

Uhh, Killa, yo .
You got to wonder man, what is all this shit really worth,
y'knahmean? Uhh, uhh, you ain't got ya man here to share
it wit, yo, f**ked up man, yo .
I been on both sides of burglries, guns out and choked up
Man, this shit'll get you choked up
I'da been shot at, got at, backedstabbed, coked up
Almost doped up, but had no guts
So I pimp all these hoe sluts
When they period come it get slow but so what?
I got big plans to blow up
I'ma love this year, but blood ain't here
We would puff grass, plus hash, cut class
to f**k ass, dough, we had enough cash
Little cats, he would see our dreams
Eighteen wit the three-eighteen, that's blood y'all
(blood y'all) He had hot gear, rock yeah
Now that he's not here I feel that it's not fair
f**k see 'em at the crossroads, wanna see 'em drive across roads
Poor, stole, then floss mo', had to tell a few niggaz
"My man was a hell of a nigga," (?) wit the triggers
Whatever ethnic problem dawg, better check it
Little Cam, it's just bloodshed resurrected
Death to (?), "logic" I said
Four months, got 'em some head, right in the bed
Listen dawg, I'm beyond dead
This ain't even me spittin, this Derek Wright and Armstead
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick them up
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my promise
To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your ground
Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's my promise
Yo . yo, I never had fights in rings
I just had fights for rings, ice and bling
I done spent nights in bings
Now I realized Christ the King, ain't no righteous thing
but how I get the right to sing?
And the streets be talkin like Donahue
Clowns, they belong on Comic View
that's why the feds onto you
When they form they assembly's
you stuck on the block like the ave. got parenthesis
Course everybody gotta war story (shit)
I swear to God I hear more and more stories (damn)
I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories
Add a fifth one incase the fourth one bore me (Killa!)
I done ran through the NBC's, CBS's, 3GS's, VVS's
Baggetteses, princess cuts, diamond layers
and I never said "I'ma player"
But I been down wit messy action
Similar to Jessie Jackson, the threat would happen
Ma kept resistin, I had to bounce wit my shit man
I'm scared of commitment
I'm a hustler, work in the closet, work in the kitchen
Outside, workin and pitchin, work on the block
Even put the work on the glock
Work on the toilet, I'ma work-a-holic