How Could You Do This To Me

Guerilla Maab

(*talking*)

[Trae] Remember me like I was FED time The only thing that I knew, to live my life was doing crime Even as a young nigga, all I ever wanted was to shine The rude of people, kept guerillas living like we was blind For the cash, for the shine, for the do' we was busting shots And doing 85 in the hood, running from the cops With Lil Shae and Big J, trying to bring the click to the top And deep inside, I knew the streets would never let us out I don't want no plex, but if you did then I would blast your mind I don't want no cell, but if I get caught up I'm gon do my time A real nigga forever for the good, for the bad never happy, forever sad Now we doing twenty acts, so I'm on my pen and my pad When I look at everything that I've done, trying to live lavage I'm sick of living life broke on the edge, and trying to manage You got my brother in the Penn, for three with a L You happy thinking it was love, but a nigga could never tell, for the money [Hook - 8x] How could you, do this to me [Dougie D] This is the situation, and everything is looking so crazy And I can't even take it, baby mama play candle my baby tripping Acting shady, when she the one that fucked up the family But since the fact I'm a playa, Dougie slide right through the plex And you know what it is, put this on everything I feel Everything that I love, and everything that I live Making my feddy want my money, and watching on whammies Can't be tripping with the bullshit, because the bullshit is plenty I'm rocking this steady, and I deal what I do working jelly Always on my P's and Q's, watching out for the federalies Mash for my funds, Dougie D gotta try to get done If it's hell or the highway fuck it, I'm cooking then bud Constantly on my grind, busting my ass to feed my kid Since them things, that I give my baby mama ain't like a bitch It's enough I'm dealing with the laws And it's enough I'm dealing with the niggaz Please don't create a mad me, fuck around and have all y'all singing [Hook - 8x] [Z-Ro] I use to wonder how and why, my life was bad Wanted to be anything, except like my dad My apple fell far from the tree, straight out of the yard Raising myself among strangers, living on boulevards Gang related, nah just for fortune or fame Cause they know me by the Z-Ro, plus they know me by my first name Picture me rolling in my Dodge in traffic I got no love for these niggaz, so keep your groupie ass stepping I can determine the real and the fake, don't make me ball up a pause And punch a motherfucker's grill off his face Case after case but it ain't slowing me down, see y'all Ain't know me at first, I bet y'all knowing me now

So when my trigga fly a nigga die, I ain't playing no games And fuck this North and South shit, cause I ain't stating no claim I ain't bring it with me, and I can't take it when I go To the world, listen at what you did to me when I flow

[Hook - 16x]