

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me? I smoke a blunt  
And freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me  
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero  
I'm 165 and staying high til I die, my competition's zero  
'Cause I could give a fuck about you, better duck  
Or I'll be forced to hit yo ass up I give a fuck  
I'm sick inside my mind, why you sweatin' me?  
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me  
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure  
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser  
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born  
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and yo it's on  
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry  
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried  
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray  
Hope I live to see another day, hey  
I'm getting sweated by these under covers, who can I trust?  
Got my mama stressin' thinkin' it's a drug bust  
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached  
We living a Drug Life, Thug Life, each day could be my last  
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask  
That's the consequences when ya livin', fast  
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up  
And recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures  
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover  
Over the fence and open fire, "Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?  
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic  
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches  
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches  
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me  
Pussy ass bitches better bury me  
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot  
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon' catch a crook? Haha  
I got away cause I'm clever  
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together  
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies  
At the coppers that pursue me, biotch!  
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker  
Open fire on you busta's, "Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state  
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight  
Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'  
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe  
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear  
Enough dope to last a year  
They got me running from the police, nowhere to go  
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road  
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict  
I'd rather fire on my target  
I hit the corner doing ninety, ah shit!  
Them bitches right behind me  
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires

Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka'! Ha ha ha, thug life!