

Gas Face

Wiki

You can fool the rest of the world, long as New York know
Uh

We some underground kings, feel like Pimp C
Met Bun, said "Pocket Full of Stones" was the shit we
Was bumping with a pocket full of weed back at sixteen
I was small, pops still called me pipsqueak
Now when I go below fourteenth street, they adore me
Show me love, I turn the corner, adorn me with forties
See who it be?
Feel like I'm down in Philly and I'm Beanie Sieg
But can't lie, really feeling more like Peedi C-R-A-cock
It's just lil' me, P-A-T-R-I-cock
Look, ayy, I'm just a local guy that happen to vocalize
Your favorite rapper's favorite rapper's poster child
What, I'm supposed to die
For you to show me mines?
Is that the only time you can find me on your mind?
For you to really know I was fly, jeez
Post up old pics on IG
Then sign me
My dead body
Even when dead, lot of money to make off me
That's why I gotta live, so they can't force me
To do what they thought I should've did
What it could've been
Shit, I did me since I pulled in, ain't no pulling him
Ain't no pushing him
Too much shrooms, too much kush in him
I ain't knew to this, I grew in this, got used to it
Even if I'm dead and gone, still can't use the kid
In my will, Andre and Bruno tell you what to do with it
Probably won't have much cash saved
All I know how to do is spew shit
And the game don't just give cash away
And I smoke a half a day
Don't got no more back pay
So no joke, looking like I might go broke at this rate
But can't end up in last place
'Cause I'm the only one in the lane that Pat laid
We built from scratch, you was mass made
Grabbed what you could take 'fore it was too late
Had it early on, but word is bond, you had bad taste
When we met, left a bad taste
This fool tried to castrate me 'fore I had hair on my damn face
Essentially, y'all mad fake
So inevitably, y'all had to hate
At first, I was upset, had made a sad face (Ah)
But then I learned the best could relate (Uh)
That day was affirmed when I heard Zev Love X give you the gas face

Get the gas face
Get the gas face
You know who you are

Feel like I'm in Three 6, the most known unknown
As long as they know we the ones when we come home

I love how you know they the locals by the love they show
But on road, no, they don't understand, yo
Like, "What's your mans on? ", feel like Cam'ron
Damn, you can fool the world, long as New York know
Feel like I'm in Three 6, the most known unknown
As long as they know we the ones when we come home
I love how you know they the locals by the love they show
But on road, no, they don't understand, yo
Like, "What's your mans on? ", feel like Cam'ron
You can fool the world, long as New York know
You can fool the rest of the world, long as New York know

Tried to overlook us, nearly went blind 'cause they couldn't
Worked they pupils to the limit
Everything they searching for was live and present
Had meetings at labels, but they was kidding
Artist development talks lazy 'cause they couldn't trace the gimmick
All they had to do was focus on the lyrics so they can get the vision
Who in our class was spitting vivid like us?
Who else you know had Flex running they freestyle primetime radio in the mix
with the top hits? That shit was bug
If they cared about the sound back then like they doing now
Guaranteed I would've seen a milli' twice around off my first shit
But fuck it, though, because they bumping it like it just dropped, be gettin
g rich, the art is timeless
While my peers was counting up, they tried to count me out, but they couldn'
t do it
There ain't a rapper in our age bracket that we ain't influence
From the flow to the live show, niggas kept it the truest

They say they city don't love you like you love it
I find that hard to believe
In the streets, the love I receive is infinite
When we did it, we did it live without an instrument (Niggas know me)
They say they city don't love you like you love it
I find that hard to believe
In the streets, the love I receive is infinite
When we did it, we did it live without an instrument
Real talk
Yeah
Wik
Navy
Yeah