll grab the clip
The energy you're giving me, in real life you ain't matching it
All these kids I've fathered them
I should start an orphanage
Really I'm a local kid, the city kid
I'm serving all these nittys quick
I think of ways to be legit
I'm still in my Training Days, yeah, yeah
Come and listen to who really pathed the way, yeah, yeah
Paranoid I keep it in my pillowcase, yeah, yeah
In my nightmares, I got it on my waist, yeah, yeah