

Accapella

Noyd, Big

Sometimes I wish I have three different faces
I'm going to court for three cases - in three places
One in Queens, Manhattan, one in Brooklyn
The things is lookin' I'ma see send ya bookings
Facing three, three the nines - it's mad time
After wreck a confor, sawin' two nines
I gotta maintain, 'cause stress on the brain
Can lead to a motherfucking suicide thang
And plus my probation - a ill violation
How the fuck did I get in this tight situation
I'm going all out, you know moves I never fake
And fuck the jake, they can catch me at my wake
And if I die, burnin' back a blade
Put the lot in the air, sometimes I just don't care