

Too many suckas in my huddle, too many bullets go through suckas
Too many born up in the struggle (too many)
Too many youngsters out here trippin', too many po-po out here pickin'
Too many real ones in the prison (too many)
I pledge allegiance to the trenches
That I'ma always stay thorough
'Til death do us apart, health and sickness
Overcoming obstacles and hurdles

In the street we hold court, when we need backup
We call our folks for tech support
Get it?
Tec-support, we play with street instruments
Put a ho on life support
Put 'em in the dirt where haters belong, show no pity
God don't like ugly and he ain't too fond of pretty
I'm tired of servin' base, running in place
I wanna be a voice of hope
Make the world a much better place
I've always had mouthpiece, got the gift of gab
Gab in reverse spells bag
Back in the day I used to bag them bags
A pay-pay, and I ain't talkin' Safeway
Got the block sewed up just like a quilt
I thank the lord and I'm thankful I didn't get kilt
Life gave me a crap hand when it was dealt
Funkin' over nothin', hella blood spilt

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I'm not a pussy, I'm not a cat
People ask me where I'm from
I say wherever the money at
A lot a suckas is cancers, but not the Zodiac
A fungus, a germ, they'll stab you in the back
I don't trust no human, I barely trust myself
Especially when I get to drinkin' and smokin' on a spliff
Gettin' yayper is my chief concern
I ain't gonna do no ass kissin' if the tables turn
It is what it is, handle my biz
I give the shirt off my back to help the little kids
'Cause they the future not the past
Hire a tutor so they can pass
My folk's fresh out the joint, he doin' well
Learned how to weld in jail, he havin' mail
Instead of buyin' hella jewelry, bought a Care Home
Let his big sister run it, small business loan

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They tearin' the buildings down, they runnin' my people out
They boardin' the windows up and breakin' the glass out
It's ugly where I'm at, like where you at, it's goin' around
People killin' themselves, havin' financial meltdowns
I need a pastor in my life that ain't a hypocrite
That don't be and tryna get a nigga bitch
I'm freak of these suckas tired of these bustas, damn right
Give it some time, what's in the dark gonna come to light
I'm immune to gunfire, on fire trucks when I sleep
Family in pajamas and robes in the street
Reward money, nobody told, nobody speaked
Sooner or later the information gonna leak
Block blocked off, hella yellow tape
Never knowin' it's your expiration date
Don't be soft, be real, don't be fake
Too many be tryin' to eat of the same plate
Biatch!

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