I lost my innocence at birth but I make no excuses for the trivial things and the pain life induces Bitches are wild, and so was I, young and stupid it's incredible, what a shitty circumstance produces them Criminals, led by the originals, high strung, motivated by the, principles some of us out - he used to think we were invincible on the corner bangin' and slangin' the high bitual Deadly rituals fill my head, nothin' spiritual Bullets filled up bodies like hands from my physical I got touched by the hot hands of bitter fools Divided and tempted snake bitten by the ridicule Frustration and hate filled my adrenaline I play doctors here's two bullets for your medicine I carry those days like a weapon close to me The memories of hot lead rippin' a hole through me

Son, fill your heater, how bout chase killer Rock 'em up and show you're no quitter Snakes' pit every ground I landed on Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong You hate the songs that you pump up all day long Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong Snakes' pit, every ground I landed on Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong Stand...

So many, come and go in this lifetime that you serve Faces change, liscenses' everywhere you turn Gangsta's become blinded, visions become blurred Learned to stay alive to the real side of the curb You came along way but some still refuse to notice they turned they back on us and they tried to provoke us You ask about us, you talk trash about us walk fast around us, but my block fast allowed us Don't try to crowd us nigga, we'll smack you up Look around and see who's willin' to back you up You're in a ghost town and home alone like Macaulay nigga don't say my name nigga, don't even think of me Fire start spittin' from my grill piece, ya scorched up, touched up I'm the C4 that blew up your porch I spit venom quicker than the punch on your Porsche Venom so deadly I'll make your fuckin' life divorce ya Ask for Alamoney, bitches, you all phoney I'll make you sing the blues like you're Paulpau Coloney Go ask Moley, you in the middle of shit And anything you say I'll be known the shit The force drops hits a ball, makin' me die of laughter Cause I know what these son-of-a-bitches are after Your mind and soul, if your blind and cold then your true sign is shown, then your fuckin' mind is blown

Son, fill your heater, how bout chase killer Rock 'em up and show you're no quitter Snakes' pit every ground I landed on Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong You hate the songs that you pump up all day long Hated on, but we're still standin' strong

Snakes' pit, every ground I landed on Hated on, but I'm still standin' strong Stand...