

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 s
ong say
Ain't tryna leave his brothers behind, but he better run for hi
s 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 tra
it

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I bought two guitars, singing like it's Rolling Loud when I'm o
n the stage
You would think this Glock singing way it's surfen' 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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