Epitaph

Arsonists

[DJ Spin One cuts up]
"I know you hate to hear the drama" x3
"the drama's all we know"
"I know you hate to hear the drama"
"the drama's all we know"[Jise One]
Jise was a scapegoat with staggered tear hype
Snipe life work on the street poles
with jailstripes born spic with temples of dynamite
Strolling turnpikes troopers will take your life
Jise died a week ago, stealing some rice
It's kinda trife without a wife and kids
He landed on skid road facing a bid
with blood on his bib, manslauthered his wiz
He should've did the pride away,
slid to hustle legit
He grabbed dreams with mits, losing a steady grip
Without the wits you're in shit
Within the pits of sleaze hell, spit fits
of hunger split his own wig
Lava leaking from top lid, shades of grey coat
his atmosphere, to rid 'em of the positives
moves lived
He broke grid, shifty biz the greenback sense
Making a mends, with pocket cents
He smoke sin, robbing ladies and gents
He rather kick it on corners with sauna
sources of hatred
Patriot of the jungles of N.Y.
he never made it
Faded by the crossfires of gimmick
He lost his image, LSD marking the scrimmage
He'll never finish, forget it down in the village
with saks of tray size
Selling to vintage niggas with cashroll
missing the whole prize
He sizing up the shorty with splash expertise
Within his eyes there's no ease, don't ask why
She's cuty tease, cheese hag sittin on genital
sore case, with all types of insecurities

Get your knees and get these the D's
and mom dukes discuss the where abouts of young man
Who ran it contraband styles
with dreams of rocking summerjam (damn)
It's kinda sad that we blew out this concept (damn)
It's kinda sad that we blew out this concept![Chorus 2x:]
Street life equals hard times plus
hard crimes divided by death
Prison multiplied by life wasted
Swallowed by the Earth before you could even taste it[DJ Spin One cuts]
"I've seen the hood raised brothers"
"killed too many of us"
"killed too many of us"

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