Caine House

So I told you where I hang out Ya got some sellin then Haller my name out Remember man me an you Runnin up out the cain house Nigga just for you I blow his brains out I blow his brains out Ill blow his mutherfuckin brains out

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Two of my hommies got killed From the hollow point tips Cepts it looks like hell Three point five million From those narcotic sells Gang signs thats maile Seventy two hours incarcerated All becouse my hood floss bloody body's On the pavement That playa hater shit Is what brings that type of drama What a nigga need to start doin Is just kidnappin your mama Catch me in the game for 8 years So watch my nigga catch stripes In the middle of the night Seein fiends smoke pipes Dub sacks an Coniac Helps me deal with these phonies Busters sellin for G's that I stack From the back to ponies I got hommies with L's on they backs Who fell through the crack And hidin shank's under they mattress Where were you When will you realise When cockin Glocks To pop those cops Makes a Mil of these blocks Ride in drop tops Be foolin with G-nocks Dont trust those bitches They choose to squish and let em squeel Go ahead and trust em You'll have no money screamin BIAATCH To tha billi ba-bang The reflections drummin like solo Hold on like En Vogue Put out that Endo

Let down the window Tec's to our set Seventeen to mix with the bullshit Lettin em know at the do' with the full clip When you bust at me That nigga slip They steady runnin The gun To keep the nigga off that lay low Got niggs on the pay roll That'll kill when I say so Three hay-lo's It gets so fatel On Warnell talk to no one Sometimes it gets to the point I Cock my ho's see what Im sayin The lord is smokin Thats why my life Has been this livin hell For the thug life up on the street And to the prison cell Unlawfull use is what They caught me with a Tec-9 An do they got probable cause They never did take no time Steady use of prison Took another brothers man hood They choose next time Up under the bench They say its all good But I was young Didnt know any better Although I did comp out the bootcamp Fly to give a brotha seven Years of prison teirs My hommies pourin beers I guess this henny Should be life of what a thug lives My only hurt Maybe wont be my last But heres a tip for these cops Next time Im goin out with a blast So if you look up in this black man's Eyes of straight madness Ready to buck you down Upon the ground For all my past teachers Give your souls up If your showed up Dont hold up We Do or Die And you know we Straight soldiers Nigga I got your back You got mine Lets keep it comin Throw your guns in the air Uh-uh no time for runnin They'll miss the gunnin Its Do or Die

When we ride out

Niggero you comin Lets leave the scene And go and hide out An miss the trippin Trippin an clippin Lets get to dippin Mutherfuck gonna die Becouse he lied About my hommie flippin Swole head and a broke jaw Fuck that My nigga you dead an gone But you better believe Im bustin back Aint got no time For individuals Who just wanna trip You done broke his jaw You done broke my law So now I gots to dip Now whip Up on that ass With this nine milla You aint fuckin with a ho You fuckin with a po That be a stone killa My nigga dead an gone So rest in peace an close his casket Thiers plenty more chances If it takes ten years I swear ill kill this basterd To war zone grab that chrome Plus the clip that matches Retalliation is a must Thats why Im kickin asses These BHN they straight be trippin Cus the hood I come from Thats why Im packin Fully be jackin Cus these ho's dont want none Cant get along Keep this mo Im talkin player rythem Got niggas on the side Whose bitin ears By spittin negatism I got my ninner Off of safety Ready to try it out What made me do it It was hood when I ride out From north or south To the east to the west Who rolls the best So fuck your chief His ass gonna die When I load this tec

To them niggas in the pen Who got sent up for this bullshit Yea pullin triggas fo' bigger figgas Thats it them niggas loyal to this game And some of these niggas aint your hommies The niggas you think are your hommies are not your hommies So when you look behind your back That mutherfucker might be havin a knife stabbin you So you watch that shit Its real About that pen nigga To the niggas on the street an in the pen yea