

## Broken Guitars

Polo G

From handcuffs to Rollies, can't give you the old me  
You still wastin' my time, I feel that you owe me  
Liar, hearts on fire, walkin' through the wire  
Just follow your desire, oh-oh

I remember high speeds on the jakes  
I had a plug for fentanyl on the case  
I remember birthdays with no cake  
Early morning trapper, had a long day  
Always moved at my own pace  
Duckin' funerals when that chrome spray  
Glizzy clappin' 'til his bones break  
Headshot, make his dome shake  
And shawty ain't got no guns, he just doin' what his favorite song say  
Ain't tryna leave his brothers behind, but he better run for his own sake  
Can't escape this daily system or you can go the headstone way  
Know the keys to life is wisdom and I know loyalty a strong trait

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I bought two guitars, singing like it's Rolling Loud when I'm on the stage  
You would think this Glock singing way it's surfin' crowds, we gon' part them waves  
Plus I got bands on me like Aerosmith, why I walk this way  
And that nigga ran way before the bell hit, he got a lot to say  
Chopped him up, thought you wasn't with me through the wire, no 'Cause I'm in the hood, bustin' off a sixty or a higher dose  
Rockin' two hoodies, now I go and get me a designer coat  
I got lil' niggas who been totin' Glizzys, they were nine years old

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