

Quicksand

Morray

Hmm, yeah
Hmm, yeah
Hmm, yeah, yeah

Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands
Falling in deep with the quicksand
Flag out my ass, no quick brand
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh
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Back in the day, man a nigga had rip jeans
Couldn't afford a new pair, I had broke seams
Couldn't think about the money, I had broke dreams
Outfit was the match of a crack fiend
I was tryna be fly, I couldn't take off
Clothes falling off my ass, lost weight, dawg
No jacket in the winter, had the shakes, dawg
Then I said, "Fuck it," 'cause something gone have to shake, dawg
Then my nigga Bobby put me on a quick lick
Wasn't a lot but enough for a quick fix
Interceptions, I was stealing, caught me a pick six
In the snow pitching woe, bitch it was brick dick
Never killed, ain't gone lie, I was tempted
He was the target, but he lucky that I missed it
I was always fucking up, was a misfit
My opportunity was knocking and I missed it
Young when I hopped off the stoop
Two doors what I floor if I hop in the coupe
Too sore from a war where I couldn't lose
Got scars and bruises, man, I got the proof
Resemble young Steele 'cause I got the juice
You think you 2Pac, let Omar Epps loose
Stepping on necks with my Timberland boots
I'm planted, I'm stable, I'm growing in roots, yeah

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I remember chillin' at one of my little bitch crib
'Bout to fuck, 'bout to nut, main course with the fixings
Her nigga came through, he was all on some bitch shit
Didn't know I was raw and my hands was so gifted
Boy had me chop, had get him a mix quick
Couple knots made him drop like he drunk or he lifted
Fought another nigga after I thought was some kinship
Throwing up both of our sets which ended the friendship
Gave respect neck to neck, my nigga didn't back down
Had 'em standing up then he ended up back down
His hands in my life now they ended up flat now
Flat like a wing, let's see if he flap now
Had enough, it was tough only lasted about one round
K.D. on the bench equipped with the tre pound
Made 'em run, it was funny, he was scared of the gun sound
Made 'em shit, he a bitch, by the car he was ducked down
I ain't got no time for the fakes
The phonies, jabronies, the ops or the Jakes
My homies the only who come past the gate
I'm whacking the weeds, cutting heads off of snakes
I'm hungry, I'm eating right off of ya plate
I want it, I'm on it, it's mine for the take
I'm stagnant, a magnet, I'm staying in place
The reason I'm popping is all of the hate, yeah

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