

# Still On A Mission

Lil 1/2 Dead

[Verse 1]

On the late mission for some ass  
I had to pull over and get me some gas  
And some rubbers and some drank  
Let me count my bank, to see if I get some mutha fuckin dank  
Oh let me think about with bitch I'm going fuck  
A poorless bitch with the willing to suck  
My dick grow quick without saying shit  
Because I'm the gangsta ass nigga from the dogg pound click  
That nigga hd dogg man, my nigga snoop dogg half on the sack  
I gots five, so that makes ten  
So we got a dime sack, and bide of gin (Well Ight)  
And a nigga got drunk as fuck  
Now is time for me to go and get my dick sucked  
A fine bitch that I meat the other day  
Rollin in my six tray down mlk  
On the Eastside of the lbag and hch, but hold a wait  
Let me elevate my game for this humble  
I gives a fuck because I told you so  
Ha, Ha

[Chorus x2]

Im still on a mission  
And I mobbing like a mutha fucka every day  
Im Still on a mission  
And I'm swerving my tray down mlk

[Verse 2]

Now it all comes back to me  
Before I was an og, I was a bg  
Way back in eighty threezy  
I puttin it down for the eastside of lbc seezy  
21st is where we hung that night  
A we squabble any nigga that wanted to fight  
And if a nigga really wanted to trip  
I got a nine with an extra clip on my hip  
Get yo ass off the block, before I pop you with my glock  
And take your sack of rocks  
You I don't gots no love for yo ass  
Hurry up nigga move fast  
Before I had second thoughts about braking you off  
And half dead is straight killing you soft  
I be shore, to break you off proper  
I beat yo azz down like you were cooper  
You know why

[Chorus x2]

Im still on a mission  
And I mobbing like a mutha fucka every day  
Im Still on a mission  
And I'm rolling my tray down mlk

[Verse 3]

You better watch yourself, while I'm slagin these rhymes  
Im coming with the douser and the funky lines  
Real fast, I blast and take yo cash  
So hurry up and move that azz and dash

To the stage, I'm getting page  
Like a lonely nigga with a gage, on the front page  
Of the papers, you caught the vapors  
When you heard I pulled the capers and now I'm making papers  
In 1994 fuck a ho, my niggaz on the row tony slow with yo  
No nigga try to see me, I'm a bg  
Coming from the Eastside of lbc seezy  
Im a god damn fool  
A young ass bg way back coming from the old school  
I don't mean to be this nigga and like I told you before I'm still on a mission

[Chorus x5]

Im still on a mission  
And I mobbing like a mutha fucka every day  
Im Still on a mission  
And I'm rolling my tray down mlk