

## 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 da  
ys  
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