

Line Of Scrimmage

The Evidence

I show trust it still ends the same
Instead of friends
You got friends frontin only out for your fame
They tryna cross the line Tryna steer through this jungle made of concrete
Drew the map on my hand
The ink sweatted off me
They tryna cross the line
Defense, no charity event
And they say, familiarity breeds content
And I say, this ain't a parody just barely vent
What I feel until it's so clear I'm scared of my sense

New day, built for the distance
Never knew which side to choose til they drew the line of scrimmage
I view different sagas, never doubt my outcome
They seeing double-vision for invested interests (keep it movin)

Win some, you just lost one though
Defend what I love, don't give a fuck the drum's slow
I'm an eagle, fuck par for the course
Your little birdies seek peace but ain't planned for war (nope!)

L.A., still workin the angles
Evy ain't a devil just a greazy angel
I got love, got slug, got drugs, some thugs
Still keep it moving never threw my anchor (uh!)

Same son, friends ain't changed (nah)
It's a cold game still sniffin Ronald Reagan cocaine
Don't wait, hand and foot on me
He's a machine, mechanical anti-freeze (hot!)

Light up, the mind of a genius
Smoke this cush, there'll be no lies between us
Every step I take, dangerous
Here we go, three seconds, this message 'bout to self-destruct

Down wind, your new found friend
Drew the guilt across the grill just like a clowns grin, I'm all in
Tall and thin, tears down walls when the dolphin gets caught
In whatever pocket she falls in

Shame none, the blame game's done
No more sweatin through the heat wave waiting to make the rain come
Gain some, ingrained from the same tongue
Can tell by how I bang some everybody wang chung

Free-throw, feeble it seems so
Break the egg and let the greed grow, beggin me to re-load
Heave-ho, behold the super freak show
Navigate through people with that life fast bleed slow

Down play, about face, the clay rotates around whatever it takes to make you
count them praise nowadays
Show the ace, with no poker face
On the belly, open legs and hold the aim between his shoulder blades

Square-biz, so terror thick
The air is thick with embarrassment, go share it with your therapist
There it is, careless to pair with the no-name
Tag-wearing, faux-famous derelict

Now sit, and wrap yourself around it
When your done wear it like an outfit in front of the township
Sound check, allowed inside of the mix
To show em all why I'm this make the music with your mouth biz

Yeah that's it right there
310, 612
Ev, Slug
Alc
Putting these little thumbtacks up all over the map
Connecting these dots
We watching out for these double-cross cats tryna cross the line
You know
Give and inch they take feet
Give 'em feet they take the street (haha)