

Gang Related

Logic

Yeah, livin' life like this
Gotta paint a picture when I write like this
Tales from my hood, not a sight like this
Where they up to no good on a night like this
And they murder motherfuckers just cause
Type of shit I see and probably wonder what it was
I was in the crib, just sitting on the rug
Basedheads coming through looking for the plug
Now, born and raised in my area
Beautiful by day, by night its hysteria
Fuck around and bury ya tonight
Ridin' with my homies on sight
Momma tell me to come in at night
Now I really gotta go, but they never know
Living life to the fullest, I got to blow
Po-po finna bust in the door, we got blow in the crib
In the kitchen over there next to the baby with the bib
God damn, what it feel like, middle of the night
Waking up, scared for my life
Never had the heat, just a knife
When the gat go blat (GunShots) like that
Guarantee you it's a wrap, finna put you on your back
Like that
Just breathe, while their mama grieve
Bullet to the dome like an Aleve
Got to leave for the premises, to murder my nemesis
No, no, uh, uh
Just stop, stop, stop
'fore they even call the cops
Do it for the money and the bitches and the drugs and the props
Tell me why another body even got to drop
Get shot off top for some shit that was gang related

"Up first at five tonight, breaking news in Gaithersburg where a massive man hunt is underway after a deadly shooting. It's all unfolding in the 400 block of West Deer Park and 355. Our Montgomery County reporter joins us, with the latest tonight."

Living life like this, hope little Bobby never fight like this
Stab a motherfucker with a knife like this
All about the money on a night like this
Run up in the crib, put a bullet in your rib
Got a lot to give but I never had the chance
Never had the chance, yeah
Stay strapped, but I hate it when I take it out
If you want it Imma lay it out
Hope my little brother make it out
Every night what I pray about
What I pray about, check it uh yeah
Got a son on the way
But I cling to the streets even though I want to run away
I imagine a better life
Where I never had a debt in life
Hit you with the- (Gunshots) -in the dead of night
Selling crack to my own pops
Pushing this weight on my own block
If I sell a brick I can buy a house

If they find the key they might lock me up
But I take the chance cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck
Take the chance cause I need that shit and don't give a fuck

Get down or lay down
Hit you with the Beretta you better stay down
Stray shots on the playground
Living how I'm living with the life that I'm given
Anybody that's riding with me, I'm riding with them
Show me the enemy and Imma hit em
The second I bit em I get em and hit em with the venom
Ain't no need to pretend Imma never do it
I knew it, all ready been through it
I do it for the street, for the fam, for the life
Anybody that's gang related