

I used to kick ball at the blue courts
They never loved you if they hate you in due course
Bag full of sweets like Allsorts
They're throwing dirt on my name, that's uncalled for
I was down the block reading 'bout the five families
Cah I got drawn out and let the guys twang me
If you ain't living like I'm living, you won't understand me
Bro got sweets for his face, I call it eye candy
I'm selling like Brandy
Day dates is casual, all my diamonds factory
She knows that we're casual and it's satisfactory
Watch me play the background like I'm Meyer Lansky
I was down the block reading 'bout the great stoics
Like Seneca, how'd you think I stayed going?
I learnt people in life, I light leaves blowing
For a reason or a season, I'm a mean poet
I came up on the block we ain't have clean clothing
'Cause I was out all night in the streets roaming
I got issues with some people, ain't no resolving
Once you're caught up in the system, that door's revolving
Ain't no question about it, if I see 'em, I set it
G wing on the fours, that was me on the netting
Down the block in the dry cell, I prayed on my bedding
I read Robert Greene's books, then I came home and met him
Thirty-six laws in, and I ain't skipping a chapter
Bro's eight years in and he ain't missing a Fajr
Down the block, I read hadiths, peanut butter and oats
We the last of the real, fuck the internet quotes

I used to kick ball at the academy
They never really loved you so the hate was showed gradually
You would think it's Halloween, I came home with a bag of sweets
Can't go against the family like Jax in Sons of Anarchy
I was on induction when Amy made "Valerie"
Down the block, I read The Alchemist
I gotta win, man, took too many L's for this
If you ain't living how I'm living, you can't delve in this
I make the jailhouse rock like Elvis did
Who are you and why do you think that you can tell me shit?
Your A-double-S, we'll put the belt to it
I stole a urban book from the seg and I took it back to Delta wing
I gave it to a guy on his way there now 'cause he just melted skin
Me and bro took his eye for giving stupid looks
I was in the green the first time that I read Gucci's book
Taught me how to cook crack and, bro, I couldn't even cook
We locked eyes and even Ray Charles could see that he was shook
Bro, I'm looking in the mirror, tryna read myself
You got a open mind, you know what I mean as well
I really opened minds, bro, that's why I spent that three in jail
And from other jails is where I was receiving mail
I was down the block reading about Tookie Williams
They should write a book about me
I did shit them pussies didn't
I read a verse from the Qur'an the day they took the villain
Bro, I found a pot of paper hidden in this crooked prison