

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"Betrayal"

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Yeah, traitors, man
Yo, this goes out to everybody, man
Everybody that's been betrayed, youknowimean
Maybe once in or twice in your life
Snakes in the garden, feel me, yo

They say the, strong shall remain, over the wicked and
vain
Keep your eyes on your back, and your face on your
stacks
Some living for the lie, while others die for the game
You catch these slugs, engraved with your name

It was the night for December
Remember leaking from my hand to my wrist
Choochoo slug hit, split through the flesh in my fist
Breathing heavy, unnecessary, mandatory, I tell y'all
the story
These cats, I loved it, tried to take my glory
Episode one; gun in my face, filled with disgrace
Half a million in the metal face with quarters and apes
Internal bleeding was the reason for treason
It was chasing, left my heart aching
Damn, it was my man Nason and Nathan
Forsaken, wrote the code for realization
For fascination, and fabrication, the work of Satan
Blatant, contempt of mind, I was always knew
The revelation of a Judas in every crew
I called a flash in the back of my head
When my ace note said; "Sunzini, some of these kids is
feds"
Jealous for the love of hate, snakes snitching for
dollars
Sniffin' white collar, made a brother wanna holla
Betrayed by the ones I loved the most, hard to believe
Deceived by the thieves that breed, dwell amongst the
mental
Stealing out my temple, I'mma leave these traitors
crippled
Leave these traitors crippled, crippled

Now as the saga continues
I move in freely in the trunk of the rental
Music blasting through the street, cause it's all so
simple
Nickel plated in the crotch of my jeans, it's safety
routine
Stay prepared, for the secret's ravens, know what I
mean?
I treasure my life, measured through the pain and the
strife
Hard to except bluff from the grain, jerk after we trife
Revenge is mine, I'mma make these cats
remember the times
When we was, kids in the hood and we did it for crime
I got my hand free on the baby nine, blunt on a handle
Waiting on the trunk to pop, to blow out some candles
I struggle for the cell in my sock, designed for
moments like these
Hit the God; 60 Sec., and let him know the steez

Peace (yo, peace, what up, Six-O, yo, I'm hot son
These niggaz got me, man) Who? Who? (Nason and
Nathan, man, yo)
Where you at? Where you at, son?
(Shit I'm in the trunk, up in somebody's car, man
I don't know where I'm at man, but I'm hit in the hand
I'm leaking man, yo, get they family members a shot
And let them know it's not a game) Word to mother, we
on the way
Hold on, son, hold on, we coming, hold on (get me out
of here)

The moral of the story, leave with these jewels to
swallow
Blessings I earn, lessons we learn, the tables got
turned
A miracle I made it, by the grace of King David
As it was written, one was shot, the other was smitten
Thanks to the coalition, I'm alive, well and kicking
They tried to do me in, like the Indians on Thanksgiving
Stop me not, my purpose is to stay on top
I'm pledge allegience to the Sun, the committee that
rocks
Never catch me slipping again, I move with the sight of
ten
Me and them mighty men, stronger than gin, gin.
Yo, it's real out here in the field, son
You gotta survive, eat to live

Hahaha... it's all about eating, it's all about living
It's all about surviving, kid, it's real in the field

Keep ya head up, keep ya gun up, it's real
I tell you a story, about betrayal

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