

To The Left

Crucial Conflict

Chorus x2: Shoulda broke it to the left man

[KILO]

I was born to be a PIMP!
Ain't lovin' no hoes, never no half-steppin,
Never caught on my square, So there ,when I ride I pass my wea-pon,
Who-Ever want to go to war, better come fully equipped
When I grip my clip thats it, I'm on some gangbangin shit,
In my hood gotta slang, gotta bang
was the knowledge I (???) to the left side,
Went under(??? walkin???)well, hangin on the curb puffing herb
Straight hustlin NIGHT and DAY,gotta get my nine
Strappin up my glock and hoody, i'm lookin for goodys on your block
This is a stick up,don't make it no limit let's pick up (nigga)
You can get up, get lit up, pussy motherfucka
You best to give it up to the right, thats them niggas conception
But thats cool, get your money, but i'm gone break it to the left

Chorus x3

[Wildstyle]

They said this nigga wasn't gone come up, just run up wit his bad ass
I'ma tell ya momma,daddy did it with the flu and I thought you knew it
BITCH
Comin from the CHI, bang my shit to the left side
Homicide a double in the drive-by, come out run by nigga gone die why?
I was only 15 years old, never handlin a vice lord steady growing
I learn my shit from the niggas comin up in that county whoa
Blastin at the niggas on the other side
picking up the trigger when you come up right?
Aint no love what love got to do with it
when you be slappin them ugly BITCHES!
Bitches gone get you caught up, fighting over them hoes
She be giving up the pussy left and right
I could've fucked that hoe last night
Rolling down the block, I be the mack and playa of the set,
45 automatic if you want to get off your chest
Shoulda broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[ColdHard]

Listen up, I heard some mothafucker said that they want some static
Lets grab them automatics, I'ma let you bitches have it
For fuckin wit, the wrong motherfucker
that you thought you had you a trickhead
Run up on a goddamn Lunatic, one slick so you want the dub shit
And your whole click aint shit to me
Try to play these games with the C-O-L-D
Bustin caps in ya ASS going 50 miles fast
Know you hoes can come and see me
Cuz it don't mean shit, I'm ready to turn it on any time
Specially when I come to shoot
I'm a loon and I'ma have that damn nine
Only you some nigga dying
to hell wit his momma and them and all that crying
Nigga shouldn't did what he did now hes a DEAD ASS CLOWN,

Another nigga that wont make it in this world man,
played hisself to the right
And that shit wasn't right, now its a damn shame
Should've broke it to the left man

Chorus x3

[Never]
Could it be that a nigga want to play game,
And the game done already been played,
Trying to get with this gangbangalistic shit
for your homies in they grave,
Had to think about murder but you couldn't go deep,
So get ready for tha street sweeper, going to be a cold creeper
When you told the playa pimp ill beat ya
and a nigga like me was always in the game
Cuz I kept my shit tight, niggas talkin bout we used to fight
Nigga used to get they ass (???), and its still the same up in the CHI
Thats where my nigga rose dwell, bustin butts up in they face,
On the murder case, bring they bullet proofs wit mace,
And you we was all good, comin up, getting paid
Smokin on a fat sack, gat to the left
lay back in the cut drinking Tanqueray
Pimpin I think I'll never do, to the right thats tight but I'ma stay
In the cradle, if ya able
Break it to the left man

Chorus
(till song fades out)