

Real nigga shit at its best
I'm blessed to be blessed
Under these stressful conditions
Hella my people's in prison
They got em' trapped in the system
Some of 'em in there for rice, some of 'em in there for swipes
Some of 'em in there for life, narcotic vendor suppliers
Some of 'em in there for priors, some of 'em in there with bikers
Some of 'em in there for nothin', they never told on their cousin
They'll poke you for playin' a dozen, they'll stick you and drip you
Have your relatives, singin' "I miss you"
Who got some tissue?
The guidance we givin' the youth is pitiful
They miserable, their daddy don't claim 'em, mama on blow
I heard this story before, it go on and on
In every ward, district or zone
The game is cold as the snow cones, it's far from sweet
Niggas be bitter, because their hustle is weak
Quick to pull the trigger, 'cause they don't want to get beat
By the next nigga, rather shoot him and cheat
Biatch!

Mane, it's sick out here
Sick, sick, sick, sick
It's so sick out here
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Developing stories I hear it all the time
Suckas can't tell a lemon from a lime
I got a drumstick that will stop his wings from flyin'
But don't like to see my brothers out here dyin'
I'm not a pussy, I ain't lyin', I'm a lion
Makin' all kind of boss moves
Slingin' and craftin' my own brews
America was built on booze
Shhhhhhhh, speak easy
Give back and donate to the poor and needy
I promise you partner, hear what I tell you
One day I'ma open up a homeless shelter
Provide some clothes
A blanket, a bed and some pillows
That's the mind frame of a hustler that really care
Get on his knees every night and say a prayer
It ain't too many of them dudes, it's hecca rare
Where I'm from they don't play fair
They'll put you in a wheelchair

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Pickin' up where I left off and I'm right back
Took a couple of losses now my bank fat
Always gotta be cautious be alert and woke
Being from where I'm from out here it's cutthroat
Broads be out her scandalous, catch you outta pocket
Slip somethin' in your drink, con ya, take your wallet
Steal your Cuban Links sell and make a profit
Presidential Rolly yellow, diamonds chocolate
Every day on the coast, it can get ugly gross
Might want to keep your burner close, 'cause they might burn your toast
They might burn my toast? They might burn your toast
Right now I'm off this pot and I ain't talkin' 'bout a roast
Me and my fellas is close
Niggas is so spooked that he thought he saw a ghost
Thought he saw a spirit
Every time I spit that real shit they be act like they can't hear it
Every time I talk my talk
Every time I used to pitch back in the day I never balked
Ho!

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