

Squares Out Your Circle (feat. Future)

Rocko & Gucci Mane

You got people that surround you
They gone try they best to down you
Keep them squares up out your circle
What don't kill you gone hurt you
And it's only gone get worser
It's only gone get...
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What don't kill you gone hurt you
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I had to cut them niggas off, they ain't mean me no good
Hate when I'm on TV, love when I was stuck in the hood
I had to maximize my craft, get up off my ass
My bitches say they gonna leave me
Always sit and I laugh, I just laugh
Cut up the bass, cut down treble
This what I tell em
I'm a loner Dottie, I'm a rebel it's whatever
I wish I could take everybody with me
But I can't so I ain't
But I ain't gonna lie, if I could I do it
I know different languages, speak a few of them fluent
In other words what I'm tryin to say I ain't in the USA
I've been tryin to stay away, the states ain't big enough for me
Right now I'm in Belize
You say you called, I was probably sleep
It's midnight in Georgia, where I'm at its noon
And ain't' coming back that way no time soon
These niggas talking bout they new cars
To me thats a waste of money
I'm never home buying multiple luggage I'm trying to stay gone
Black called me from the bing
Told me hold it down I told him hold his head
I guess we're sayin the same thing
Number one rule of the game, play for keeps
Sleep with one eye open, these streets a beast
Future preach

Pray the Lord to help me spot my foes
Next thing you know I started losing friends
Ain't got the energy for no foolishness
I got a list of shit to do
Make believers out of atheists
What's going on with you
I'm a barb wire tie, gotta stay sharp
Cross my heart, Cross by my heart
Spit chrome heart; Help me spot the fakes
Wolves in sheep clothing, I loath them
Donnie Brasco, feeling dishonored
Shall not be harmed by any weapon formed
So I'm not alarmed, plus I stay armed
They mad cause they off and I stay on
Plus I done got better so the hatin done got worse
Constantly travelling, show business
You think Rocko got them millions, that ain't yo business
They tried to count me out
But if its one thing you can count on
You can count on me
Sometimes you gotta cut off your finger
To save your hand
You don't understand what that means
That's that gangrene
Decapitate, Amputate
Cut it off
Sever your ties completely
Future preach

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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