

## Luca Brasi Speaks

Starlito

Betrayed in the way, mental state in a rage.  
Prayin every day sayin grace over plates.  
Heart full of hatred, forever in pain conveying the tear drops on my face.  
Focus on the past, hard to let it go.  
All been there before.  
If I call to let it show, y'all would never know.  
Don't talk to everyone at once who listen,  
Deep down don't feel it,  
Givin fake advice while concealing they intentions.  
Talk to you after they pretend that they with you.  
Turn right around and then tell the whole city.  
Behind the back shit, in a timely fashion.  
Then look down like drama when they line the blast.  
Dreams of me being dead on my mama's mattress.  
Even there ain't safe when my mind was there, with my mind collapsing.  
Hustle real hard to provide, go to jail, am I grinding backwards.  
Preacher at church steady tellin people they should have faith.  
Does logic matter.  
Crack use is my congregation,  
In the trap trapping, maybe I'm the pastor.  
Design a fabric, pirex jar with the butter knife turn it white, Michael Jackson.  
Pipe day after my life's disaster,  
Broke niggas all around and my rifle braggin.  
I'm the type to handle, lead examples,  
Press the hammer get your legs dismantled in the streets.  
Tryin to freeze my cheese it'll be you and me.  
This a harder gamble.  
I'm a squeeze at your feet, hit you dead in the knees.  
Then stand up, in your chest, blowin out your candle.  
Brought out the Phantom, pour a drink inside it.  
No thinkin bout it, peep game to run it.  
Hostile environment, I'm residing.

Miley Cyrus, chick in college tryin it.  
Biters bitin it, spendin this money while I'm down motorin like why to try.  
Fuck ups rival it, then that rifle spit.  
Why don't said your whip, why don't say it.  
Aim for the face, shorty I'm whipped.  
Got ass like a horse told her aim for the waist.  
Pushin my grill, you's aim for the pace.  
But when I sip somethin I fuck with the taste.  
Got cuffed in the case but they called it a tank.  
Special response, pullin up in a tank.  
Best friend told homie ain't betrayin but I'm sayin.  
Solid brain, solid, I'm a make it, I'm a make it.  
Keep tellin myself it's the reason I'll make it.  
Only nuts wanna favor when you make it.  
I was in the paper, not for makin no paper.  
Mighty tied up, someone left butt naked.  
I was interrogated, never gave no statement.  
Know a few fakes who can't say what I stated.  
I don't gang bang but my gun go bang bang bang.  
Phone goin rang rang rang.  
Tell em bitch, fuck em, I ain't got no change.  
Feel on your ass, all you do is complain.  
That's about bane and tell em under go strange.

Back up like shoes that ain't got no strings.  
Niggas jumpin all around but to me it looks strange.  
When I'm on stage it's because I got paid.  
Me bein real on the strength of bein real.  
Sometime I feel I can do without fame.

It's the life of a general.