

# strangers

## .sPout.

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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