

# 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