

# 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 m  
oney  
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