

Letter to My Supporters (Outro)

Tion Wayne

You hear me?
Tion Wayne from the 9
Letter to my supporters
Feel my brothers in the can
You don't know
How we hittin' 'em?

Yeah, yeah
When you're from the road, know there's dark nights
You guys helped me out through the hard times
You might listen to my bars, nothing evil
I just want to let you know you're my people
You're my people, you're my people
On my Twitter showin' love, know I see you

When you're from the road, know there's dark nights
You guys helped me out through the hard times
Used to tell my teachers that I run shit
Then I got kicked out, mum disgusted
School times in the class are destructive
Good boy but my brain got corrupted
Anyone can grab a gun and not use it
Grindin', they knew me before the music
False life, false people was the target
So right now, let me tell you how it started
Me and Nels, Aquas, we were little ballers
I was year 8, batting up six formers
Went in full, canny with our chains
I know them same ass girls knew our names
M dot T, young girls with a-something
Couple OGs into Jews made to shottin'
Now me and Nels don't talk but I love him
And if he ever follows me for beef, know I got him

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You helped put a smile on my mum's face
'Cause you make me do positive, not illegal
My siblings good youts, they don't know guns
I swear my mum calls me the prodigal son
But now you helped put a smile on my mum's face
'Cause the music's positive, not illegal
Niggas want me dead in my own ends
So I buys gangs, mine are big men
They say I do my thing for the North End
Always be myself, I don't pretend

I've lost friends, now I'm on my own team
Maybe you guys can help me at this road ting
Come one, step away from the music
But I'm only one step away from a shooting
I can lay my heart on the track

Shout out myself, got my back
See me, I never ask for no sympathy
'Cause when I got bored, no one roots for me
Mom told me calm down but I don't listen
15 when I got my first conviction
Only had one G from the other side
So I'm so sad that he's not alive

Will I make it out? That's the question
In the mirror checkin' my reflection
Lookin' kind of sweet, that's deception
Lucky I'm alive, that deflection
Went from a good yout to a ediat
Car had money, gold, fuck a prefix
Tried to reach money man and got a reject
Then I done a lotta shit for the creed's head
Now I make Ps with my head down
Now I'm at the table with the ballers
I'm still tryin' to stay away from you formers
When I drive through the ends, hide your daughters

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Free Dior, free Naz, that's my people
Free Tim, free Mox, that's my people
Free Albi, soon out, G, free Big A, free Curtis
Free Tech, that's my people
That's my people
You all showin' love, know I see you
I just want to let you know you're my people
Thanks for the love, you're my people
You guys helped me out through the hard times
Know I see you