

Honor Amongst Thieves

Skyzoo

Do you believe in honor amongst thieves
And celebrating making it out here in one piece
Or better yet taking it out on who couldn't leave
And everything relating to how you want it to be
Do you believe in knowing whatever you might have seen
Was all just a part of what we was titled to be
It was all in the song when we was finding the key
But singing along wouldn't show what entitlement means
Do you believe In you being told how to be you
Where everything you are is supposedly not in cue
From mimicking to you being told how to improve
And how you benefit depends on you following suit
Do you believe That you can be taught how
To be who you already was before you was bogged down
Like "this is what best represents y'all
Never mind the fact that I've yet to step in your yard or ever been that involved"
Do you believe In loading a .44 and blowing the corridor
For all that you want for but learning the court of law
Could never be cornered off unless you were one of them
Would you just call it off
Or do you believe That you can be given it off of privilege
And you can pass that to whoever you coming in with
And that'll lock arms like deciding that you get it
But the timing of it proves that you didn't
I mean do you believe

Do you believe do you believe in it all
Being amongst honor if thieves get involved
Or being amongst honor if believing what you want
Becomes more than you ever would've thought
I mean do you believe

There was a story of a kid who had his father everyday
And his father had the grip but he also had a name
Off of more than just the grip it was off of how he changed
And it was all because his kid wasn't supposed to be the same
But the story of his friends was from off a different page
So his father was the difference under all that he became
But he still was with whatever they could call him any day

And they would get to it together every part of him remained
Then the kid had a moment where it all rearranged
When some kids unloaded on his partner for a name
And the kid saw it all from the draw to the aim
And he felt like he was woke enough to want all of the blame
And an idea came to get the grip like his pops
And have a conversation and end it with a shot
And it all made sense til he was picturing his pops
And as much as he regretted it he felt he'd better not
And then there was a kid watching all of the above
With his pops in a theatre and it caught him like a drug
He was hooked on the idea of wondering if son
Should've stayed to the end and started talking with his gun
Cause he felt if it was him then all of the above
Would've took a different spin that would've started with a slug
That would've spun someone around til he was coughing up blood

And tucked him underground and it'd be all from outta love
But love made his pops breakdown what it was like
To have to keep a trey pound and spray it out on sight
And how it ain't no turning back when you surrounded by them lights
Cause he had a ton of moments where the pound saved his life
And he listened and it wasn't hard to get what he was proving
But he still caught visions of him picking up and shooting
Cause he knew if it was him that his friends would jump into it
Since they ain't have fathers that could give them an influence
And the more he realized the balance of both sides
When his pops said "protect yours let no one overstep yours
But know that when you step on ain't no stepping away
It sticks with you forever like how I'm here everyday"
But he still taught me how to load up just in case
And due to my composure alotta moments were saved
Now knowing everything you just heard and what it made
Let me know what you would prefer further explained
Do you believe?