

# OG POV

Morrison

From a OG's point of view  
Let me talk from a OG's point of view  
OG's point of view  
Let me talk from a O

From a OG's point of view  
Bro I'll tell you right now that the roads are finished  
All of the rules have been broken, I look around nobodies tryna fix 'em  
\*\*\*\* a convicted rapist  
His pals know that, but they're still rollin' with him  
Wow, I just see a killer from my block like his 6th time  
Bitches condone in snitches, the roads are finished  
Man love talkin' but nobody listens  
I told my bro that that move he was up  
But my bro didn't listen, now broski in prison  
But still I say "Free him." 'Cause the judge done him dirty  
Twenty years for a gun on a burglary  
Then that same judge gave a nonce twelve months  
For noncing on kids whiles he works in a nursery  
The roads ain't worth it, man go opp blocks, just to put work in  
Man catch bodies for a plot he don't own  
Yeah you might have scored points, but those points are worthless  
Go get your money up, fuck all that beef shit  
I've been there, done that, I know about street shit  
Same man you're ridin' for now'll be your opp in ten years  
'Cause you're gonna fall out and start beefin'  
So take the next right and jump out that ride  
Before shit goes left on a glide  
Value your freedom and time  
Don't lose your life for no temporary guys  
'Cause your friends are gonna turn on you, I promise you, believe me  
Real life Rico and Mitch, no TV  
Some are gonna switch up on you, just because you're eatin'  
And some are gonna turn their back on you for no reason

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Yo quick, strike a pose for the cameras  
We make the trap look glamourous  
I've been takin' L's all year  
But on socials I'm winnin' in my pictures and captions  
We don't show bad times, we only show good  
The road ting's dead, but all we know is juug  
But ask yourself how many trappers have you seen get rich  
And actually make it outta the hood?  
Not many, who's got your back in the hood?  
Not many, who's gonna ride when it's time? Not many  
Yo that's suttin' that I learnt when my bro got buried  
Yo that's suttin' that I learnt when it's time for the get back  
"M, where's your killers at?" Yo, they just checked out

'Round here there ain't no light at the end of the tunnel  
Just a bullet in the chamber headin' straight at your head back  
Boom bam, get back, everyone get down  
Shots get sent out or shots get sent back  
A couple man dead now, feds come arrest man  
Bro didn't have a passport so he got sent back  
Back to the motherland  
Now look, he's gone and stressed his mother out  
'Cause she brought her son to the UK to live a better life  
And he joined gang and went out and bun a man  
Waste of life, the road tings a waste of time  
If I could go back and talk to the young me  
I'll tell little M "Stay away from crime."  
And I'll tell little M "Stay away from the guys."  
'Cause they're nothin' but rats and snakes in disguise  
But every day I still pray for the guys

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