

Tight Swat

Show Me The Body

Tech inside of me the only thing I can't see
Tight swat going digital and I don't see faces

It makes me burn it makes me bleed
I feel it in the bone tech next to the marrow
Shit I never asked for but its shit I'm down to scrap for
Tight swat shit I'm down to scrap for real talk tight swat

Cameras ain't on the outside they on the inside

Who do I fight for me these pigs around me
I think about my city when I think about hell
You could fuck in a city die in a cell

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I have to fight myself got the buckle and the belt round my hel
l
Both hitting knuckles still got mad welts
I thought about it fuck it
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