

# Black Hearted

Mozzy

Still feel it  
I just deal with it  
Can't even place a call to Zo  
He would've been on all the tours, that's my real nigga  
He would've been on all the tours, that's my real nigga  
He would've been on all the tours, that's my real nigga  
Painkillers for the pain but I still feel it  
Still suffer as a man, I just deal with it  
Can't even place a call to Zo, it feel different  
He would've been on all the tours, that's my real nigga  
I got a couple quarter rims in the gravel chillin'  
I want to see my brothers eat, we ain't in competition  
Fuck a label, I was turnin' down they proposition  
They wasn't talkin' 'bout no chicken, lot of faulty business  
Roaches crawlin' through the dishes that we finna use  
And Payless where my mama had me pickin' tennis shoes  
After all that I been through, I ain't finna lose  
The streets feel like if I did it, they can do it too  
Ayy it's beyond bulletproof when it come to mines  
Drop a hundred, take a hundred trips a hundred times  
They yellin' death before dishonor, that's a fuckin' lie  
It ain't no death before dishonor, motherfuckin' lie  
It's like the slums got a hold of me  
I'm black-hearted, kind of like my heart froze on me  
I lost the ones closest to me, now I'm soul-searching  
Born cursed but I deserve worse, Hell Gang worship  
The slums got a hold of me  
I'm black-hearted, kind of like my heart froze on me  
I lost the ones closest to me, now I'm soul-searching  
Born cursed but I deserve worse, Hell Gang worship  
Mama nigga kicked her out in the rain  
Apologizing to me like she to blame  
Should see the look on her face  
Damn, now we gotta look for a place  
Pops locked, he got booked for the yay  
Caught him cookin' the cake  
Four nicky in the hoodie, I'm straight  
You gon' need it, it ain't up for debate  
A lot of snakes out here, homicide a common case out here  
They exterminating our race out here, know you bang out of fear  
For many years, sheddin' tears in this life  
Conversating with the Lord for the spirit enlightening  
Conversating with the Lord, tryna clear the indictment  
They offer coffee and he told on the driver

Told on the shooter, he said he got a lil' excited  
Broke the code like he ain't know a lot of honor in silence  
We used to go on assignments, that ain't righteous  
I ain't know you was like this, that ain't righteous  
I ain't know you was like this, yeah it be slimy likeIt's like the slums got a hold of me  
I'm black-hearted, kind of like my heart froze on me  
I lost the ones closest to me, now I'm soul-searching  
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