

# The Code

## Statik Selektah

Live by the code  
Die by the code  
Nothing gon' change cause that's just how it goes  
Live by the code  
Die by the code, yeah

Now, what's better protection, tell me if it's Christ or a weapon  
From Genesis to Exodus they prey on you as prejudice  
Streets now on religion young niggas puttin' your faith in it  
Brought so much to the game that even I became an atheist  
Fell on knees to felonies sent melodies to heaven  
Short life it's great to sea travel, seven seas I question  
Who gon' blast for me when blasphemy come  
The Prodigal pointin' his pistol right at Babylon son  
Trust me they comin'  
But we livin' by the now who rise, turned the rivers to blood  
And water became foul, child who hold his home  
Because father wouldn't come around  
Every momma's Madonna she like a virgin again  
Know it's harder to be aroused  
They split us with red and sea, if it ain't blue they reppin' b  
Suicide and do or die can't do like John and let it be  
Poet's poet but you know that I was Poe as Edgar be  
Devil wanted my soul, but the soul resurrected me  
On God

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Street scholar fuck school I made the narcotic honor roll  
Plot to clock the chicken over you corn balls it's comical  
Clowns in the circus, peons they lackin' purpose  
Do voodoo with the pen I wrote all my curses in cursive  
My dog fantasy turned to a bite of reality  
I made a way some didn't, cause they lust and livin' lavishly  
Made a wrong turn on the road to riches and crashed the V  
Your final destination ain't the place you thought that it'd be  
Was gettin' dirty money but the trap ended up trapping me  
At times I was moving deaf and blind but smart and dumb I had to see  
The thought my destiny was closed until I grabbed the key  
Woulda kicked that shit off of the hinges if it had to be  
Was all blood sweat and tears nothing happened magically  
My silent screams turned to rap records that they had to stream

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Yeah, that they had to stream

We went from ring around the rosie to packaging nosies  
Hid the dope in momma's Chevy in case she got nosy  
Remember the nights my choices were ramen or ravioli  
And cause them days I grabbed the scale and told OG to show me  
That was the day hustle tore me in matrimony  
I sold a zip it felt like a glorious ceremony

Get what you need and then get out, a wise man told me  
This ain't for every living soul the special move lonely  
Was in my room silent Lee back in the back with Monie  
To every night I tied I felt relief of acrimony  
Seein' my fam in hard times that was that shit that mold me  
I had to get it  
In the hood we had no patrimony  
While linking with my plug he showed me my first Roley  
He said don't fall victim to this be sure to out grow me  
I could longer stand it at first but knew he never wronged me  
So I stayed smart and out the light and played the back closely  
Can lock me up and throw the key but you can never fold me  
I see nothing and won't comply, don't do testimonies  
Was young running with the wolves I feel like Lil Mowgli  
So any error that occurred yeah they were there to scold me  
Small clientele I will barely sell my homies  
If you were tryna shop with me nigga you had to know me  
And now you see me then you don't movements were extra ghostly  
We'll never rush to make a play because bosses move slowly  
Any fuck ups I witnessed I will quickly examine  
Cause certain mistakes can have your ass dreamin with the salmon  
My nigga stay half baked he used to call me Samson  
I used to sell kewpies in a lot at the Hamptons  
If I could smell it through the pack I had heads dancing  
For the moonrock I had them Moonwalking like Jackson  
Yeah I'm a hustler I can sell a p to a Jackson  
Warren Buffet I guarantee full satisfaction  
Now I ain't need the extra push I got up off my ass  
It makes sense, lights off you need to get a bag  
My only goal was household and things I never had  
And staying clear from prison bars and the body bags  
I had a good run but knew the shit could never last  
I started seeing horrid things and now I'm groovin' fast  
Could still serve anything long as it equals math  
But now I'm chillin' what I smoke looks like Ms. Peach's grass

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