

The Chronicles "Draws"

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After a blunt I'm forward and front.
Show you how they rat ta tat tat, matta fact I'm probably
on a man hunt.
With empty henieken necks, brews and bredrens.
Gorillas who climb blunts turned realler over nine
months.
Triggers got young angels in heaven some old too
from an arsenal strapped to a gunner chest like O2.
Jaro smoked a mind and wrote you, Sincerely yours.
Appealing to the villian.
Soulful soul food full soul of course.
Remorse for my murdered bredrens who well known.
Let's refuse to call hell home.
Philosophers, typical black males who post bail roll thru
life resorting to those sales hustle and muscle with life.
Enough tussle to fight.
Like some prophet insights I see the future and PoliSci
say get a 9-5 but I don't believe you.
Cause when I meet an interview he don't believe u
neither.
Either D or the freefall defeats all your purpose got you
unsure like a see saw; up and down.
Married to the game but couldn't conceive, yah wife's a
(silence), she keen to your death but never bereaves.
She never grieves, she a hoe in fact so toke it black.
Put your mind at ease b4 more world wars.
The mentality of each is each teaches the life lesson,
life's essence, appreciate life's blessings.
Too much times I seen though I'm blind it's irony.
The fiend on his knees tryna get at me honestly.
I look in the mirror at the sinner smoking a pinner.
He looks stacked.
He looks vex.
He looks strapped.
He shook black?
Nah, he's looking for direction in paradise lost.
They say that when u grow up Ro the paradise yours...
Draws

I'm so high from the rhythm that we're under that I got
to rule the world. [x2]

Jah aint the average black rap bastard grabbing on the straps and gats that he grabbing or girls that he tags in tag teams.

He's mad with his handle.

Jocks who put rocks in their socks and socks in their sandals ante upping with he, eating supper with he.

He casa su casa like the last supper with the Jew.

Judas kiss Jesus.

I'm feeling like a snitches lips on my face too.

I'm nobody in the circuit cause nobody's flow is perfect.

Old convicts in army fatigues tell me it aint worth it to live wealthy.

Healthy! Move stealthy.

James bond flip out phones.

I flip round hoes.

Look I aint tryna flip out no.

I sip black and coke and smoke spliffs and tokes spliffs that choke.

(cough) Dragon draws.

I drag on but don't brag false.

No Ro's the dag'on truth.

Shoot... Can't touch me.

Outta bullets your chrome rusty.

Outta flows no vocab your dome's dusty.

Snitches run from the sickest raw dogg.

Big smoker blunts come with 64 draws.

I'm so high from the rhythm that we're under that I got to rule the world. [x2]

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