

Codeine Tales

Quando Rondo

I feel like this bitch ain't sentimental enough (Yeah, yeah, oh)
(Will, you a fool for this one)
But fuck it, I'ma let this bitch do what it do
I'ma just tell how I feel on this shit

Bae, I got a hundred questions, would you tell a hundred lies?
My heart burnin' from the pain in disguise
See, I can tell by your expressions, I really love that look inside your eyes
See, baby girl, no I'm not like them other guys
I'm off the other side
I put my bro before the ho, I'm on my brother side
I jumped up off the porch, two packs of 'Ports, I'm screamin', "Homicide"
I guess the wheels fell off the car when them niggas told me that they'll ride
Remember times I did that time, I ain't have nobody by my side
Swear I be feelin' like the Carter so I'm sorry for the wait (Wait)
I swear the ghetto keep my heart pumpin' every single day
I'ma continue to go harder 'til a mil' up on my plate
I sip that lean way more than water, I take codeine straight to the face
I know them pussy niggas hate, I built a mansion in the A
She don't even speak English, she smashed the bro the other day
This for my niggas locked behind that door, I swear their lawyers' paid
I talked to Pablo on collect, he told me that he losin' faith
And I can't even much hold it, I miss the look that's on your face
See, they ain't even much notice it 'til the pain was outer space
I know I gotta stay focused, I gotta stay up out the way
'Til I'm sittin' in the Wraith
If the shoe fit, wear it
The difference between me and them, it ain't no comparin'
Nothin' but gangstas in my section, we be steppin' with them Glocks and Smith & Wessons
And all my niggas four pockets like Lil DT out the west end
You cuffed that ho and bought her clothes, I fucked that bitch inside the Westin
Before you jumped up off the porch, I was out chasin' a check in
Really a factor in 6, oh, you other niggas gotta check in
Zero, one, two, three, four, I had to count my blessings
When we was swervin' in them cars, you was tryna pop a wheelie (Skrرت)
Dreamchaser, goin' hard, I'm feelin' just like Meek Mill
My heart cold just like North Philly, without no hands you can feel me
Only the deaf ones can hear me, them Prada shoes look like Heelys
Sent my lil' nigga up the road and his charge, he appealed it
I tote that Glock with that big pole, yeah, I had to conceal it
That blue flag all a nigga know, other than that them project buildings
Comin' from shit, but now I'm rich, that's one hell of a feeling
Pull up, pop out and you gon' give it up (Give it up)
I gave it all I got when they ain't give a fuck (Give a fuck)
And you can't hang with us 'cause you ain't real enough (Real enough)
No, you can't claim with us 'cause you ain't trill enough (Trill enough, yeah)
Yeah, dope boy dreamin' (Dreamin')
For them Perkys and that lean, I be fiendin' (Fiendin')
When I tell you I love you, girl, I had meant it (Meant it)
You don't really know the real meanin'
What's understood ain't gotta be explained

What's the real definition of "Won't change"?
I done been hit at by poles, I done been locked in them chains
I done turned glitter to gold, traded the street life for the stage
And I just wanna ball a hundred summers without you (Baby)
Codeine tears runnin' down my face (Down my face)
Yeah, it's hard to confess that I'm afraid