

At All Times

Fiend

Welcome to New Orleans
Or should I say where the fiends live
Home of the No Limit Soldiers
My name is Fiend
Yall cluckers better get ready for this
Welcome to a soldier world
What we do what we do

The hood go feel me on this one
They know if you get in the way of my paper chasin
Knowin it ain't no escape from a hungry baby in ya face
So I love the place
Gun sparks thru New Orleans dark
So death my gat shoot ya
Cause of the color of my heart
Have to put a fool on the floor
And I won't ignore
Cause Fiend is my name
What made me do it
I live like that
That dope he go have to charge it to da game
Nigga I'm a man
So I have to have some born sense
To be a provider
No Limit rider
When they hollar
17th survior
Bout my dollars
Fuck the pride
I done got me a key
Funny how you got a 1000 grams
How the dope heads just wanta be me
Wanna kill me
A young g
With a half a nerve
About to act a fucking donkey just for half a bird
That's my word
Smoking backwoods filled with erb
Hanging later than street lights posted up on the curb
The ultimate serve
Getting it off all in a week
Time to re up
So I'm go be up
Getting the grind in the streets
Nigga!

(Chorus 2X)

I keep my strap on me at all times (and I ain't lying) (I ain't lying)
I keep my strap on me at all times (and I ain't dying) (I ain't dying)

Nigga who lied and told ya these streets was safe
We about to burn the chase
In all the place
Go be leavin disrace
Watch what happen to who dare to step in my face
Strong arming for space
Which shop

I'm go leave them baggin grams
I'm a bad man
Strap in my hand
Give me some mad plans
Picture my city
Surrounded by crimnals
And then some
I'm go have to hit one
And back them bitches off with my m-one
Them domes!!!! domes!!!!!!
That's what he caught
Have to lay him in chalk
Should seen Serv
Insurance should of been bought
What the FUCK you thought
That Fiend
State ya rank
The silent private
That be pistol whippin niggas down to the ground
Till there bodies turn blue and violet
My greed is violent!!
Born with plans to be ?
When the folks come I'm go leave it
Got him in the headlock
Some niggas ?
911 go need it
My nine my only justice
Rollin past screamin fuckers
My nine stang a nigga quick like some nunchucks
I don't give a fuck
Brang ya boys and ya another gat
You'll be suckin up stains
Beware of my nigga
Mr.40 cal
Well!!!!

Chorus til end