

## Situations Critical

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Situation critical cause shit ain't nothin nice  
Motherfuckers play for keeps so niggaz lose they life  
Money comes in different ways, the dope game's kinda slow  
Niggaz used to havin money are lookin kinda po'  
Dank or dope, there ain't no hope this niggaz peelin caps  
Gangstas pullin major leagues and brag about the jack  
Situation critical this chewy got me stuck  
Indo calm a nigga down but keeps a nigga pumped  
My partners mamas smokin rocks and turns into a hoe  
And since they fuck with that right nigga the gat will snort and blow  
Killas move in silence and the jokers run they mouth  
Fightin fools that don't exist take that nigga out  
Cause his love is murder, two jack burgers takin your respect  
Coke and dank sex then baked your homies in the set  
So flash yo cash and whoop your ass if you've got more than me  
And whatever you got is more than mine so nigga let me see  
Cause jealousy's reality when it comes to niggaz bread  
And snitches go from rags to riches bitin to the feds  
Cause coke is green and money is king and niggaz want the crown  
So all you niggaz goin up you fuckers goin down  
The situations critical with stories on the streets  
Kill em dead and get yo bread but make sure that you eat  
But I ain't done yet  
The situations critical

My baby's momas trippin, got my son and I can't keep him  
Wanna cry to hear him on the phone, but she won't let me see him  
This chewy got me paranoid and goin kinda scared  
Niggaz startin to know my face so I had to cut my hair  
Cause nigga, shit is gettin thick from here to Alabama  
Cause every nigga's tryin ta like Tony "Face" Montana  
Some niggaz talk about they'll kill, but nigga no you won't  
Some niggaz that dream of playin hoop but end up sellin dope  
Cause 3, 6, 5 like everyday man dolja takes it toll  
And motherfuckas live to be a G Original  
Cause kill groups, it's keys the juke, and rubber band they G's  
Money shows this ain't no joke, well bow down to your knees  
Situation critical, fuck a 9 to 5  
Chewy got these niggaz amped and they ain't scared to die  
So mix me with that bullshit and hit me with that bank  
Make me with that bammer bitch and rush me with that dank  
Time is runnin out partna, time ain't runnin in  
My freedom is the only life, so fuck the fuckin pen  
So as I chew my juicy fruit and think about the dead  
And all my niggaz that had died because they had some bread  
My mind is on another level nigga this is typical  
Check my eyes I'm dyin inside, situations critical  
Situations critical

Niggaz dressin rich, knowin they broke without a doubt  
Born and raised in the same hood in a roach infested house  
Situation critical I think I'm bout to die  
The enemy is creepin up and fuckin off my high  
A nigga hit the 5th and makes it home in desperation  
Wipe the sweat, hold my chest, and then I plot retaliation  
Now before you clown you best calm down cause I read you like a book  
Now must you stare cause I don't care, cause I won't even look

Thangs ain't what they used to be a motherfucka told ya  
Niggaz got the mind to kill and that includes the rollers  
Cause 2, 4, 7 like everyday niggaz servin cluckers  
Beatin up the bustas, fuckin Tommy Tuckers  
Some niggaz say they gangstas and they love when money folds  
But mosta the time these niggaz be beefin over hoes  
Cause pussy comes a savage beast and it also makes you broke  
Especially when that sexy freak is snortin all your coke  
So check my situation fool and check my state of mind  
No matter how you makin paper nigga, that's a grind  
My indo have an increase this week from eighth up to a half  
And nothin funny motherfucka, nigga why you laugh?  
So fuck this fame and fuck these records, motherfuck these raps  
My mother's broke there ain't no hope, her son ain't got no snaps  
Its the same old song I'm doin wrong, fool this is typical  
Fuck the fuckin world mama, situations critical  
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