

## Lost Outro

Caskey

Pressure plus pipes, I got the 2 here strung on my right  
And ever since I lost you pops I don't write  
And that was like 09 but every time the beat come on  
I swear it's go time, my fingers start itching  
The pieces of divine start clicking  
The mistress in my mind start strippin'  
I swear I'm at a constant conflict with these women  
Cause all the studio time that I buy  
Is way more important than anything that they've given  
Ain't that a bitch, owe that hoe a couple dollars  
Told to take it in blood or I'm crippin'  
I swear the top is my mission  
Cause sometimes I feel like if you would have been proud  
Then you wouldn't have gone missing  
Picture a child that hears prisons  
Where nobody gon' write me, nobody come to visit  
And visually I'm sustained, by walls and still  
Is it possible that defies all this real  
God damn, am I liar or all this real  
Is it true the ones with the desires get all the mills  
Cause I gotta eat, shit and my mama got a stomach too  
And if you talk bullshit, how do I stomach you?

Riding down the 417, sippin' 100 proof  
Pop myself 2 or 3 bars, see what a couple do  
My girl tried to stop me, she weigh 102  
Yelling that she hate me I swear I feel like it's nothing new  
Pull up bout that driver like fuck you  
To the person who made that Smith and Wesson that my father used  
Fuck you, I swear I would have taken your life if I had the option  
But god didn't gave that shit to me,  
And lately I've been a problem, to any motherfucker who crossed me  
Yesterday I was in church, and the priest he had the nerve  
And the bangers asked what that cross be  
I'm devilish, get 'em off me  
Hard to take another 2 steps when your feet turn to concrete  
Not to mention you off beat  
Well how do you hope to compete  
Education is institutionalized,  
Everything on the news with truthfully is a lie  
And everything that is truth, is truthfully in the skies  
True beats all on my outlet, I was made to survive  
And why do I see bars and still is it possible  
That this fire is all this real  
God damn, am I a liar, or all this real  
Could have be the ones with the designment  
All the pills that got us like slaves  
And my mama got chains too  
If you fuck with the system, how do I change you?

Other day spoke to my cousin, he said he changed crews  
He got new homies, and they bang too  
Feel like he was made for this gangster shit  
Wanna cope an AK, moved to Anchoritz  
Anchor bracelets, community control his room  
Used to get hoes, and now he get patrolled  
And the sad thing he think that he's cool

The fuck is it we teaching in our schools, nothing  
And I don't even want that discussion  
Cause tv shows, celebrities and they budget  
And the rest of the country is on fuck it  
Robbin and stealing, cause it ain't no jobs out here  
In Florida, appealin', look at all these old folks retirement funds  
We take that shit with all our violence, guns  
But really it's the system that made me  
And the government think that I'm crazy  
But I think that we lost, and I don't know if he did it with the cross  
I feel like everybody on the earth to pay the cost  
And maybe we'll see bars and still  
And maybe I am hard to kill  
I can truthfully epidemize all this real  
I could be the og telling guard your grill  
I could be the devil on your shoulder  
Or your friend homie  
And it all just depends homie, cause we are lost  
Truth be told, we are lost  
Cause it feel like, in the world when you lost  
Don't know which way to go  
All I see is dollar sings