

Wise Old Man

Mr. Probz

[Verse 1: Mr. Probz]

I'm outside to see a lot of fiends
Coming and going, the wind blowing
Smoke pressure eyes on my chest
Sweaty my skin showing
The cops know it's a rat race
So I tighten my shoes, moving at a fast pace
Take a walk with me, you wanna see what I saw
Feel what I felt, my hand feel like a stove
From cold metals I melt, my palms stay dirty
I tried to live clean, write a couple songs
Maybe live a little man's dream
Like my grandfather said, the biggest trees
Catch the most wind if that's the truth
I'm a branch now and feel the breeze
He always told me, nobody owns you
No man controls you because your the one that knows you
Got fixed cards when my hand got dealt
I'm realizing shit stinks so now I'm just saving myself
And don't need help, you like me?
Nah, that's unlikely, I sleep tight but never let a bedbug bite me
Daydreams turning to nightmares, I'm quite scared
But never show it on the outside, I fight fear
The world ain't big enough for you and me
Big enough for me and you to breathe so I'm a let it be

[Hook]

The world ain't big enough for people
Friends could be lethal, a wise man once told me
He said you better put some eyes on your back
Because they keep praying for your downfall
The wise old man once told me
He said watch your step, watch your step
Watch your step now, watch your step
Because things around you ain't always what they seem

[Verse 2: Sonny Diablo]

Picture me laying in my casket
Body covered with gasoline
Picture you holding the matches
You look at me and hate what you see
I'm a threat to society
A born slave with a tormented soul
I take the head of a snake, cut out the eyes of a rat
These niggas give me no break
Jealousy is written over your face
And you said you was my soul mate
I Knew it was all fake
The streets got cold blooded steak
You the type when I'm in jail, you go try fuck my bitch
I keep a double clip and bust somebody's melon
Never talking to cops, nobody telling
From sunrise to sunset I'm on grind
But why I be at war with my peeps
My own kind in this white man world
When nothing comes free
The second I get some money, they go try to rob me

Maybe I should give you my life, my gun, my knife
My shed, my couch, my bed, my phone, my bread
The clothes on my back, the shoes on my feet
The harder you listen, the softer I speak

[Hook]