

Letter to Krept

Cadet

Yo, Dear Cuzzy
Real talk I don't even know how to start this
I just know that I love you
Anyway, let me talk cuzzy, let me be real
Let me tell you how a nigga feel from the dinner table, college or in the field
Let me get it out
Let me spill every emotion
But know it's going to be real
Do you remember how it used to be?
Casyo, Blaine, Cadet and Krept
Batty in bench, fam on the set
I would walk, you would walk
I would step, you would step
But shit ain't really feeling the same
That's the reason why I'm writing you
Because, really I just want my cousin back
I ain't got family that's as tight as you like
I didn't really know where to start
But college is kinda where the shit went pear
See, I found my wife in college
But I never made it into the second year
And I heard she was cheating
And I was tryna figure it out like it was Blue's Clues
But then, you were friends with the guy she was beating
I kinda felt like you let her get moved to
Cuz, I felt snaked
But I never said nothing, never opened my mouth
'Cause maybe, you never knew
You know you're my cousin, you get the benefit of the doubt
Now imagine how gassed Granddad would be
Seeing us on stage we were meant to be
But it hasn't been an easy road
Man it's been like chapters on the first one's jealousy
Well, maybe not jealousy
But that word should give you an idea of the truth
And true say, we be first cousins
When I say I do music yeah, always comparing a kid
Like everywhere I go, everybody saying something
Why don't he bring you in
Like a nigga did with Yungen
Got me bunning, got me feeling that the love is awful
And they all say I should of been a Paranormal

Now around that time
I went from being Cadet to Krept's cousin
And see, yeah I was kicking myself 'cause I felt shit
But never said nothing
And like now we ain't spoken in months
And even advice I can't ask the kid
'Cause I remember your WhatsApp status saying don't chat to me if you're going to ask for shit
Now around this time everything's getting loose
Feels like with me you want nothing to do
See I'm taking bare digs
But everybody knew I was talking 'bout you in the like every single tune, I was bruised
Even though I felt one way, I would still love you to the death
Even got a bar, even though the love's oneway
I'd still bang you in your face if you're talking about Krept
But I guess the blame ain't on you
Because not once did I pick up the phone and phone you
I'm happy that you're doing your ting but it's a reminder of all the shit I don't do
So when your videos were hitting a mill
I was still taking bets up in William Hill
Now jealousy gone, 'cause it's dumb to feel
And the second chapter is where the hunger spills
See the second chapter's called hunger and this is where the shit gets peak
'Cause it's when I stopped watching you and I started watching me
But I still got your name in like every bar though
Parked up listening to Argy Fargo
And the one time you brought me to Wireless was exactly the kick I needed in the asshole
'Cause you chose me right over the mandem
Like even though we haven't spoke in long though
And wallahi after you send the invite
Thought you were going to say 'my bad, wrong convo'
'Cause then you brought me on stage
It was me, you and Killer Konan
I was the last one to come off stage
Well, 'cause up there, man it felt like home
And I swear since that moment
I took shit serious
Stopped shotting food, quit the moves
Quit the fraud and mandem thought I was delirious
See, I'd go carpark, buy bud, leave the engine on
And then somehow fall asleep
Wake up with a dead battery
Get jump started, and then the same night
Go repeat, till the point now that I ain't even got a car
'Cause both the battery and engine's gone
But at least now I'm chasing my dream
I ain't felt like a wasteman in long
And the third chapter's called love
Ain't no soft shit, ain't no need for boohoo's
But when I started loving myself then I could love you like I used to

Got tired I been a wasteman rapper I'm undercover in the crib
Man I got tired, I go into music events
Didn't recognise me for a thing
Man I got tired, I got tired
Of feeling like I ain't gonna win
And yeah I got tired, tired of telling you niggas that
I don't know why you don't wanna bring a nigga in see
I'm just glad I'm in the same race as you
And the dream is to go and share 1st place with you
You know man
You're my left lung and there ain't no replacing you
And P.S I'll still bang everybody in the face for you
Man, I love you
You must know this

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