

Glorified

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Glorified, Glorified, Glorified,

In the game of pain that rang the outlaws
Freaks come through at a 2 no draws
Stop for a sec tige don't take a pause
If you don't see no pigs then there ain't no laws
Get beefy with me 1 time when I rap
To all them other niggas is
Like bullets in the back
On the highway going fucka fucka fast
Blowing on a chopper when I'm mucka mucka mad
Make way steady on the dirty dirty cash
When nothing hurts tige only when I laugh

I glorified the crime rate in my state
The mothafucka thinks is the fliest place

Die mothafucka you know I ain't concerned
You make a mothafucka really do learn
Popeye nigga and go home and eat spinach
Get back on the block I really can't finish
I'm ready to rap till the gods say quit
Until then freaks you gon hear my shit
Parden my manapose and parden my french
And god so check it out, put me in the mix
I'm shooting with my eyes closed at 5-0
Leaving every where I go smelling like a rose
Hanging out the car window what's up hoes
Stepped out and showed the hoes the gangsta pose

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Your lucky you brothas go boom bang bang
America is the game with a gold wet rang
Keep your daughtars chain my eyes never change
Hard to break like a cuban link chain
Stay back fo a while the mayne in livin color
Instead of right next to me mothafucka
Die ya'll hi ya'll fry ya'll
Spit the truth tell the youth it's a lie ya'll
The only advice I can give to a brotha
Is fire up the weed motha fucka
Check it

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Shit can u understand now, I'm glorified