

Trife Diesel

"Heads or Tails"

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[Chorus 2X: Trife Diesel] It's two sides to every coin,
either head or it's tails So when you gamble with your
life, you either dead or in jail Get bagged for a sale, or
your coffin get nailed Call it in the air, pick and choose,
head or it's tail [Trife Diesel] It's time to blow like a
cannon, eating grits with salmon Clear the runway, cuz
this plane here's ready for landing I'm what the streets
been demanding, the Trife solo, a nice dolo With hype
photos, stetched hats and striped bolos The rap Miguel
Koto, I'm undefeated No one believe it, this is the
rebirth, call me the son of Jesus No stand guard and
sound the trumpets, this year I gotta Tighten my circle,
delete snakes from my circumference I held back
punches, even silenced my tongue But niggas wanna
see me flip and bring the violence with guns For twenty
something odd years I've been a child of these slums
And I bet these cowards'll run when these vowels get
spun So either way, I'mma end up the loser, cuz niggas
gon' snitch To the cops, and ID me as the shooter
That's why I'd rather be in Bermuda, lighting some
buddah Taking trips, getting dipped, spending my
chips at the jeweler [Chorus 2X] [Trife Diesel] Uh, most
of my goons got bullet wounds, knife scars and
stitches From wilding in the streets, busting they heats
for bitches And when I say bitches I ain't talking bout
bitches I'm talking bout crab niggas who folded and
turned snitches I've bared witness when spots got
raided from cops blitzing Feds came through, property
seizing, thieving they sixes Putting bank accounts on
hold, retrieving they riches Back in my era, snitches
would of been sleeping in ditches I can't call it, cuz
nowadays the game is toilet Filled with comedians, alot
of Ben Stillers in order A bunch of snakes with they
fangs out, looking just like a walrus Catch apointing
niggas out in the back seat of the Taurus Now you
labeled as a rat, and niggas wanna take you off the
map Better pray you got them angels on your back
When them tables turned and guns get drawn, your
lungs get torned And loved ones mourn over they sons
that's gone [Chorus 2X]

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