Constantine

Neako

Roll up a blunt and say: Fuck the other side
Roll up a joint and say: Fuck the other side
Im from the city where the sons of mothers die
And I can see your soul by looking in your eyes
Don't make me take that, tell me where your faith at
My Apex is so right like safe sex
My young niggas is ape shit, they stay strapped
And they with me so think about it and stay back
Trained to go my disciples
Hand crosses and riffles
Niggas die in my projects
Nobody cares, its trifle
Turn your back for one second, thats when they knife you
Throwing stones just to hit your face, all of this to smite you
Play ball and play hard and end up like Michael
Fight hard and bite hard you'd end up like Michael
But try to heal the world though you'd end up like Michael
Got my army ready to ride against them like Michael
A tandras thats quadro its blanco head hauncho
My flow is like a hydra, Im all pro like ocho
Slow mo that ghost flow, Im real nice like old folks
I go where my soul goes, My soul knows where dough is
High as fuck with old my bitch
High as fuck with my new girl
You still stuck on that old shit given to this new world
Bang, gang, triple 7 gang
We remain and pray to always stay the same
YEAH...
Im getting money, maybe my words is reaching
Cause I've been praying for this shit when me and God speaking
And now I got a bigger deal, yeah I took some meetings
Im coming motherfuckers, you better believe it

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