

Pieces

Tory Lanez

Adrenaline pumping, heart pacer racing, altercations, we lit
Blood drip stain the ground, bug it down, you hit
Same hood, different day, same whip, different clip, letting off
You know how we end up in the same shit

And she don't fuck with niggas 'cause niggas is the reason
She got herself inside of this situation in the first place
Brooklyn murder lathers a birth place
Facing the city, quoting Biggie on all of the worst days
I used to take the train with her so none of these lames give her the danger
Living from where she was at was a plain picture
I used to paint pictures on how we could gain riches together
Instead of listen, she just kinda blew me off
Painted on mind but it kind of just threw me off
I guess I figured out, everybody wants riches and the cars
But she just wanted a better family
Because her parents divorced early, her papa, he was taken by the force
Mother on crack and she never had time to bathe her
Then she gave her to her uncle, her brother played the saviour
Until the day he started datin' this chick
That had put him up on mad pills and fuckin' up mad bills
She told me that one night he had got so fucked up
He fell asleep on his sofa, then woke up a new persona
And walked inside of her room and told her remove her clothing
And forcefully started chokin' her and tellin' her not to move
Before she could even finish, she rolled out in tears and did it
Told me that for years, this night was a repetition, a feelin', a fear
That she couldn't seem exit or quit it, the feeling was there
Started talkin' lower and she told me come here
She said she had to make choices
So she got involved with niggas that make noise with them thangs, you feel
Ran off in her uncle's spot with the stainless steel
Put the burner to his face with this aim to kill
And said, she don't fuck with niggas, 'cause niggas is the reason
She got herself inside of this situation in the first place
Figured this intimidation was the worst case
She sat back and blew six in that boy face

Shot, him, dead

I want you, my dear
No, I won't leave you lonely
You hold your head up high
I won't let go 'cause I can't leave her lonely
I can't leave her lonely
I can't leave her lonely
I can't leave her lonely

He don't fuck with niggas 'cause niggas is the reason
He got himself inside of this situation in the first place
He had no father figure
His told me that his papa got shot in the face
And he can't wait to find out who his killer
He dedicated his life and now wants to know who had a motive to kill his onl
y father
He felt, it had to be somebody close
It couldn't be somebody far away that didn't know 'im

But take this pardon
When he was younger, he used to roll with his cousin
The woman that used to show him the ropes
She used to tell him, don't ever let no nigga or woman touch her
And if somebody do, then all they would hear is the baka baka baka baka
One day, he was on the block rolling
Then, this crack fiend woman came up to him and told him
That she was his mother, man, that shit had him frozen
He ain't want to believe her 'til she said, "Boy, you got a birthmark above
your scrotum
A scar up on your eye, came from when you was four, from when you fell off i
n the road"
At that point, he looked at her face and he froze
She told him hold on, it's something she gotta show him
She says to him, "I was gon' wait until you got older
But something was on my mind, was pressing, I had to show you
The whole block know me and the whole block know you
The whole block been knew this story but they ain't told you"
His mom says to him, "I hope you know your pap was a good man
But he just had some nonsense to him
Huh, well, one night, he's fucked up on the pills
I'm tryna tell him stop, but everything I'm saying fails
You see, your lil' cousin out in Brooklyn will be relieved
I know she love you but the story's more deeper
Uh, you see, your father used to be a creeper
He used to fuck her, used to touch her, used to beat her
Used to leave her, so confused, she would lace an old poker and reefer
Wait, I know you wanna interrupt but this get deeper
You've been living this mission
You tryna figure out who's the nigga or the perpetrator of killing your pops
, nigga
When your cousin is the reason, he got shot nigga
She put six shots in him out the Glock, nigga"
This angle was dwelling all on his mind
He didn't know what to do, he started gripping his nine and uh
Before he knew, he aimed it up at his momma and uh
He shot her right in his spine, he said
"This is why, my life has been full of lies
Don't nobody care for me, fuck it, what's the use in trying?
This Glock on my side, if I put it to my ma
I know that I'ma die, but in Heaven, I'd be alive"

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Stunt, get jumped on, slash the dumped-ons
Same block you pump on is the spot you get slumped on
Tory told me the story, it sounded a little crazy
A little Nas, a little 2Pac, Brenda's having a baby
How much pressure can you take 'fore you snap or break? Love turn to hate?
Fuck shit or fake, you next move may raise the murder rate
From average to savage, to semi-automatics
It's tragic how the static'll have us going at it

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