

Future, Big Rube

The snake bites
The scorpion stings
Weak niggas plottin' to steal crowns from kings
But that weight's a heavy burden on even the broadest of shoulders
The thickest-skull thugs and even the hardest of soldiers
The climb to the top filled with pleasure and pain
Peril and loss, profit and gain
Many hands once held open for a pat on the back
Now grapes a knife in the night on a silent attack
They wanna stop you from loving'
Stop you from laughin'
Keep you in misery, malice and madness
They path in life is to make your path rougher
Your joy is their poison, your suffering their supper
Once success is tasted, they say that you changed
"I thought we was folk, man, you just ain't the same"
"Come on, let me borrow a bit off your name"
Be a sucker if you want, they gon' hate you just the same
When surrounded by darkness don't get swallowed by it
Pain, anguish, and fear, don't get followed by it
All habitual line-stepping niggas be quiet
You violate the game, you disqualified
Gone