

## Squares Out Your Circle

Rocko

You got people that surround you  
They gone try they best to down you  
Keep them squares up out your circle  
What don't kill you gone hurt you  
And it's only gone get worser  
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I had to cut them n-ggas off, they ain't mean me no good  
Hate when I'm on TV, love when I was stuck in the hood  
I had to maximize my craft, get up off my ass  
My bitches say they gonna leave me  
Always sit and I laugh, I just laugh  
Cut up the bass, cut down treble  
This what I tell em  
I'm a loner Dottie, I'm a rebel it's whatever  
I wish I could take everybody with me  
But I can't so I ain't  
But I ain't gonna lie, if I could I do it  
I know different languages, speak a few of them fluent  
In other words what I'm tryin to say I ain't in the USA  
I've been tryin to stay away, the states ain't big enough for me  
Right now I'm in Belize  
You say you called, I was probably sleep  
It's midnight in Georgia, where I'm at it's noon  
And ain't' coming back that way no time soon  
These n-ggas talking bout they new cars  
To me that's a waste of money  
I'm never home buying multiple luggage I'm trying to stay gone  
Black called me from the bing  
Told me hold it down I told him hold his head  
I guess we're sayin the same thing  
Number one rule of the game, play for keeps  
Sleep with one eye open, these streets a beast  
Future preach

Pray the Lord to help me spot my foes  
Next thing you know I started losing friends  
Ain't' got the energy for no foolishness  
I got a list of shit to do  
Make believers out of atheists  
What's going on with you  
I'm a barb wire tie, gotta stay sharp  
Cross my heart, Cross by my heart  
Spit chrome heart; Help me spot the fakes  
Wolves in sheep clothing, I loath them  
Donnie Brasco, feeling dishonored  
Shall not be harmed by any weapon formed  
So I'm not alarmed, plus I stay armed  
They mad cause they off and I stay on  
Plus I done got better so the hatin done got worse  
Constantly traveling, show business

You think Rocko got them millions, that ain't yo business  
They tried to count me out  
But if it's one thing you can count on  
You can count on me  
Sometimes you gotta cut off your finger  
To save your hand  
You don't understand what that means  
That's that gangrene  
Decapitate, Amputate  
Cut it off  
Sever your ties completely  
Future preach

[Hook]