

D Smoke, Crossover (feat. WESTSIDE BOOGIE)

Yo, Smoke, man
I'm, so I'm in my community, man
Shinin' and glistenin' if you will
And this dude rolls up with the utmost disrespect
Then he kept the disrespect goin' into my
Personal space bubble proximity
I had to hit him with the Kirkpatrick
Four-knuckle Kirkpatrick on his domepiece
He switched his whole style up after that, man, ayy
It be like that sometimes, bro (yeah)
Why niggas gotta act so tough? (So tough)
Like you bein' a asshole is a fact, bro
You are actual sus (suspect)
Better off bein' bashful
Look at the glass full and call it overflow
Take a chill pill, need to overdose
You wouldn't kill Bill in a cul-de-sac
With a Uzi, a gat and a shoulder ax, nigga, you Provolone
Nigga, your shoulders fold under the weight
Couldn't hold your own in a toe-to-toe
Wait, why you runnin' from the do-si-do?
A OG'll smack your ass 'til you spit blood, that's all she wrote
Now your girl see your true colors, off she goes
You alone and it's sober 'cause
You ain't know you ain't never had to pretend to toss the clothes
Now me and her gettin' awfully close, less
You niggas frontin' just to ball
Kyrie Irving, how you swervin'
Change direction, Smith & Wesson'll
Have you countin' your blessings
Like oh no (no), Mr. Harden hit 'em harder
Now they prey, they dear departed
They wishin' they never started to cross over
That burner come off the hip and they cross over, uh
Now turn to aim at they shit and they cross over, uh
Don't care if they look like a bitch when they cross over
(Bitch niggas switch up)
They cross over (real niggas stay down)
These niggas shooters out here with the long range
Got the long barrel on the old gauge
With the wood handle and the recoil pad
Of all thangs, what you wanna act hood for? (You safe, my nigga)
Lemme tell you how the hood go
Everybody cool in elementary school
'Til you hit thirteen and they hoods chose (where you from?)
Military recruitment, Ben & Jerry's, I'm cool, but
They feelin' worried like toothless men
Bite an apple, that's Lucifer
Fightin' ample temptation, examples incarcerated
The ones that been before go back 'cause work just can't be located
The surface-level worship of our worst condition hurts
'Cause they miss the point, my nigga
Mad 'cause my daddy in the joint, my nigga
Hood ways got us runnin' from the oinks, my nigga
These ain't disguises (yeah)
This is how better real life gets
Then they imitate the righteous like they got license
We pay those prices, and now we ball, pass me the rock
Kyrie Irving, how you swervin'
Change direction, Smith & Wesson'll
Have you countin' your blessings
Like oh no (no), Mr. Harden hit 'em harder
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That burner come off the hip and they cross over, uh
Now turn to aim at they shit and they cross over, uh
Don't care if they look like a bitch when they cross over
(Cross over, cross over, cross over, cross over) yo, yo, uh
Why you always fuckin' up my high? Uh
Gotta show that you ain't cool,
You can never be my plug, my guy, uh
All the kids in the school don't respect all the subs, my guy, uh
Niggas'll move in the hill, I could chill, I just want Wi-Fi
Know they finna shower you with love outside
But you never noticed, you too cool, that's for sure
I ain't wanna say it, but you need to get acquainted
With the nigga in the mirror, that's a dude you should know
Probably think I'm hatin', but it won't be a surprise
If I see your hand break from the truth that you hold, bruising slow
Used to be low, uh
The shoe don't feel good on the toe, so
You gotta get used to the sole, uh, shit
But don't nobody want that, uh
Carryin' a load 'til you hunchback, uh
Who wrote out the script? Who directed the film
That created your tough act? Uh
While you out in the field
You should thank all the blockers that helped with your run backs
Here's a map to your start, you should come back, uh
Pin it to your heart with a thumbtack, uh (aw, shit, what?)
Uh, shit so tragic how it happened
Took your magic, guess your shit ain't never lasted
Now you fucked around, crossed over, uh
Every action got reactions, all that cappin' now you crashin'
Niggas don't look at the road when they cross over, uh
Now you just look like a bitch 'cause you crossed over (uh)
I never fuck with no snitch 'cause they cross over
Need to work on your crossover, yeah
Just be you 'cause it's beautiful
Be you 'cause it's beautiful
Be you 'cause it's beautiful, ayy
Ain't nobody like you
You know, Einstein said
"If you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree
That fish is always gon' think it's stupid"
That's stupid
It's only one of you
Just like it's only one of me
God made you to be free and unique
You ain't gotta change for nobody
Just keep growin'
Stop actin' too motherfuckin' tough out here
Niggas'll slap the shit out your motherfuckin' ass