

Cinnamon Woods Interlude

Silas

All my patna's from the hood dawg we understand
We ain't letting section 8 get the upper hand
Tryna flip this pie then we stacking up some rubber bands
Tryna put my brothers in a place where they understand
I was 11 when I first started rap and shit
Figured that I'd go platinum right off the bat and shit
Funny how this life works and yeah dawg the people change
Swear this verse is light work and I'm about to crush the game
I'm a different cloth young man we ain't cut the same
When I cut these records upper cuts fuck the lames
Flipping through the pages of my journal when I write this
Feeling amazing bullets be grazing but I fight to live
Praying that the boy gonna see 25
I hit 21 I prayed to be alive
Cause the city that I'm from dawg is really do or die
17 years young I'm chilling I'm outside
Witnessing a couple killings while they running off like villai
ns in the darkest of nights
Truly remember all those sounds back in Cinnamon Woods
I need a shorty that's gon make me feel real good
I need a blunt rolled fat for my patna's in the back
15 tryna steal my mama's Cavalier
Had me doing reckless shit all year
Had me doing reckless shit all year
Had me doing reckless shit all year