

Medicine

Spark Master Tape

My peoples are you with me where you at?
In the front, in the back killa-bees on attack
My peoples are you with me where you at?
Smoking meth hitting cats on the block with the

Wake up, guns under my pillow
Wake up, guns under my pillow
Wake up, guns under my pillow
(Lord forgive him, he got them dark forces in him)
Most times I feel like I been takin' too much drugs
Stop
I ain't living boy I'm buzzed
Stop
Shit I ain't even know who fam
Stop
I can't remember where I am
Tell 'em I, tell 'em I need some med...

... icine, I'mma pack the marijuana
Bury all the brethren
Middle finger to your honour
Homie gettin' high now
Ridin' till we die now

Yeah, I'ma give it to ya

Only if I had one more time to kick
The rhythm that keep ripping down the door
So the real criminals get exposed behind the clothes
Doors and the suits that make and break the law
Looking for my own...

Only if I had one more time to kick
The rhythm that keep ripping down the door
So the real criminals get exposed behind the clothes
Doors and the suits that make and break the law
Looking for my own...

When I die bury me wearing my mask
Coffin open if my body survives the shot and the blast
This for every man still walkin' who we robbed in the past
I leave my open coffin stashed with some alien stash
Take it

Only if I had one more time to kick
The rhythm that keep ripping down the door
So the real criminals get exposed behind the clothes
Doors and the suits that make and break the law

Ayyo Platoon, hey Platoon man, hand me that swoup

(If loving you is wrong, I don't wanna' be, I, I don't wanna' be right...)

Uhh, uhh, ayy, ayy, ayy platoon, I'm ready man, let's do that again man

God can't change my path
Tryna' expose me I don't give a fuck

We invincible now bruh
Come see me in the mo'fucking flesh boy
Fuck with my family you die
Mask on, mask on