

Cadence Weapon, True Story

now i heard...
that cadence weapon...
he said this..

i can't believe he's fucking her
this plays out like romance novel
involving hearts and hobbles
i heard homegirl does the head bobble
for any john in the district, city or county
i slop up the goods like bounty
like i heard she got on that head like a bounty
now even though i heard he's gay
he's gotta show on the 8th
would you come see' em play?
it's too snug-fit, you can see the cellphone imprint
covered by stone-washed labels and armor
and though he's a charmer
this is held as a defensive mechanism
to deflect his sparks of empriority
and i've seen him with Wilding and
you know what that means
he's a clean-cut scenester "archaic" type to me
and the median express with the city and breath
and i'll talk shit to anyone who'll listen
who am i?

you bore me now
who whored me out
aligory i label "a true story";
put those paints and claims to good use
make up messes and hope to find prove

i speak good facts to people at the scrap
but i only run rumors like fleetwood mac
the inviting is incredible and he's writing is illegible
but i think the word and paragraph
are 3rd to Stephanie
rhymebook livebook, joker smoker
he owes poker pals will catch a "roker"; like al
you don't lose weight like drug stick-ups
thug pickups, he wears nikes since
he heard his own songs
i pray like james when i rip, the only difference
is i didn't make up any of this shit
but you know i was at a house party
and he made an eyeball playlist
and he was so pretentious i mean refused to speak
but i never introduced myself but he's awful weak
he's the famous one, he should intiate and
intrigue conversation, he's like 1/3 diplomat
a real "santana"; type

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cadence weapon called her "a bitch";
and claimed her miscarriage was scam
he called like a priest
i only say "peace"; because i say what i mean
i never hated anyone who's ever hurt me
blackout's and booze-a-thons

bro-downs, ballerblocks
cause great bounties around the rumor mill shift
and he rumbles with a switch
and murmurs with it too
but there's only so much that one man can prove
and i will argue that you don't know Sherri like i do
everything you've heard is probably not true
every single word is pointed against you
your a kin with the firing line, dead generals
and general, i'm led and fed intervals
and O.D like T.O, you seek prose and smoke beats
but hope sleeps for Nebo, middle name: Theo

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