

# Land of the Dark

## Montana of 300

Came in the game as a young nigga tryna' get guap  
From the land of the dark play it smart or yo' ass get popped  
Gotta roll with the pole in the van with the bros totin' Glock  
Had to grind to the top non-stop now we got shit locked  
Pounds of that loud is what I was investing in  
Ambitious as I've ever been  
I sold specimens while I was fly like a pelican  
Rap god you know how I'm rockin' the devil keep knockin' I try not to let him in  
I give hell to the demons that's meddlin' only a fool talk shit with no evidence  
They sick in the head like ring worms & speakin' the truth is the medicine  
Kidnap em for questionin', then watch him go nuts in the trunk like an elephant  
He gon' talk David Letterman, while you beg for yo' life don't insult my intelligence  
Make you open yo' mouth, stick my weapon in light your shit up I think I'm Thomas Edison.

AH! 2

Started off in my dad's house, then to the trap house once I started getting that cash out  
Garbage bags full of weight but to my next door neighbors look like I was takin' the trash out  
Turn my pain and my struggle into hustlin' bubble now I got that bag now  
I get paid just to spazz out, lyrics so hot when I made them thank god I didn't pass out  
What's your IQ in the streets what you gon do with this beef  
Think everything cool you gon see better learn how to move with the heat  
I lay right by my tool when I sleep, ready to put two in a creep  
Then they cover you up with sheets, link back up with my crew then we eat  
Bitch I'm a maverick, used to do magic with a pencil and a tablet  
Now I got it mastered, my craft is vast and shapeless these haters can't grasp it  
I been had that bag bitch, all up in traffic, flipping money like gymnastics  
If shit got as dry as a desert no joke couple niggas got poked like a cactus  
Man I'm too galactic never lost focus real niggas they don't get distracted  
Haters not in my bracket, they gon need; Jesus, themself, and a whole lot of practice  
They think they gon' come up off dissing me  
They cannot fuck with me lyrically  
I make whoever hear me remember me  
I black out then I go on a killing spree  
I got bars like they sentence me no penitentiary, I know these fuck niggas sick of me  
My .45 got a lemon squeeze, I be swaggin' like I come from Italy  
I told bro and em get money by any means  
Then show them what I meant like parentheses  
I made Benjamin Franklin sprint to me, we so close you would think he's some kin of me  
Oh yeah I had some friends turn to enemies, then I turned Two-face into Mr. Freeze  
I showed up but I didn't show no sympathy  
Pussy niggas got smoked like a chimney  
I come from the land where it's dark at  
Had to learn how to swim where them sharks at

They sell rocks on the blocks all while dodgin' the cops, totin' Glocks and the opps who we  
spark at

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>