

Concrete

E-40

I was throwing a game with a shield and a sword
Started having money, buying things that I used to couldn't afford
At the beginning of my mannishness, I was the mannish-itz
I bought a nickel plated four fift'

Dautons, Granadas, Caddys and Fairlanes
Chevy, Impalas, Cutlass and Mustang
Donkey rows, jewelry like a Pharaoh
Troop jackets, DBoy Apparel

Hop, we speak, coke, whatever you need
You ought to add subtract but can barely read
No, I can't, yes, I did, no, I didn't
You think I'll be dead or successful or in prison

Triple beam scared while I was flipping the goop
Hella clientele, I was getting my loot
Concrete, I ain't made of feathers
Tear shit up just like some angry protesters

I come from the streets
Where they play for keeps
The strong and the weak
Gotta be concrete

I'm from the streets
Where every day they leak
Ambulance and police
Gotta be concrete

He started out fast, he came in last, went outta gas
But he was winning at first, what you call a person like that?
A quarter horse, enter the game and came when I left, a tortoise
That's domino talk, man, you a man, of course

You still in the game? Nah, we divorced
You make any change? No remorse
You're full of shit just like a port-a-potty
His hustle game's sloppy, tricking off them boppies

I'm for what's right, maybe that's what's wrong
That's what I was just telling my little homie on the phone
Be a leader, not a follower
And if you're going to be a follower, follow the right leader
Stop thinking with your peter

My peter? Yeah, your dick
Why? A chick will get you hit
Keep your eye on the sparrow
Get cornered and ambushed
They'll limit with your space, your space is narrow

I come from the streets
Where they play for keeps
The strong and the weak
Gotta be concrete

I'm from the streets
Where every day they leak
Ambulance and police
Gotta be concrete

He put his foot where is mouth is, good riddance
They would be yelling a drive-thru, "A Kentucky Fried Chicken"
They wasn't gangbangin' but they was set tripping
Ate him up real good but he's still living

The victim's parents lawyer on a case for real
Tried to put the nigger who did it behind bars
And make him pay they doctor's bill
But the shooter a monster, he hella fear
So ain't nobody talking, listen here

Not only them
But the victim don't want nobody saying nothing anyway
Because when he get out and get his shit together
He gon' put them niggas under the weather

When it comes to feuding and funking, gotta be clever
Beefing, commotion and drastic measures, drastic measures
From the top of my head to the bottom of my feet
I don't know about you, but I'ma stay concrete

I come from the streets
Where they play for keeps
The strong and the weak
Gotta be concrete

I'm from the streets
Where every day they leak
Ambulance and police
Gotta be concrete