

# Half Empty

## Spillage Village

I'm trying to think, um  
Yo yo  
Yo yo yo yo yo  
Uh, yo

Niggas start sipping and get that false hope  
Stuck in this room like I'm a lost soul  
I thought I told y'all  
Now I'mma have to bogart your position and  
You may hear me but y'all not listening  
The light brown Christ  
It might sound like  
Two angels doing a duet  
Alleia and Whitney beside me like a two-step  
Not to get beside myself but God might help  
With the funeral arrangements  
[?] I got the belt  
Fuck all that struggle rap  
A hundred dollar checks homie  
I don't want none of that  
Pile it outside, damn  
Fuck is the Hummer at?  
Niggas getting spoonfed  
I'm here to bring the hunger back  
This that dungeon rap  
I'm 20 now, where I'll be by 21?  
Statistics say in front of a gun  
They got my dawg  
Not make it a hundred and one niggas out the streets  
Where the fuck is peace?  
We stuck like leeches  
Somehow the preachers  
Never teach us or reach us  
How can I get so high and still keep my ear to the streets?  
Local beef ain't on my radar  
I let you beat and play God  
Heard Satan don't stay far  
I'll take your money and play Adolf  
Niggas gunning down the game but the safety on  
And I be on the same streets that they say they on  
These niggas clearer than Avion water  
And I hope the levy break, shit  
'Cause I can't take they shit  
On top like the day they did  
Me and the village wild like the baybay kids  
Hope they take the blade and go against they wrists  
Let me take you back to stable ground now  
I understand we can call this a graceful bow out  
And I'm faded off some shot of brown now  
Feeling out of town now  
Faded like I'm chasing chasers  
Or pink erasers  
Or being chased by the Undertaker  
Faded like a night in Vegas  
That's an understatement  
Faded like I'm from Jamaica  
On a hundred acres