Darkside

Sy Ari Da Kid

Did you touch him Teauxny
No
I said did you put your hands on my family
I said fuck no
You did nothing to stop it though
If there's blood on my hands there's blood on yours too
You ain't no better than me
How you sleep at night old man
How the fuck do you know I sleep at all
Switch
Darkside
Darkside
Have you ever been so used to the dark that you're afraid of light yeah
Yeah tomorrow ain't promised
Live for the moment
Up to my vision is swollen
Calling Lamar to seek the niggas that owed him
Get him that owed him
The internet showed them
False writtens and poems
Shit on your Wi-fi
Then pissed on your modem
Sing with an omen
Lift them and throw them
Stitch them and sew them
Shit is golden
Just send my condolences
Grimaces growing
The ink you notice
Them boys ain't presidents niggas is voters
This is the chosen one mixed with devotion
Forget your promotion
That shit you're promoting
Just sits in this potent ass
That shit you claim you'll be smoking trash
Pull up fast on your open casket and throw some trash in
Throw a jab at your relatives I'm hitting whoever lives
From reincarnated to being outdated
Cuz we ain't our latest
Days trying to see if you're paying attention to just what I mention
Not to mention I'm mentally four dimensional
Niggas start who I mention
Marksmen precision
Hieroglyphics lost in the distance
I'm often assisted by broads and women
Y'all niggas bitches and y'all niggas bitching
Soft as kittens y'all too submissive
Them same niggas say they are starving
Then say I bought them a kitchen
Only God can visualize a man's heart beneath the clothes on
Darkside
Only God can visualize a man's heart beneath the clothes on
HBWT life
Y'all know who it is
Let's go
Some people judge me before they greet me before they meet me
A man of my stature living lavish it sure ain't easy

I pay them no mind unless they pay me before they please me
The industry blind to the fact
The fact is I'm sure they see me
Praying for better days how I'm living is foul
Stressing frequently but way more than I have been in a while
I'm just a sinner struggling still trying to fend for my child
Still maturing day to day still trying to render my style
Police brutality they want me to surrender my smile
Pull the trigger and kill a nigga what the mission is now
But Lord knows the nigga worth more than a ditch in the ground
Made 200k independently off rhythm and sound
You know I know the hustle
Came from the ghetto and know the struggle
I'm good with money I know the stack and I know the double
I'm good with bars my arms strong I show the muscle
Sewing money gets me working my shoulder muscles
Can't complain cuz how I'm living just ain't the same
I'm Steph Curry this shit
Leave it to me to save the game
Let's get some shit clear
Before you speak or state the name
Don't blame me just blame the game (arsonal)
Only God can visualize a man's heart beneath the clothes (darkside)
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