

# No Squids

## Ocean Wisdom

I speak for me, not no other avatar  
I'm tryna smoke my tree and have a laugh  
Comin' like twerk back season in the charts  
How they wanna shake batty for some caliber  
I don't need fake love from no manager  
I cannot lie, I don't rate these amateurs  
I cannot ride, brudda this a whole marathon can turn backwards  
All for some passa, darg  
I can't have things on me in the passenger  
'Cause I'm a big boss and an ambassador  
Fam, I got flip-flops more than these manas cars worth and that's big facts  
To a next rapper, darg  
Guess I'm an old school rapper  
True dandadda  
Not no capper  
On sight scrapper  
Always in mazza  
Fuck all that, I'm a grown-up brudda

When the lights go out but the fire remains  
No more playing these violent games  
I ain't gotta lie, my brudda, I'm ashamed  
Of all of this hurt  
This pain  
This that wind beneath your sail when you can't maintain  
That get up and go again  
Don't let pressure control your brain  
Don't just mess up and float away  
In fact, come closer a little closer, it's not a game  
Gave them so much from my plate  
Fucked my soul up along the way  
Can't do road up, you gotta change  
Since "Blue (Da Ba Dee Da Ba Da )"   
Niggas tryna sabotage a brudda day  
Probably 'cause I found myself another lane  
I ain't gotta manager, I got PAs  
And  
We don't meet, we lease  
And  
You can't see me anyways  
And  
You can't be me if you trained

Hm  
Innit tho, really bro, gimmie that  
I'm leaving city to city tapped  
Probably I need a bigger map  
'Cause I be looking like did all that, did all that  
All of these rappers all twerking on TikTok and Instagram, bro, I ain't wid  
all that  
Unless same way you cut shapes in the rave, you dip dip dip a man's face, no  
brick or bat  
And they call us violent monkeys  
True, I know some violence junkies  
In trouble with Trident monthly  
When the sound of violins comfy  
You know you in too deep

On the verge tryna silence some G  
So to the life man dive in, dunky  
And when their face all lumpy  
Bet they won't talk on me  
How the fuck am I beefin' these 5'4 lil' munchkins like it's not heavyweight  
on me  
Like it's not every day on me  
But I got a lil' gelonade on me  
And I will light it  
They don't know what real life is  
Like mine is  
These times I'm tryna live a life of silence over a life of violence  
Man, fuck a hype ting

So no more games, no squids  
'Cause dem man dere ain't got no quids  
And us man here know what this is  
Peace and quiet exists  
When the lights go out but the fire remains  
No more playing these violent games  
I ain't gotta lie, my brudda, I'm ashamed  
Of all of this hurt  
This pain  
This that wind beneath your sail when you can't maintain  
That get up and go again  
Don't let pressure control the brain  
Don't just mess up and float away  
In fact, come closer a little closer, it's not a game  
Gave them so much from my plate  
Fucked my soul up along the way  
Can't do road up, you gotta change  
Since "Blue (Da Ba Dee Da Ba Da)"  
Fuck tryna sabotage a brudda day  
Probably 'cause I found myself another lane

You see this fucked up life that I'm living in  
Man just fucked up twice like an invalid  
All 'cause I buss my 9 on a drillaleng  
Cut my nose just to spite my head again  
Could not care if there's nine or ten of them  
Got no fear but I got intelligence  
Man act weird and man's not feeling it  
All this talking tough on the internet  
Man's not into it  
Man's got intellect  
Smoke my cigarette  
Sign that bigger cheque, see through a bigger lens  
Do my due diligence  
Fake like silicone, sweet like cinnamon  
Man got rid of them  
Man's not feeling them  
Man's not feeling it  
See the smoke and mirrors and the silhouette

A broken figure tryna reinvent  
I'm walking with it till I see an end  
While these dickheads talking like CNN  
If these dickheads talking like it's me or them  
Then I'm pinging man, no BBM  
I beat the burner then beat the M  
I hit the curb and then reoffend  
I'm sick of hurting  
I'm sick and tired, I just want to feel like I'm me again

I just wanna feel my feet again  
You can't walk in the shoes that my feet are in  
Or even walk in the room that I'm meeting in  
You're just there on the outside peeping in  
You talk to pork and your beef needs seasoning  
You don't wanna meet me, you're on a vegan ting  
You don't wanna see me on any evening  
Why don't man just leave me be then

Look

I just want peace and quiet  
Sit in silence  
Close my eyelids and breathe it in  
I'm sick of violence  
Sick of sirens  
Sick and tired of the shit I'm in  
Wind beneath my sail when I can't maintain  
That get up and go again  
Don't let pressure control my brain  
Don't just mess up and float away  
In fact, come closer, I'm on the road, darg, it's not a game  
I got no love for this pain  
Lost my road dargs along the way  
Ever since Playboy and Ez died  
Ever since Craig Smallz and Left died  
I just been out here on my life  
With nothing but rounds in my nine