Strangers

The Mad Lads

If it's one thing I've learned that I've written down on paper
It's never leave some weed on the table with a stranger
Shit, I could barely even trust my friends
Maybe with my lady, not trees of the mends
I mean really why even should I try and test it socially
Catch them in the act and end up having to approach them
Entertain the story while it's testing on my patience
Why the fuck you think I spent this money on some?
While I'm on the other side of earth without assistance
Hitchin' in the night sayin' Evy goes the distance
At home the same shit is goin' on, I don't miss it
It's a nice place to live but I wouldn't wanna visit
Never steppin' out the car or on the stage without a purpose
Ghost-ride the whip like I'm ghost writing verses
Afraid to come and go so I take fame in little doses
Director of these photos so the aim remains focused
Hold still right there, hold still
I ain't holier than though or tryin' to even act superior
Half the shit I rap about I'm speaking from experience
I'm livin' at the beach, about as west as the earth goes
People get deceived, seein' gangsters dressed in surf clothes
From? Where they birthin' those flows to set the world off
On a wet park bench drinkin' OJ and Smirnoff
I seen it through my own three and speak it how I heard it
Never tell it how it wasn't [unverified] that murder

I been tourin' constantly so there's wear and tear value
That merits all the lows to terrace highs and travel
Document this madness 'till the day I come unraveled
And retreat to the Matterhorn, baskin' in the castle
On some Dennis Leary asshole, fuck you pay me shit
I've come too far to get jacked and [unverified]
So right about now I think it's 'bout that time
That I'ma let Rev kill while I chill on the rhyme
What the fuck
I ain't speakin' on my businesses in public when concerning deals
Steppin' on stage like it's light bulbs or turning wheels
In spite a couple nights of a thousand I didn't kill
I still kept it peelin' out and steppin' up for Reverend Real

Messages across the board are still remaining pinned up
The opposite of dilated eyes that I begin with, nothin' is original
Even under cloudy days sun is still shining
Just rerouted and out of phase
Lately when I walk I've been trying to hold my posture straight
Hold my chin up then feel the love from across the way
California love from Diego to across the bay
All across the map to every single solitary state
All across the baggage claim, all across the gate
Some callin' it 'fraid how I'm carrying weight
Some callin' it fate while some others remain torn
Some callin' it rain 'cause that's when I brainstorm

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