Fools

Cirkus

And I told him, "Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me"
Yo, yo, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Yo, come on
Everybody plays a fool, sometimes
There's no exceptions to the rules
Get your nines
Digi Digi, Shaolin Shaolin
But in Brownsville
Check it out
Niggas was psyched out, Beretta brought the dirt bike out
Everlast, just came home, it was his first night out
He was arguin' with these bitches how they don't mind their business
When he was locked the fuck down, no one came to visit
He was snuffed, black, his little cousin Moe stuck Cap
That's Miss. Sommers on the bike with the gat like, "Fuck that"
But finessin' over here, he could've wished he had ten more years
Cracked a cold beer then bust a shot in the air
Everlast, ego went full blast, didn't splash
He'd act like his head was too big for the casket
I told him, "Slow down God, you ain't wild
You ain't been in these projects in a while
Runnin' 'round with that old school style"
Don't think these young bucks won't lay you down like tile
A hard head makes a soft ass, these New York lads
Chopped faces, you talk fast, they bust off fast
And chase you out the hood, in a bloody hood
Yo, son, you seen that kid was actin' Hollywood?
Yeah, I mean that nigga, clap happy Cali, clap when he 'ttack
Most get astounded by surrounded sound effects in the back
Adidas shoe, phat laces, packin' budge in his jacket
Head nappy, black and nasty, but he nasty for gats
He nas', passed me, bumped me and laughed
Then flashed me his Mac
Said, "I got sixteen for you, we could bang on the track"
So strap this, nah, this bar's a bullet, par pull it
In fact, blast me bastard, I done came to far for this
Boulevard life, remember late nights?
Mama stomach touchin' a bed, two bids
Cats sacky in Com stack, retire from the crack

I'm askin' Allah that the warm Hennessey help me
I ain't chose the struggle, the struggle chose me
Lord forgive me for I have stolen from my brothers
Snaked my brothers, even killed my brothers
Familiar fish scale, everybody plays the fool
The older God's givin' me jewels
The younger God's givin' me tools
Solomon Allah, I feel I was jerked
To the drug dealers, my baby mother's a flirt
Holey socks, one fatigue suit, what you feel it don't hurt?
That's my problem now, I ain't afraid to talk
Still cop coke from the well Willy
When I was young I got robbed from the neighborhood bully
'Til he forced me to hit him with the nine milli'
Now him and his click know that I'm a thug fully
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