

Swoosh, over they head  
They went straight to they pockets instead  
How you hate you could follow the steps  
In the rain got my Wallabes wet  
I'm proof that the harder it get  
I don't lose, it's just smarter I get  
Play it cool, it's part of respect  
Play it cool, naw that part of me left  
They be stupid, no armory left  
It was cruel, but I already bled  
Pray to dukes, they don't pardon me next  
Spliff two just to honor her death  
Making moves in these margelly creps  
Too smooth, so she hardly impressed  
I ain't blew I'm by albany jects  
Or EU getting saucy in Pecks  
How you knew when I'm caught me a flex  
Why you choose when to call me a friend  
In a loop, I was always depressed  
I got thru think I bought me a sec  
I copped boomers and bought me a zed  
But the booze the one brought me to bed  
I got blues from them sorry regrets  
Thank my tutor who taught me to fetch  
Still confused but you saw the intent  
Got a few, that had thought to invest  
Lost a few, I know war isn't bless  
Not for cute for the torn and repressed  
Swoosh over they head  
In the safe, I deposit the bread  
How you hate you could follow the steps  
In the rain know they probably vexed  
I'm proof that the harder it get  
I don't move I'm too far in the mess  
Swoosh over they head