

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>