

Circumstances

The Game

My wife and daughters depend on me
They look to me for courage and strength, so I keep that energy
It's meant for me, I'm stronger than most, but I got these tendencies
I think big, but the smaller shit be offending me
You ignore if you friends with me; cross me, it's like the world's ending
I turn evil the second one of my girls mentioned
I bench press stress and curl tension
Hold the weight on my shoulders 'cause I'm shaped like a soldier
Now I got your attention
I talk to God, but it's not for repentance
My little homie was shot by that entrance
Don't call me bro if you not my descendant
I spit fear like I'm not full of vengeance
Get stripped bare like a plot from The Revenant
If I offend you, it's not my intentions
The judge spoke a couple words, I was shocked by the sentence
No reminiscin', just rememberin'
The world to your family is in your hands, they're dependent

They say that love is equal to pain
(Got a love that is true, that is true)
Guess we don't see these people the same
When love is gone, but the evil remains
Now they're speaking our names
A shaky link gon' weaken your chain
Yeah, now lieutenants focus their lenses on you
(Got a love that is true, that is true)
Prosecutors call codefendants on you
The judge know that he got a sentence for you
Not every friend is loyal
But your wife and kids is dependin' on you

Half a million on this Maybach, it's two-tone
Like my nigga Two-Tone, he in the sky like this Benz when the roof gone
Lot of memories, lot of dead homies
Lot of funerals paid for for niggas who wasn't kin to me
I envy this heart of mine, it feel for niggas all the time
Niggas bite the hand and think that I'm just s'posed to fall in line
Never been my style, like blowin' smoke from a Black & Mild
Niggas want the smoke? Creep up on the whip when it's backin' out
You gon' get this whole clip like SportsCenter
Spin the block, leave that nigga leanin' on his car like ten o'clock
Send a opp, long as my Amiris got this torch in 'em
Avenge your man's death and your ass gon' be in the morgue with 'em

Ayo, Ransom
Ayo, talk to these niggas, man
You think I made it to 42 by luck, nigga?
Jackie Robinson jersey matchin' my journey through life
Yeah, ha-ha

Seein' this life got my vision a daze
No more livin' afraid, got rid of my frivolous ways
Speak with the soul of indigenous slaves
Your religion is vague
Would you plant a tree if you knew you couldn't sit in its shade?
Came from the dirt like I'm diggin' the grave

They say that a prisoner cage'll give you additional greys
Cherish your kids in these pivotal days, television is swayed
Every black male is in jail and all our women is crazed
They say you blessed if you live to this age
Either you livin' amazed or you just live in a maze
I'm in no position to gauge, what I'm pursuing is great
But everybody dies with food on their plate
Just, just nod your head if you too can relate
If you maneuver in faith, then you'll be choosin' your place
'Cause it ain't 'bout losin' a race, make sure you cross the finish line
My brother told me bare my soul, that's what I did this time

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