

Who the fuck - nigga hittin shots in the truck  
Hope I'm able to make this right turn, my Neon fucked  
The wodie that I'm with, bawlin up like a bitch  
instead of tryin to retaliate by bustin his shit  
My leg already fucked up, been playin it bald  
Now I gotta drive the car too, (?) and all  
Left arm on the steerin wheel, right on the Mac  
Them niggaz brought it to me raw so I'm bringin it back  
Out the window with it dumb sinnin, but I crashed  
This boy went straight through window his stupid ass  
And I'm noticin I smell gas  
Gotta bust a airbag, get out the car fast and haul ass  
I still gotta duck bullets that cut through bricks  
What the fuck I did to make niggaz want do me like this  
Won't be long 'fore one of the bullets ignite the gas  
They'll meet - even the buildings gonna be ash

My life my life my life my life  
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Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone  
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I'ma go on to survive but the story returns  
After bein treated several months for 3rd degree burns  
My lil cousin Denaun flipped out, and murdered his children  
I gotta go by my aunt now, he hurtin her feelings  
He's lookin at a L, swearin no need for a trial  
Accept it like a man bitch or live in denial  
Whatchu think the people gon' say, when they look at his file  
Hear that little boy, snicker he in here for a while  
I had a shit bag on me, I could barely walk  
Everybody knew the story but was scared to talk  
I read lips when I pull up, right after I park  
I hear a nigga say whass happen wo' but not from the heart  
Word gotta be out, a lot of tension's in the air black  
Your everyday niggaz ain't even muchly makin transac'  
If I think about a gun, I'ma get ten  
The people got they ears to the streets and they be listenin

Niggaz be knowin them bitches slippin when I'm dishin  
I'd rather be locked down in prison than come up missin  
But that goes to show you how fast the laws work  
They was peepin with somebody that punished them boys first  
Don't they know the people still thinkin I sent the hit  
I'd accept it if I did it but they wrong for that shit  
To the police, I sounded like the boy cryin wolf  
Cause they know I like slangin rice shootin dice with the crooks  
Everythang in life I accumulated I took  
It's a neverending episode, my life is a book  
I'm hot, so I'm ridin round up in Rock(?)  
There's a funeral pass, two cops and five limos  
Man that's one of them niggaz was tryin to snipe me  
I betcha everybody in that crowd don't like me  
I should go up in the bitch bustin  
But they got innocent bystanders that never did the clique nothin