

Intermission

Troy Ave

I lost my best friend. And the sad part about it is I ain't realize he was my best friend until I lost him. And that shit hurt worse than these bullets from when I got shots. Plus you got other elements that's out of my control. It ain't doing nothing but pouring salt on the wound. Can't mourn properly for my nigga. I don't remember the last time I cried. My heart filled with tears that I can't even shed 'cause it look weak. And I'm in a place where perception is greater than reality, you feel me? Man fuck jail nigga. So far I been alright but, the environment is savage so I got no choice but to adapt. Wanted to send him out in a horse-drawn carriage, wanted to have him in a dope mausoleum buried in Brooklyn, but you know.