

My thoughts, dreams, plots, and my schemes
That's what's on my mind when I toss in my sleep
My heart like my pen when I jot and it bleed
My cart full of sin, when I shop it's a spree
I got some new leaves
I'm like "What's the word with you, sir?"
You just moss on a tree, I'm not concerned with you
I leave the curb when I'm crossing the street
I'm watching out for the mark of the beast
The badge on the policeman, black carpenter pants
A half ounce in 'em, another half ounce in my fleece
And on account of this, go 'head and count me out of this
I'm out with the breeze
I'm dodging county, it's a thousand degrees
It's back alley shit, my nigga, look
My eyes wide open, I'm sleepy, I'm on a highway
Paul Giamatti, a nigga was sitting sideways
I'm bubbling a Skully when travelling through the Tri-state
And trouble play the gun, hear it clap and it make my mind race
Back and forth, I place forth, keep your torch
Got your morsels on my plate, motherfucker
I wasn't born, mama snatched me off the motherfucking stork on
a Friday
Say that shit to my face