

Everywhere I go they try to take what's mine
Remind me of the Island 'cause (still came home wit a shine
Still came home wit a shine, still came home wit a shine)
(2x)

(Hi-Tek)

Official facts, I walk around heavy wit two gats
So niggas can't snatch what's mine, I watch my back
The whole world schemin on a way to get trap
I ain't mad at that, take what you want, but not mines black
Seen a lot cats get yak (for all of that)
Ain't no gettin back, this the shit that comes wit this pack
Three things, guns and biscuits, don't risk it
It's all materialistic, die over this shit
And almost got robbed by these two kids in a Lex
Wit light tent, steady movin in (said to myself they can't win)
Actin like a friend, son he got close, I bust ten
Bet these niggas won't ever snatch a chain again

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So next time you buy a Linc, you probably would think
About the situation it brings, for brolic shit
You comin clean, thug niggas and fiends
You got it good, they gon' scheme, know what I mean?
I'm dyin over better things, not flooded pieces
Kids die for no reason, sick believin
I wish we all wouldn't wear it even
But it if you gotta hold ya heat
Mommy always said it's dangerous in these streets
Watch out for beef, your closest friend'll be ya enemy
And stab you in ya back for ya equity
The recipe, f**k that shit, live out ya destiny
That shine ain't impressin me, I wear mine to the death of me
Straight up and down, that shit is stressin me
But basically cape on my chest will be my legacy
Remember me? I try to warned you 'fore it happen
A lot of niggas die over jewelry snatchin
Take it from Royal Flush, I did the shit before rappin

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(4x)