

We was kids when we first met, I can't forget
When we met, I took a breath, I recollect we took a step
Together, unison, I was a bad boy, a hooligan
Now Junior went, I'm full of sin
Speaking poetry to your innocence, dividend indifferent
'Bout deliberate relations 'cause she know a nigga ignorant
Like bull's eye, I grew with the wind
And forget about the shit, pretend like it never happened
Just friends or belligerent enemies sending false
Energy to belly feeds to the fire of the pedigree
Life's a bitch in the seventies, to the
Third degree and I ain't got a job, but shit it works for me
She love the fact that I live driving on the edge
Purposely, money ain't for degree, but it's worth a C
I go blind for that little light of mine
Keep it cited, ma, and I'm a let it shine

Even though we have our own
Problems and differences
I still fuck
With you
Even though we had our own
Fallouts, we pitchin' fits
I still fuck
With you

I was never a motherfucker to want beef
Until you went and put my shit out in the front streets
Yeah, I sold drugs. Nigga, what heat?
Yeah, I stole shit, sold it in the streets, I'm a go-getter
Never jealous of a nigga, gotta stack my money
Steal another nigga figures
I don't need a fucking chain, bitch I'm here to gain that
Bitch, I need fucking ring, but not for no dame
We all call this here a game cause we in it for the same
In it for the funds, throw a little buns
Listen to the drugs smoke inside your lungs
Get a little drunk, got your bitch speaking tounge
Have a little offspring, NBA wouldn't support it
Known if we was broke, clinic woulda got aborted
Work now play now a nigga runnin' offense
Bitch, I'm in Miami and I'm swimming with the Dolphins

I don't like going sober to the hospital
Shit only make me nauseous, I'm not with it
So I'm out front parked in a car with a
Few of my niggas hard getting foggy, yeah
Last year, I ain't know what the cost of a coffin was
So now I'm often buzzed in the apartment bummin'
Looking for new chords and a larger Nugget
I'm the stars above me when I spark and tug this
Far from hard, but I'm a snarl in public
Cause we large in numbers, Trash Wang
Wolf Gang, we the clique, not a stain on me, ho
Not a fray in a knit, in the car with the work
Now, real nigga quiet while the talking occurs
Feel like I'm flying when I'm off from the herb

Fuck 'em all, let the army disperse
Know the swamp lay 'em all in the dirt
Had to stop, re-assess some agendas
Tad bit sicker than the rest of the clinic
Maybe head up, sending threats to your henchmen
We the best, period, the end of the sentence
Roughneck putting paws to the pavement
Lane switch, I'm a blow haze 'till I can't think
Shrink told me I should learn how to pace this
Big homie told me, "Nah, nigga, take this."
Shots 'till my damn liver hates me
Momma saying that she knowing that I need help
Nah, on the highway to Hades with my
Motherfuckin' seatbelt off