

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

05/05/2026

# Bloody Canvas (Official Audio)

Par Polo G

*Album : Hall of Fame 2.0*

Head's burnin', wasn't told

To leave, the world is burnin' down

Never had no help from anyone (I'm Harry, Harry Potter)

Uh, let me tell you 'bout a young nigga, he was only 14

Don't fuck with niggas, he stay social distanced like he quarantined

Went from NBA to tourin' dreams, and a street legend in between

That's when prayers made him hit his knees

See, he was born Cabrini-era back in '99

On Chicago North Side, where the news reportin' live

He can't help but rep his hood, damn near born on his block

And his parents had him young, they ain't really have a lot

Seen his daddy gang bangin', one day, he might take his spot  
Five years old and he taught him how to aim a Glock, uh  
"Use that bitch to protect your family", that's what he told him  
An empty clip, he grabbed the gun and practiced what he showed him  
And his family hood famous, pop out, everybody know him  
And his people stuck for him, so he won't let nobody hoe him  
Uncle's tellin' street stories, shit intriguing like a poem  
Sayin' shit like he'd put it to they neck if anybody owe him

All through his childhood, he was bad, but innocent  
Playin' basketball with his homies, runnin' scrimmages  
This who he cracked jokes, made a bond, and got suspended with  
And when they saw the opps, they fist-fought to settle differences  
'Til one day, the opps, they got tired of gettin' beat up  
They big homies gave 'em guns like, "Man, go and light they street up"  
They puttin' hoodies on, all black, loadin' heat up  
Adrenaline pumpin', now, they can't wait until they see us

Normal day on the block, it was fun and all smiles  
But his best friend Jacob wandered off from the crowd  
Took a walk to the store, headphones bangin' loud  
Then his opps bent the corner, he ain't see 'em come around  
When he looked up at the car, that's when them shots went, "Baow"  
Blood oozin' with his back on the ground  
Vision blurry, heartbeat slowin' down  
Blood comin' out his mouth, feel like he startin' to drown  
Tires screechin', last thing he heard was that sound

"Jacob just got shot", that's what a lady screamed  
Now everybody out of breath, runnin' to the scene  
Seein' Jacob on the floor, that was some shit they couldn't believe  
His eyes rollin' back, his auntie tryna tell him, "Breathe"  
Died 'fore the paramedics came, she cryin', "Baby, please"  
Ain't even get to graduate 'cause he was only 17  
Shorty cried all night, wishin' that shit was just a dream  
'Til that pain turned into anger, time to make a nigga bleed

Fuck, man, this nigga just took my best friend  
And I, I can't go for that shit, it got me fucked up

And by the way, his name was Terrence, but they called him Ced  
Dark skin, he wore a mean mug with some long dreads  
6'2, he good at hawkin' niggas down, he got long legs  
Now he'll go and kill anybody that he want dead

They heard he caught his first body and that word spread  
And he know how quick karma come around, but he wasn't scared  
Sacrificed his soul in them streets like Illuminati  
Now sellin' drugs and shootin' niggas, them his only hobbies  
Big driller now, he the one to call and go and catch a homie  
Got the lo' on the nigga who killed his dawg, he want his second body  
A light skinned heavy-set nigga named Rodney  
Say, "He be out the west, off the Xans, movin' real sloppy"

Yo, what's the word?

Man, you won't believe who I found out the nigga who killed Jacob

It was the lil' nigga, Rodney

He be hangin' out up at the gas station on Pulaski

Tryna make some money, nigga always out his mind

Oh, yeah?

Bet, say no more

Ced pulled up to the lo', lights off, it's like one o'clock

Grippin' on the silver Smith & Wesson with like 30 shots

He ain't gotta put one in the head, it's already cocked

Rodney got his back turned, he tryna sell his last rock

Ced hopped out the car, he ready to erase

Rodney heard him comin', he gon' run before he let him fade him

It's like a demon in them cousins, eyes red while he chase him

Rodney havin' some with regrets, now he just hopin' God save him

Shots to the leg, hollow tips ate him

Fell to the ground like his shoes, he ain't lace 'em

Ced walked up, stood over him like, "Pussy, this for Jacob"

Gave him four shots to the stomach, then he faced him

Ced runnin' to his car, Rodney bleedin' on the pavement

He had untied his hoodie and they seen that on surveillance

Tryna match him to the footage, the police investigatin'

Plus they had his picture on the wall at the station

A week later, they had came and grabbed him from his mama house

Couldn't afford a lawyer in the county, fightin' drama now

Said, "Fuck it, takin' it to trial", he ain't coppin' out

Judge gave him 49 years, now that's a lot to count

Now, prosecutors were askin' for the judge to lock him up for up to 25 years

The judge gave him 28, Smith had the last word

Again, he was sentenced to 28 years in prison

He has 30 days, Kelly, to appeal that sentence, back to you

ICIBILLET.COM