

## Colt 45

Silas

Yeah, check it  
Yo

Tell me how a young man gonna gain confidence  
With no accomplishments, no Achilles  
I ain't even in apartments, I'm in basements  
Stick 'em up in lobbies, shit  
You know what time it is  
Hear a whole lotta bullshit comin' out ya mouth  
But why would I listen  
You ain't the one puttin' money in my bank account  
This a escapade, homie  
And I'm bouta get paid  
Why you gotta throw shade?  
From a mothafucka tryna move up out the way  
I on get it, but it's funny why I stay  
'Cause I grew up with some good kids turned killer  
You're lookin' at me foul 'cause I'm chasin' the dream  
I ain't in the pen, but I'm pennin' over beats  
And I ain't smoke no tree just to write in, homie, please  
Listen to the words when I'm speakin' what it mean  
Listen to the words 'cause I'm speakin' what it mean

Sittin' on the porch sippin' colt 45  
Lookin' to the stars and hope you stay alive  
Loaded on the mothafuckin' colt 45  
Aim it at my enemy, hope he would  
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Aim it at my enemy, I hope

I ain't felt pain since the 6th grade  
Now I sell dope, and it feel great  
I can never fear when I kill, but they keep it real  
Mama in the room, steady poppin' pills  
I'm the one that's creepin' down the road at midnight  
With the money, dude, and you was something usual  
When the people assumin' that you ain't suitable  
When they loaded the clip  
They stuck like the voodoo do  
Man, I'm takin' hella chances  
Scanless like a dancer, you disappearin' like phantom  
Told you I could stand it, we need to move to Havana  
Light a couple candles and listen to all our banners  
But you wanna start arguments  
Now you really wanna start some shit  
Man, I really needa spark that shit  
Laid back, with your homies. Fuck all this shit

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Check it

My uncle rolled up while I was puffin' on a jack  
I'm sure he wonder what he can do to give back  
Ion get it though, how I'm here is a miracle  
Sleepin' on the floor, clenchin' the 4-4  
While Biggie bumpin' in the back, kickin' the door  
Think about it all, dog, and this bitchin', for sure  
Learn a lot about myself, learn a lot about the wealth of a young man  
Growin' into somethin', he ain't know it  
Used to stand on the corner, flippin' the bird  
Almost got stabbed, lockdown, tell me the word, like  
Homie you got the word  
You could write a whole verse goin' speakin' the world  
I been dreamin' of my body, he can write it in a hearse  
Seen a lot of foul moments, hope for peace after Earth  
Lotta hard times, knew the good comin' soon  
As I'm lookin' to the stars I see my future, I knew, I knew

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