

No need for Lato's, pure straight out Bolivia
Peru, uncut baby, what?

Life is a struggle, that's why niggas I know stay on the juggle
Some hustle to double, others hug you to mug you
Poverty-stricken, they even turn a church kid into stickin
It seems sickenin, but what? Whatever makes the pockets thicken
Fuck police and no remorse for the beasts
that's lost on the streets, that pistol whip a priest for a crosspiec
e
Some lost sheep, runnin thru strips, thinkin of top dealers
Fillin Tek clips, wit 'cop killers' that could stop gorillas
Shovin a stubnose in buttoholes, I'm nutso
skitzo, clepto, killin shit up throughout the metro
My thug essence will always keep me plugged with drug investments
Sketch my reference, takin papers considered preference
And violations will lead to kidnappin, decapitation
So what you're facin, is realism that's in activation
Livin off land with five honeys playin my hand
Me and fam, sippin off Guinness stout and eatin clams
It's all part of plans, a vet chillin in Tamps, West and Stans
Outta state connect, slugs, sex, drugs and grands

What? For my Height niggas (Uncut)
Trife niggas (Raw), 25-to-life niggas

This is as, pure as opium, purified for street players to open em
space, like three els laced with coke in em
Shots awoken em, fake uniform takes the portion of
six trips, to young clips and killers coachin em
However though, fake ass niggas'll never know
Cos my method's perfected, I'm movin sceptic and never show
I'm soon to blow, stack doe, lay on the low
While I'm sippin Cristal, I mess with Long Island and Moe
A part of nature, me wan' acres in Jamaica
Puffin exotic trees without seeds rolled up in leaf paper
So exhale, cos if I don't live to tell
then fuck it, if well, I'll see the rest of y'all niggas in hell

So all my good fellas, heroin, coke and weed sellers
What the fuck cats can tell us if they ain't got bread to bail us?
Happy to survive, I haven't seen it all, Peter pay Paul
From the connivers to the livest, they crack fool
It's all war, the streets are filled up with guns galore
Plenty young for war, gettin their minds flunked and sore
Yo dun, cock the 4.....

Motherfuckers think we're playin, back em down
Holdin niggas for high stitches, what? What?