

Dadgummit

Haystak

Now let me get this right... when Jesus left here
He left a going away place for me, and when he prepared that place
He'll come back and receive me, now where he is at, I'll be...
Now that's what you call a beautiful thought, Jack

This mics on? I take chances and play a lot of felony games
That's why my rent and my utilities are in melony names Sometimes don't ever
change, it's too easy to obtain
Cocaine, that's why my people did that devil in the dope game
I've done the dope thing, tenths, graphs, quarters, halves
I was a natural cause I was pretty good at math
Hot temper you can catch me on a warpath
You know what they say; hard head make a soft ass
Livin life like tonight can be the last night
Cops in the car with the dogs and the flashlights (fuck!)
Got me laid out across the hood
It's all good it nothing but leather wood
This harassment is nonstop, and when it's not the cops it's the block
Haystak didn't come back whippin no Maybach
How fake is that, y'all know me better than that
But I'll rock a drop top SL Escalade truck and shit
Who that big fat white ass think he fuckin with
Don't that muthafucka know he had to suffer
He keep on comin through with that and end up a sucker

Now one day, I'm gon die
But until then, I'm gon ride
I feel I, can almost fly
It can go down tonight, Dadgummit!

I was a broke head, a raggedy broke head
Probably end up in jail dead or be a cokehead
My mission to get more bread, more fed and more head
Work hard until I drop dead
So much sweat and blood shed
Tears I wept, the nights done came and went and I never slept
It's crazy what one would do to uphold the rent
It's boundaries, men don't overstep
But yet, the newspaper full of incidents
Dude didn't have to die, that shit was senseless
Violence is sadistic, it grows on our existence
Me personally, myself, I'm against it
But so many dudes from other crews stay with him
You ain't gotta a chance if you get to beefin with him
Got six guns, shotguns and handguns
Semi-automatic magnums, keep your pants up
We can't afford to get caught with them now
And they roll up on ya like "Yeah, talk shit now! "
And they already got they guns out
But time won't allow you to get yours out (blaow!)
And about the time that you reach for your pocket
Bullets hit your muthafuckin ass like rockets
You couldn't return fire, it happened so fast
That's how they do it they sneak up and bust a cap in your ass
Now it's just a bunch of good talk about ya in slow songs
Everybody telling everybody to be strong
Positive, cause they gotta move on

Even though it won't be the same now that you gone
Gone, meanin dead gone meanin not here
Gone, meanin you meanin you won't have no birthday next year
Gone, meanin your kid no longer got a father
Cause pops was preoccupied with provin he was harder

My is [?], accomplish impossibilities
So much hositiliy hemmed up within me
So many ends and very few friends
I made thick and thin muthafuckas who ride to the end
You be lucky if you got enough to tote you to the hole
Cause them fair-weather friends get low when it's cold
I got women in my yard, diggin for gold
Mama said they was coming and I made a lil money, people think I'm made of money
Sometimes, I wish God would just take it from me
So I can see who's around here cause because they love me
And I could know who'd be down with me if I was bummy
Who'd feed me if I was hungry, clothe me if I was naked
And who'd kiss on my dick cause I made a few records
Who'd be at the hospital when a tragedy happened
Standin with family when they talking to the pastor