

Now

Flying Pickets

I'm on my feet now, shit never was it sweet now
Belly but I'm still starve can I eat now, live complete
Now, told by the older god never put the heat down

Verse One: Dark Half

Far from reper humbo meat now fuck with
The winners bitches listen when I speak
Got on some rap shit find it hard to creep
Now I'm on point and move deep more relete
Could Clap you but ain't nothing like a baet down
We swept down these streets now like community
sevrivce reach your faith face defeat now we
Hipadument get in your skin niggas want beef now
Bring It on when we borm ain't no rebound the war on son
No time for sleep now get your guns no surrender no retreat
now you violated dog blood got alete ypur whole life is down hill intype
Deep down its deep now watch and seperate
The wolf from the sheep now
May you rest ever last in peace regons compete
This year isare year knowlegde

Chorus (Wais instead of Dark Half)

verse Two: wais

Aiyyo, half Wais is on this crawl thorough
Doing ten miles per on a sneak with no doubt
In for way make the gun peak out just to sent a
Message let for shots sneak out front I don't
Hesitate to reach now you think you nice but
Your dealer, your contract can conpreach now
Chicken uses to front but they on my meat now
Catch me in the park after dark with seats down
I was known for emeny layin your feet down
Now I'm known for shit one hundred degrees
Now my style use to be just sick but its diesease
Now take a one on one to this catch ya freeze now
Death to enemys, life to thw family peace to my
Killers up north who ever ran with me I'm still moving
With the cannors g for the money there no problem
Pleanin the asanding

Chorus (by Memphis Bleek instead of Wais)

Verse Three: Memphis Bleek

Yo, Never put the heat down creep without a Three pound
Roll deep now speak with a street sound who fuckin with bleek
Now Seeind me dom't eat how I take from the fradout I'm looking
Pass trial blast out if they ever rush the crackhouse throw the
Stash out blow the spot pull a pathout leave no evedince
Gettin caught that arellvne sittn in the system with some drugs I
Can't settle it my belly full now so I went thorough hood now,
Look good now old beef is cook now in other words shook now I
Put my thing down bleek still aim wild and slang vows I remain brave
Child thorough a bangout smoke and hangout I duck thevies and play
Cops game ,hot bubble hard jungle scar them cat mving the cocaine I went
The thug route my eight the snug route ten in my truckout old
Drum I bluff out no gun in curse words got you niggas cause

I heard heard and its first I'm a cat who get my money right
cause ain't fun in life If you runnin I'm runnin lite in the bslck v
Find a rapper who can match bleek sent him to the brooks (Brooklyn)
I'm show em where the gats be mothersfucker