

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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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