

Yeah. Yo yo yo yo.  
Holla.  
Last Temptation.  
Coming through now niggas.  
Its a problem.  
It's a problem.  
Always has been. (Ja laughing).  
Yo Buck turn me up a lil bit in my mother fuckin head phones and shit.  
Cmon  
Let these niggas know.  
They don't know.  
Mother fuckers ya'll want war with the God.  
Cmon ya'll know better.  
I'll put holes in your leather reknit your sweater and I'll bet the flows  
wetter on ocean front property.  
Better come at me properly, niggas better up off of me.  
But I believe I'm scared to clap hammers and the fact that I'm unpredictable  
gives me the advantage.  
What the fuck am I speaking spanish niggas when I got to tell ya'll in detail  
how we murder niggas.  
Handle your business. The Inc is religious. Murders the sacrifice. We throwin  
M's niggas that means murder for life.  
And I'm die for that red and black. That house with the cheddar stack and the  
smiles from my kids faces. What could replace this?  
This lil nigga here that come to grip with death can taste it.  
My airs thick  
and filled with hatred.  
Surprised at the look in my eyes, well don't be I'm just following the foots of  
the lord that made me.  
If I go crazy the same, Imma blame it on the world for what I became cuz they  
gave me all the fame and the money man. Made me an icon, so the world could  
catch a nigga with his lights on.  
Thats the pros and cons. You're never quite free. But just give me a lil room  
so I can breath.  
And my pain gonna be the death for me.  
But to be loved is my destiny, my black people.  
(Ja laughs)  
Yeah. We out. Holla.