

The Dark (Trinity)

The Roots

[Verse 1 - Black Thought:]

Mountain high and valley low and river wind and tunnel deep
I have traveled chasing demons screaming all I find I keep
If you don't pay like you weigh alright okay that's fine with me
I'ma just spray my heat and say my piece and lay you down to sleep
Ain't nobody tell you clowns to speak
I'mma AK you down the street
Draw that bump that's built for the riots see how quiet y'all can keep
Ain't no wilding it ain't no problem
It ain't no question it ain't no beef
Cut that check then things are sweet
I'ma go buy some diamond teeth
I'll be damned if my setback gonna help you get back on your feet
No surrender no retreat
Nigga we out here trying to eat
Hashtag diamond dog tag
Money bag, nice swag, pockets need an ice bag
Toe tag, body bag
Niggas lose their lives sad
Rockets in their flight path
Breaking bad, making bad
Choices out here thinking fast
Smoking wet and drinking bad
Soaking wet and sinking fast
Shoot them niggas making cash
Stick them niggas take their stash
The law of gravity meets, the law of averages
Ain't no sense in attempting to civilize savages
Even though I wish I could be spared my embarrassment
I'm a nigga, other niggas pale in comparison
We out in Paris yet but still a nigga perishing
No idea how much time's left, fuck trying to cherish it
A life in times unchecked, now that's American
Inherit the wind, pressure in everything

[Verse 2 - Greg Porn:]

The world ain't ready for someone like me
And life is sex, stress, drama and I'm hooked on all 3
I'd rather O.D. than be the next O.G
You fronting for a whore that already chose me
One man revolution that's supportin prostitution
I'm trying pimp the game, where balling don't mean hooping
And riding don't mean cruising
It mean keep your bitch-ass moving
If you ain't built for bruising, redrum ain't in your blueprint
In a jungle made of concrete, every animal Jumanji
On Eazy-E and PCP, ass-cash or EBT
How you monetize pigeons on a power line
On a road to the riches every dudes a dollar sign
I don't mind, I don't mind, long as all the smoke is mine
And the liquor store delivers faster than a Papa Johns
And I heard that def-ass caller money's on the other line
The last episode of Good Times is my life

[Verse 3 - Dice Raw:]

It's a phrase they say in the streets when the young players meet:
Get rich or die trying

But the funny thing about that phrase to me
Is that these little niggas be lying
Cause don't nobody wanna die
But everybody trying to get rich though
But the fucked up thing about that
These lil' niggas don't how to get rich so
I still run with those angels
Man I still peep all those angles
Speaking with guns, sticking in tongues
Talking that Arabic and that Yiddish
Riding them trains, stashing them chains, bangles
Yeah I played all those games, though
My tag on the wall, you niggas look up
You can still see my name yo
How did I end up where I'm at?
It's kind of hard to explain yo
I remember all i wanted was a gold chain and a Kangol
I remember all i wanted was a gold chain and some Jordans too
Crossed that bitch, then I got that bitch
Now all I want from her's an abortion
My mind filled with distortion
My eyelids say caution
Yeah I sold crack to get my soul back
They say it's gonna cost a fortune
And I wonder if Allah take debit?
'Cause a nigga got real bad credit
If not I ain't got a whole lot so a nigga like me just can forget it