

Goodbye

Ras Kass

'... But when the closest ones to you turn their back on you... '

Goodbye my friend
The silence coming down on me
The things you did the words you said were not for me
And the road that I have to run is so long
Have no time to hang around now so long

Monster! No energy drink
Rough as ice [?] brawls welcome into the rink
Served the nigga cyanide bar tending their drinks
I got 'em coughing up blood till their Hennessey pink
You know how niggas be in the clink
Same way niggas be in the streets
Wilding, while in cold hearted I could freeze in the heat
Drink kerosene and pee in the street
Violent, styling I'm like the black of [?] riding back of gators
Fuck you non believers ain't a rapper greater
Pack of haters doing numbers with a calculator
Want the keys the city? you gotta to respect the mayor
Usain Bolt we don't run the same 'loc
I'm the future of hip-hop you just suck the same bone
Watch rap videos wondering if they tell the truth or not?
Nope!
Say hi to the real nigga 'Guten Tag'

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I took the microphone plug jacked it in my wrist vein
Embarrass men like white boxers with a shit stain
Top five want the money I can miss fame
Till legally adopt bastards than Brad Pitt's dame
Look man (mayne) y'all reacted
Want something, get successful then y'all attracted
To me that groupie call that the wackness
I catch the Holy Ghost on tracks 'sounds of blackness'
I should call my own speed dial the nigga from 'Green Mile'
Battling me? Forget about it, senile
Meanwhile, Felipe Child [?] bound
Suit at the [?] awards but he stay down
So catch me at 'Greenhouse' 'Jared' and 'Alex' table
Exotic stable, body shot nut on bitches navel
Watching ankles get crossed like the rukus
Part time suckers 'adios' motherfuckers!

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We used to be kids with a dream
Nigs' on the team I shine, you shine

Since day one, no in between
I used to pull you up the corporate ladder
You network more net worth, the purpose mattered
I pulled you up again then the circus shattered
The goal, somehow homie, you lost sight of the whole
There's no 'I' in the team, fame made you bolder
When you believe you just wipe your feet on my shoulders? Huh? I'm a self ma
de real one
So you might win some, but you just lost Don Juan
I don't respect that
I love you too much to beef homie
But I don't accept that

You stay Freddy but you don't have to get ready
Ras Kass, Vetirano [?] Elemeno
The clock is tocking, listen close, Adios!