

Willie the Kid

"Sepia Tone"

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(Intro)

Yuh

Yo yo yo

(Verse)

Never said I was innocent, innocence
I sense niggas too sensitive to see clear
Sepia tones as photographic appear
Piercing, pretty women stand from the peal
Bon voyage, burn logs
And the bonfire fire flies flyin in a glass jar
It's limited, gotta live like my niggas did
A chick in every city, I frequent bigger cribs
Frequent flyer, sit, have a drink with liars
Business hard to come by like music buyers
Bias to a fault, 12 foot vault
Veil to ceilings, ceilings I never call
The dreams I never had be coming true
I'm true enough, it's nothing I much rather do
Say your prayers, spend time with the fam
Make some money and so you catch more flies
Well honey, the fly love the sweet but how sweet it is
Book a suite out in Sweden, Swedish cribs
Some molly and bitches, we in Stockholm
And back home, your own home is to throw stones
I'm prone automatic, react pragmatic
Who said assassination ain't diplomatic?
Madness, black jacks, dashboard-like cabinets
Bad bitches, they knick pickin
Nigga please no sadness, this hard work
Them niggas never shovel the snow, a yard work
So you could never know the effort it takes
To chase a tornado, or measure a quake

Bungled up for the winter, summertime money
You say you catch more flies
Well honey, the fly love the sweet but how sweet it is
The fly love the sweet but how sweet it is

Bungled up for the winter, summertime money
You say you catch more flies

Well honey, the fly love the sweet but how sweet it is
Love the sweet but how sweet it is, it is

(Outro)
Yea, TCP
Somewhere
Somewhere far
Yea

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