Insurance

Fecal Matter

Last night took a trip down to the corner store
Needed rolling papers, bag of chips, and a granola bar
Cruised the aisle for some chocolate and coconut water
When he burst in told the counter to open the drawer
Stuck the piece to his teeth as he insisted
"If you know what's good for you, I think that you should listen"
But he didn't, attendant was resistant
That's when he flipped the switch and said "I guess I'll pick off the store"
He turned around and searched the store with frantic eyes
Of course he locked on mine, I was the only one inside
Come on kid, it's time to go for a ride
Flashed his piece and me and said don't you be trying nothing
Tied and blildfolded threw me in the trunk
Stunk of gasoline and stale cigarette butts
I'm thinking "fuck man, fuck man, this is just my luck"
My stomach telling me this be my last one
Think to myself what the hell I could have done
Should have run
Yeah I bet it wasn't a loaded gun
Breathing heavily speeding up over 70
Settled on dead meat, don't even believe in heaven, B
Then 20 minutes at least, when tires screech
Oh please, police, but my hope has gone weak
Opens the trunk, "get up," he tells me
Walk a couple paces then throws me to my knees
[Hook - ZZ Ward]I ain't even try to hurt no one
See it ain't my finger on that trigger
Visualize but I ain't got none
Now I paid my bail but it just got bigger
Sirens screaming shouldn't try to run
But it just got worse, now I just can't reverse
It's a target sitting on my back
The cops on me, yes I'll never be free

[Rocky Fresh]Okay there's substance in my reefer raps
They getting heard across the map
I'm running shit, take a lap
Sleeping on me, take a nap
But know them dreams about me bad

Knowing I'm awake getting money that you never had
I'm doing what I want so homie I ain't never sad
Do what makes you happy even if it makes them niggas mad
And they gonna talk about you, at least you staying on their mind
Tell them to get off your dick and to get up on that grind
Trying to keep up with me, they just gonna get left behind
Homie I'm the fast forward, make you want to press rewind
I keep them on the chase, knowing that I'm in first place
I keep up with my pace, you should keep your sneakers laced
We breaking ankles, crossing over, sneakers you can find
That gold up on me, Rolly homie, saying it's my time
And don't try to fuck with my plans
Catch a bomb like you trying to take a run through Iran, damn
[Hook][Blu & Exile]Damn, niggas been shot
Them pos be locking up the team and shit is hot
For your home block it's no more weed and no more rock
My pockets hurting, heard you eating, what you got
Driving in circles, make a leaner with my watch
I'll speed and fuck at the cops
I'll keep your cousin watch, I'll steal it
And my Glock's out swerving
Hawks caught us by the place where we were surfing
And brought us in cause we ain't have insurance, fuckers
[Hook]

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