

Name a number to the governor, A6586AM
Summertime, two bodies, six AM's
Got feds at the crib at like 6AM
We ain't spoke in a minute but I miss mayhem
Cah ever since juvie we've been made men
Now it's half-past six but my wrist says ten
And we're sat round the table and we did break bread
Man I've seen real fake friends, I've seen fame change them
I've got hittas on go and I've just gotta say when
And when I see them rate you, I just can't rate them
I've been on landings with gangsters and had to page them
And now man don't get shit twisted
Cah we can do it bare-fisted or suttin's getting airlifted
I give thanks to the plug, I got a square gifted
I think you should go to Hell if you bear witness
From a C63 hitting sales to half a box in my cell, no scales
From a yute man I've been off the rails
Always on license, on bail and all this weed smoke I exhale
Cah my friends ain't coming home and that could be me if this f
ails
But fuck that cause I'm feeling myself
Do you know how much time I done? Did all myself
Educating myself; suicide, mental health, it's all challenging
And all of your friends just keep vanishing
That's why I stay strapped at the gathering
But he forgot me, I should be mad at him