

# Nothin Left 2 Live 4

Guerilla Maab

[Trae]

Reminiscing bout everything, that hurt me inside  
Gotta let my pride go the day, you left it felt like I died  
I wonder will it ever get better, through the stormy weather  
Try to get you to keep your head up, sending pictures and letters  
I'm shedding tears, cause I'm happy that you still living  
But when I look at mama stressing, I know that something's missing  
I hate you living in prison, with no free time for the ride  
So we gon keep it on track, and hit full speed for the drive  
You know your baby brother Trae, is going worldwide  
Behind the walls you a legend, and I'ma keep your pride  
Looking at your daughter, I can see that she is just like you  
And when her mama died, the only one she wanted was you  
I know it's hard to try to maintain, when you all alone  
Then again you not alone, I'ma make it when you coming home  
Reunited, and I'ma die before I let you go  
Forever one, and always thinking of my bigger bro, you know I love ya

[Chorus: Trae & (Z-Ro) - 2x]

I've been thinking bout my big bro  
And I swear on my life, that we never gon let go  
(I've been thinking bout my kin folk  
Missing my T. Jones, thinking there ain't nothing left to live fo')

[Dougie D]

Everyone is having complications, but lately I've been  
Thinking about my kin folk, and all my niggas in they new locations  
These cemeteries and penitentiaries, got mo' from the hood  
Don't wanna be next, but if it's my time then let me go all good  
My nigga Ro done lost his T. Jones, at a tender age  
You can only imagine the agony, and stress and the pain  
In the mean while, my mama live a life of cancer and I know it  
I been trying to chill on the weed, but she love it so fuck it I blow it  
I'm sipping on drank and puffing Shedemiller, high life and puff it  
Trying to act like it ain't nothing, but fuck it I can't even try to bluff i  
t  
But it hurts inside, but I'm knowing what they going time take your final ri  
de  
My mama, my nigga, my partna never be another  
I'ma hold it down upon my rap, grind try to make it better  
Don't wanna lose my cool, gotta maintain and try to keep my focus  
Until then here go a dime bag and a twelve pack, get ya roll on and start  
Smoking

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Death ain't around the corner no mo', he up in my face  
Its only natural to try to steal him, and put him back in his place  
I've been winning for a minute, but it ain't gon last forever  
Running outta time, me and my enemies might blast each other  
Niggas around me dropping like flies, murderers bumping niggas out  
Don't think that it ain't likewise, and try that running up in my house  
I'm a mad dude, no intentions on being rude  
Pardon my mood, but a nigga getting sued  
Got me feeling like Z-Ro Bin Loden, cause everybody out to get me  
God bless the dead, my nigga was only twenty

Its a hard life, especially when you're alone  
Missing the Misses, ain't nobody gon miss me when I'm gone  
Showing T. Jones, my true love done left a nigga hanging  
Leaving nothing else to do, but hustle had a nigga slanging  
Caine or anything, I gotta grind to maintain  
Missing my mama, missing my partnas cheifing on Mary Jane

[Chorus - 4x]