

In Between Us

Scarface

Circumstances are like my first fight I lost
It was swinging, my arms bugging, adrenaline pumping
Oh shit, this little nigga's thugging
I mean, I was thirteen, I was nursing a knot on my face
But chose another time and a place
That I would avenge my last fight cuz the same shit
Ain't gonna happen that just happened last night
Knuckle game changed quicker than lightning
Hit 'em or slice 'em
Either stick 'em or blast pipes, its the fastlife
I try to give another nigga advice, shoot dice
Do plenty of shit cuz this life, how many you get?
How many niggas do you know get two
Besides a nigga who snitch to skip a life-bid, be one a' your crew
I don't respect killers, I respect O.G. knowledge
Codes of the streets got new rules, but no guidance
Lessons, detrimental to a young disciple
Focus, take care of your brothers, niggas do as I do
Keep your enemies close, where they can see you
It's not your enemy who get you
It's always your own people
It's always your own people
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Mass confusion, in my head
Killing me, driving me mad
Got me wondering, can I trust my friends?
Cuz they stick me in my back every chance they get
Am I paranoid? and if that's the case
Is it curable? Can you help me find my place?
I can't handle this, I'm losing it
With a loose grip I'm hanging on to emptiness
Help your brother, save him from the
Evil demons, in between us, came between us

I know you hate me, don't you
I bet you sit and wish my time never came
You probably rather see me die in the game
You probably rather see me die in a plane
Well ya'll see me up on top of my thang
I get my money shit changed
And niggas start looking at me different than this
I'm downplay the real of this shit to get with a bitch
But I'ma tell a motherfucker like this
You only good as what you come up against
Nigga you get what you get
Sure the grass is greener on the other side of the fence
But any attempts and you gonna need the guy in the trench
I'ma starter while you riding the bench
You saying you a player, well I'm the one designing your prints
Something to go by, to let these niggas know I
Don't believe in letting shit slide, nigga gonna die
Best friends since high school seniors
But the homeboys are meaner, they let the bullshit come between us