

Eddie Rodriguez

"Full Circle"

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*** MC known as Science is now known as I-Con ***

INTRO [I-Con] {Logik}

[Yo yo, yo Logik, yo what up dog?]

{What up I-Con, what up baby?}

[Yo how ya been pa, how ya been pa?]

{Yo I was uptown in the train man.

Talking some ill type drama I heard?}

[Yo for real, uptown?]

{Yeah, like he was dissing for white mall}

[What's the deal?]

{Logik} [I-Con]

He spoke to this dude Blake

Came back for one of the niggas from his crew, wait

[Was he undisputed and moving weight?]

Nah, he was more like a cruiser weight

But where he at?

[He called in hollering he'd be a little late]

[Hung over, strung over leftovers from the sick date]

But back to that kid Blake

He done laced me with the info

On how we used to roll with nymphoes

Settle business only on flip phones [word?]

He said he swtiched tones, went straight and arrow, in
the ??? now

Had a cat, stab you in the back and extract your bone
marrow

[I-Con]

Yeah that's that niggas Portishead, word life

I heard the God was dead

Them live niggas with high figures kept on bucking the
more he bled

{Was that nigga on the mend?}

The streets took him over

His peeps had him looking over the Escorts

When he got hauled, he confessed all

Hoping to ge the best of, what that D.A. offered

But he came out, he was three days clocked

{Where he at?}

That spot behind that Green Day concert
Tried to play hardball but the G's played harder
Matter of fact cats vaselined(?) his father

[I-Con] Yo E, eh yo E
(Eclipse) waht up my nigga?
[I] How ya been pa?
(E) What y'all saying man?
[I] Ya hear them cats from uptown
blazed the fuck outta Portishead, man?
(E) Oh shit
{Logik} Lit him up
(E) Yo I know about them niggas yo

(Eclipse) {Logik} [I-Con]
(E)Yo that's ill, for real they had an insatiable fill for
bills
Thrill to kill
{L} But that one nigga Billy's achilles heal was this
chicken Mil
[I] She as a trifling as hoe, she rocked Bosco
Accosted dudes at every barbeque
Walking around with her ass exposed
{L} Yo she always had to pose, didn't know she had
stored
Half the coke up in the caserole
But that was going on
(E) Yo hold on, y'all niggas got it all worng
Besides the skimpy clothes, she had her art form
Plus she only worked with knowledge and how to lick
coke
In all forms, with some Columbian cats is where she got
her sauvy from
Though used to hate 'em, called them niggas fake
maricons
{L} I see you quoting his words
What yo roll with this herb?
(E)Ya well, we used to run together
Him in the Second, me on the Third
{L} I guess you had visions of homebase
Hoping both clicks could have merge
(E) Word, we held hits 'til shit was submerged
Chips could splurge, but one of his niggas, Portishead
He was a bitch and a herb
I couldn't feel the real in his words, that's what I
observed
And if you asked me when he was knocked
He just got what deserved
[I] Yo marking the words
I'm feeling sure the words served a personal grudge
Type of hit, if push to shove turned to murderous lust

(E) yeah nigga all of the above, I got no love
Should've seen that nigga's face when the glock
showed up
[I] Yo you speak of the kid like you seen him get hit
{L} Probably did
(E) Aight, fuck it, I was actually hid
It was a dark, ??? down storm
Quiet in the sound, eternally blown sky high vibing to
Coppertone
Faces of shitstains bloddied up like clothes as I worn
Eyes lited up like shouldn't have come
As I formally stated, it was way past dawn
And, seeing visions of death
But he was way past gone, way past mourn
Iron clad ears made of Teflon made it hard for him to
change his platform
[I] Yo that's a sad song, played over a monotone
backbone
(E) 'Cause seen the shots, blown his wig back he
switched time zones
[I] Nothing like cheese in his calzone
I guess his style got thrown
(E) I heard a swift up in the background
And with a grapple of thunder, as shells piled up
[I] Thought he couldn't be touched
(E) Pain increase like bills pile up
[I] Then the ER came up
(E) Still, it wasn't enough
It left him awe struck, by the blood bath
'Cause the scene was such
[I] Yo E, if you wasn't cousin
I think you know way too much
{L} Matter fact, I'm saying black
I'm contemplating you bus
(E) For real it's a battlefield, in guns we trust
When I saw him it was in post mortem
Alright, you know what
Fuck it, I shot him! *echoed*

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