Fire & Pain

Styles P

Shit is too too crazy...listen god bad luck like I ran and fucked a voo-doo lady/
Every other week I'm in handcuffs..stack somethin, loose somethin, somethin keeps fuckin my plans up/
Movin in a hurry, thinkin time is slow when I passed the cemetery where my lil' brother is burried/

All I can do is salute, pound on my chest, god got his army and we all his recruits/
Every other night I see demons, do something wild and I don't know the reason/
Blame it on the air, so I say its the seasons...tell my niggas to light the fuck up cuz i'm feignin/

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