

Walk With Me

Statik Selektah

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Walk with me

Walk

Walk with me, let's go

Walk, walk with me

The realist, twin birth in a theory

I'm one person that could tell you the full story (Ow)

Lazy eye, ill temper (ill temper)

I bully anything that look different (The fuck outta here)

Voice high-pitch, quick to smack a bitch (Psh-psh)

I'm sellin' crack just to get rich (Damn)

Got my aunt and my sister in place

Like the man in the industry with 'slave' on his face

Dearly beloved, thugs cry undercover (Cry undercover)

Paint a perfect picture but we think nothin' of it (Nah)

You see, Basquiat grew his dreads out (Dreads out)

The stress of his life, threw his meds out (Threw his meds out)

We self-healin', black melanin appealin'

Curly hair, dark skin, we're God's children (Wow)

I shoot dice in the hood

Tell the young bulls, "Come fuck with me, we all good", uh-huh

Yeah, come on, take a walk with me

Where them clips blow, this is every zip code

Let that bitch go rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tow

Real talk, homie, walk

Yeah, come on, take a walk with me

Where they bang at and niggas do they thang at

This where we hang at, I got that hawk with me

Motherfucker, take a walk with me

Walk with me through the gutter, mane

Where they cuttin' 'caine, both pockets full of rubber bands

Puffin' strange 'til my eyeball colors change

Back in the days couldn't have no watches and chains

Couldn't walk around without the thang

Tryna floss in they face get you tossed in the grave

Every zip code hustle hard and get low

Where them cars, the Benzos, do it large and get dough

This the ghetto, thirty-eight specials

Smith & Wessons, shotties, nine millis, TECs blow

Passive aggressive how the goons be

Line you up and get to steppin' with your jewelry

Gunshots, we used to those, we shoot at foes

Polo down head to toe, shoes and clothes

Could lose your soul, fuck around, lose your gold

Everything is on the go, lemme bring you on a stroll

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