Fan Mail

Flu

Baby, bring that ashtray in here
Aiight
And bring my mail, it's on top of the counter
Here baby
Thanks, what's this?
I don't know some mail came for you today
Fiscal, professional, what's this about man?
Anyway, the food will be ready in 20 minutes
Peace Allah, hope this scribe reach ya hands in good health
As for self, no sense of worryin' my cards been dealt
Sunk in a cell, fishscale, fifth year of my bid
Finally got a chance recent to connect with my kids
It's kinda hard due to carelessness, I scarred they moms
And temporary, I was barred voluntary the bond
Nevertheless, it's issues I need to address
Pertainin' to certain statements that made me confess
Faced with life, it bites when reality hit
And wit crime come a lot of technicality shit
Too many co-defendants conspiracies linkin'
Like the court system designed to keep the mind from thinkin'
Fog ya vision, guess it's just the odds of livin'
But like me, most great men became God in prison
Since Illmatic, first heard ya bars of life
I was up in Cansaki, niggas started to fight
You touched souls to a lost population of men
And no doubt, if ever out, they'll never lock me again
Faced wit 10 on state time, wit life on the back
It's fucked up when your own folks ain't writin' you back
Learn to relax, spoke wit certain cats that helped adapt
You know the streets to the pen, it's kinda hard to transact
All the cars and the pretty women, condos
The clothes and the city livin'
I seen division, breakdown of the population
It's either submit, death or incarceration, I felt the combination
Torn between reality rap and the fakes
Some do it for the salary cap few relate
And been what I been through at least in fraction
So when they spit you could feel the passion, I see you maxin'
That Nas and that jigga Riff started some shit

It departed the prison system we should argue a bit
It's a glimpse of what's to come
The past follow, hold the voice just hunger me holdin' my last bottle
I live like that of a star without the title, I had to write you
It's beyond tryin' to enlight you
It's a token of appreciation for bein' that poet with no abbreviations
Much respect from us all wish you much success
Get yours, take money nigga, fuck the rest, I'm signin' off
And leave in the way that I greet and say peace
Keep in mind always rep the streets, you that nigga
Word, gotta write homey back
Ayo, boo I got any more of that mail out there?
Got a few more
You gotta read this one, the shit right here is deep, man
Aiight, gimme a minute
Okay, what's this one right here?
Oh shortie from Nashville, alright lemme see this
AZ, this is Camille since Sugarhill been a fan
And since then to me you still a man
A real card player rarely reveals his hand
And sincerely, I could say the hood feel ya jam
I sit and listen to your latest edition
Washin' dishes in the kitchen
Or twistin' the baby dreads on little Christian
It's so sickenin', his father, we both miss him
He was killed in a '99 car collision
I guess the best ones God get them, [Inaudible]
It's just the way it is in this bizarre system
You remind me of his one concernin' words when you speak
You and him both got that funny type of slur in y'all speech
At night it's like his face just emerge in my sleep
I smoke herb so that grief can stop disturbin' my peace
My life's deep, it coincide with the way that you rap
I hate it when them commentators say that you back
You never left you was always years ahead of the rest
My baby-father even felt your style, he say you was best
How you dress, how you move when you in the public?
Without a lot of luggage gotta love it that's how you thug it
Know that, that's right, it's big boy, okay, okay

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