

## Flags

Naughty By Nature

Mama don't cry for me,  
Papa don't feel bad,  
cold on the street better gotta keep my bang to the bang back.

But I got my hood, my city, my brothers, family thats all I had  
yeaah ohohoh yeah  
(youuu)

Father if ur still listening we hope our prayers make it up to  
heaven and if we fall we are not forgotten don't let our little  
brothers end up like we did  
let em grow up and get a job don't let em grow up behind bars t  
rying be hard old father can u swiffen my feet (swiffen his fee  
t) repin the wrong couler on the wrong street with no heat  
rockin pickies and truckers, bandanas my brothers my haters or  
lovers we still got each other  
we twist our hands up and pull our pants up walk this way flow  
ur flag and ur setup

mamma don't cry for me pappa don't feel bad cold on the streets  
better gotta keep my bang till the bang back  
But we got our hood, our city, our brothers, family thats all w  
e had u gotta cook beef or u don't eat and thats why we fly our  
flags

I heard ur mob and ur moody u jagin for jewlery u bangin and be  
astin with ur tats and ur toolies bangin for bounty ur to young  
for the ninties r u duppin with the g reps or jumpin in the co  
unty shootin by the roofin scrapin is wats happenin niggas wiel  
din baters sawwoombrra and the kraken if u goin out tonight get  
ur pistol and ur rifle pray to the father and sell ur soul to  
the cycle u comin nigga listen no bouncin and no bitchen cookin  
by the kitchen flags and finger flipen liven without growin ki  
llen without blowin this gang is a gun its either given or chos  
en tryin to get the triger straped tryin to get these niggas ba  
ck worst part of the deal it wont help bring our nigger back te  
ll ur babies that u love them kiss ur mamma before u leave her  
hug her like u need her case its the last time u see her

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flags  
these street are so slick there breezy as an eaighty feed the n  
eedy easy to murder if u hungry or greedy yes thats in grafity  
I mean we mean like eedy I mean I mean I feed the track a treed  
y and take my warrents to tahiti flow ur flags like soccer noth

in but war on tv rp and patsy up in heavin in a platinum tipi a  
gressive is the message no lessons wothout the effin bang bang