

Tryna Hide

Sir Michael Rocks

I'm in the woods with a fire and I'm hiding with my money
I just made a tent out of tarp and a bungie
I'm just tryna hide... Tryna hide
Where they at? Where they at?
I'm in the woods with a fire and I'm hiding with my money
I just made a tent out of tarp and a bungie
I'm just tryna hide... Oh f*ck
Oh shit
I had to crash the Bent
And hit a tree and now I'm looking behind me
I'm hearing feet crunching in the leaves
I been here for weeks
But I've been holding up, I been eating them greens
Yea I know how to farm, a little botany
So I did what I had to stay alive
Can't go back home 'cause they be watching
Cpn trade lines from a couple doctors
f*ck 'em, I'm tryna duck 'em
If I hear something I'm running, if I got the blick then I'm busting
The judge giving med school years
If you got a lump sum of money that ain't clear where you got it
Immediately think it's narcotics
But we was doing fraud, getting whips just to chop 'em up
When y'all was riding in them strykers we provided 'em
Supposed to get us out of the woods now I'm inside of them
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Shhh! Stay low, I think I heard something

I keep hearing shit
My imagination tripping and I'm paranoid
Duffel bag full of money
I should bury this by the stream, come back in three months
Get on the phone with my lawyer, get this thing cleaned up
Uh f*ck that, hikers and old couples in rvs be camping over here sometimes
And if they find me
Knee-deep in the mud with shovels burying something
They might tell the forest police that I'm suspicious
And in addition to me being fatigued, I got a brain blast
Local news said last week there was a plane crash
Right around the spot where I set up camp
But they ain't wanna move the plane 'cause it'll damage the plants
But f*ck a fern, I got M's to earn
And I'll be damned if I don't make it out the jam by the skin on my hand
The duffel start to weigh a ton when that pressure is real
Stashed the bag in a compartment right next to the wheel
But I'll be back in a month's time, just let that shit die down
I hear police walkies and some dogs in the background
But they ain't 'bout to pinch me, I rather be six feet
I'm f*cking up these Y3's running up shit's creek
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Yea

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I just made a tent out of tarp and a bungie

I 'm just tryna hide