

# The Lesson

## Camo & Krooked

Fresh out of the asylum  
Highest guy on the island  
Least widest eyes, visors hide 'em,  
I was we known that we ridin, back in the 90s  
But now it ain't likely  
Now I live life for Fridays, I stole that life, I rile it  
You'll find me wherever that party vibe is  
Because what can I say I like it? They say that I'm outta control  
That I'm totally lost  
This possibly gonna be costing colossally  
Know I'm the boss, and we roll with no posse  
I'm totally confident,  
Know we're the best on the continent. I heard you spit, you're incompetent  
And work on your confidence, clarity, presence,  
Time's of the essence, don't need your blessings  
I told you I'd teach you a lesson So hello, fellows  
Welcome to the gallows  
It's time to teach you a lesson  
[x 3] So hello, fellows  
Welcome to the gallows  
I oughtta teach you a lesson I will never ever know, of a low  
Money doesn't have a low  
I will never ever know  
That's why no standard guy could ever afford  
or fantasize about being this good I speak as a good man under a hood  
Don't treat me a hood man, under the good  
'cause my lung full of blood  
I aint' no daft mug sat in the pub  
I get stuff done, check all of the above I could teach you a lesson or two about  
Blessin' a tune, about destitution  
'cause that's the best use for music,  
my mouth gets used how I choose to use it.  
I feel a build of aggression, I'm guessing  
we'll watch the club go west in the next few seconds You're either reppin'  
or you're a weapon  
I told you I'd teach you a lesson. So shallow, so shallow...  
I oughtta teach you a lesson  
[x 4]

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