

Reflections

Tsu Surf

The living dead tell you stay woke: oxymoron
Morons addicted to Percs, I'm off the heroin
"Rapper OD'd off codeine" reads the headline
Pretty Whitneys followin' Bobbys to a deadline
Niggas addicted to my leisure, pleasure and licks
This the era of lady dope fiends and young Gippers
Misters wearin' purses and shirts made for Miss's
Gangstas wearin choakers [?], this shit viscious
Matter of fact, this shit sickenin'
Demasculatin' men, masculatin' these women
The same sex of anything can't produce children
Man who approved these new rules of livin'?
Who's catchin'? Who's pitchin'? You choose the villain
Shit, do you Boo, just don't confuse the children
I choose to kill 'em, shit the truth is what I tell 'em
Ain't it generous to trick your baby girl to be a Ellen
These new rappers dressed in drag, callin' it "swag"
Big-ass bag and a zip, callin' it "drip"
My real niggas respect that the squares gon' rep
Before I ever fall for that shit, I'm callin' it quits

No super-skinny jeans, this .45 compacted but it's extended
We rent it then get it tinted
Insurance for when we spendin'
Then we double back, thunder clap
Nother problem, nother MAC
Funny hair colors, this Lil Uzi don't mumble rap
We too legit, hammers be a must when you movin' bricks
I hit his eye, the other eye blink, movie shit
Try me, old Beans for the homi
My mother found the pound and found the strap with the bodies
That's real stuff, dropped a body
Almost got bodied and then I heeled up
Designer don't impress me, spent a feature on that lil pump
These opiates got my generation feelin' emotionless
Closed they block down then we opened it
All beef I had, I ate most of it
FN Five-seven, I ain't postin' it
Zipper down my stomatch, can't open it
Kitchen whippin', bigger plans, feds listenin' in that van
Middle-man conspiracy, indict him off his Instagram
Judge to the judgin', what he do with his life?
I can double tap a trigger, I don't do it for likes
That ain't a orgy, that's a mission, I hit two in a night
Wasn't a orgy, that's a mission, I hit two in a night

These niggas clowns without the big shoes and a red nose
Fuck, them cowards ain't got no heart, straight scarecrows
I need more than ten man (Tin Man)
I'm off to see the Wizard for the big load
Count up the total and move a Brick Road

Caught a case, no co-defendant, dark road, bed cold
Cuz ain't never comin' back, his son see him in fed clothes
A part of war, they tried to do me when they saw me
I be feelin' like it's comin', bought a chopper and a .40

Streets dried up, coke prices in the 40s
Every dopeboy screamin' FREE EL CHAPO when they caught him
It's drop time, ain't no receipts when you bought 'em
Caught number chasin', [?] every point losin' quarters

Pill poppin', Percocets ain't workin', need another strength
That was me, that sunroof got enough space let you drum that clip
Cautious, this Caucasian acquirin' that he want a brick
We don't no weird and no funny shit