

The Lesson (Ft. Skittles)

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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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