

Roman roads, open roads
I've been repping for long
You can hear that Wiley's real, I'm not a fake on the song
When you think I'm stressing out, I'm just pacing along
Watching producers, watching MCs raising alone

I got faith, I got pain, I got hate and it's wrong
To judge a another sister, brother
When you know what you've done
Some die by the knife and they'll live by the gun
Both weapons, don't matter which one
One stab, one bullet, and your life could be done
I'd rather be the one who wars still the death and it's done
But I'm forgetting my mum
She don't wanna hear this talk from her son
Compare my heart to her heart, she's got the coldest one
That's why I'll always be a colder son
My steel's known to none
It's E3, take a look at the sun
If you end up in beef, most of you niggas will run
That's why I'd rather swing till it's done, yeah, listen

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