

This shit is for all the motherfuckin niggaz out there
doin what the fuck they gotta do to feed the family

Hangin up out the window, ready to blow
I'm harassed by crackers, the stress of the Pastor
-Look in my eyes-
I'm in the rain sellin my shadow
but it's gone still follow me, so I battle
-Nah, you gone make it-
Naw fuck that, cuz you lyin
Look at how many made it, and look at how many tryin
-So I guess you feel-
No now I don't feel, never fell never will
Ask Phil I kept it real yeah it's still blood spill
-Who they kill?-
All my folks
-How they die?-
Quickly, never really lived they life
but they died particularly anyone who kept it real
-Trap-
And so many old friends, prayin for my profit
Motherfucker talked to undercovers
-So you sell drugs?-
No, I show love, don't nobody love me
Papa wasnt there for me, momma never hugged me
Buggin me bout what I do, loan me a G or two
Just like I fuckin thought all you do is fuckin talk

I do what I wanna do, I do what I have to do
And if that mean blast at you, my nigga we blast at you
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When the pressure becomes too much upon my heart
where the fuck I'm 'posed to go?
Flex em like these other folks, fuck that shit twist mo' smoke
I'm to' now, take mo to death will probably scare me
Say I dont give a fuck no mo' my nigga I am ready
God already prepared me for Hell so hell I'm straight
Give me a house and crush up the house nuthin but weight
And I'ma be the only Pastor that'll be burnin
No mistakes yeah you heard it, cuz it wasn't misworded
because ain't nobody perfect, who knows if God forgave you
Just because you done fucked up you askin him to save you
Behave you, or I'll be forced to grab my rifle
And anything I do will be done in my survival