

# The Dark (Trinity)

The Roots

[Verse 1 - Black Thought:]

Mountain high and valley low and river wind and tunnel deep  
I have traveled chasing demons screaming all I find I keep  
If you don't pay like you weigh alright okay that's fine with me  
I'ma just spray my heat and say my piece and lay you down to sleep  
Ain't nobody tell you clowns to speak  
I'mma AK you down the street  
Draw that bump that's built for the riots see how quiet y'all can keep  
Ain't no wilding it ain't no problem  
It ain't no question it ain't no beef  
Cut that check then things are sweet  
I'ma go buy some diamond teeth  
I'll be damned if my setback gonna help you get back on your feet  
No surrender no retreat  
Nigga we out here trying to eat  
Hashtag diamond dog tag  
Money bag, nice swag, pockets need an ice bag  
Toe tag, body bag  
Niggas lose their lives sad  
Rockets in their flight path  
Breaking bad, making bad  
Choices out here thinking fast  
Smoking wet and drinking bad  
Soaking wet and sinking fast  
Shoot them niggas making cash  
Stick them niggas take their stash  
The law of gravity meets, the law of averages  
Ain't no sense in attempting to civilize savages  
Even though I wish I could be spared my embarrassment  
I'm a nigga, other niggas pale in comparison  
We out in Paris yet but still a nigga perishing  
No idea how much time's left, fuck trying to cherish it  
A life in times unchecked, now that's American  
Inherit the wind, pressure in everything

[Verse 2 - Greg Porn:]

The world ain't ready for someone like me  
And life is sex, stress, drama and I'm hooked on all 3  
I'd rather O.D. than be the next O.G  
You fronting for a whore that already chose me  
One man revolution that's supportin prostitution  
I'm trying pimp the game, where balling don't mean hooping  
And riding don't mean cruising  
It mean keep your bitch-ass moving  
If you ain't built for bruising, redrum ain't in your blueprint  
In a jungle made of concrete, every animal Jumanji  
On Eazy-E and PCP, ass-cash or EBT  
How you monetize pigeons on a power line  
On a road to the riches every dudes a dollar sign  
I don't mind, I don't mind, long as all the smoke is mine  
And the liquor store delivers faster than a Papa Johns  
And I heard that def-ass caller money's on the other line  
The last episode of Good Times is my life

[Verse 3 - Dice Raw:]

It's a phrase they say in the streets when the young players meet:  
Get rich or die trying

But the funny thing about that phrase to me  
Is that these little niggas be lying  
Cause don't nobody wanna die  
But everybody trying to get rich though  
But the fucked up thing about that  
These lil' niggas don't how to get rich so  
I still run with those angels  
Man I still peep all those angles  
Speaking with guns, sticking in tongues  
Talking that Arabic and that Yiddish  
Riding them trains, stashing them chains, bangles  
Yeah I played all those games, though  
My tag on the wall, you niggas look up  
You can still see my name yo  
How did I end up where I'm at?  
It's kind of hard to explain yo  
I remember all i wanted was a gold chain and a Kangol  
I remember all i wanted was a gold chain and some Jordans too  
Crossed that bitch, then I got that bitch  
Now all I want from her's an abortion  
My mind filled with distortion  
My eyelids say caution  
Yeah I sold crack to get my soul back  
They say it's gonna cost a fortune  
And I wonder if Allah take debit?  
'Cause a nigga got real bad credit  
If not I ain't got a whole lot so a nigga like me just can forget it