

We in the M off Tillman  
Posted with Young Jones  
Yup, kin up in the building  
But I ain't tryna rap to you  
I'm just tryna rap to you  
For them boys that flodgin' with ya matic put the strap to you  
'Cause homie a go getter  
Stacks on deck and front like a cold killer  
Think he gon' live forever  
But that gon' happen never  
Plus playing in these streets  
You'll get a slug through your sweater

So I'm on my grind, got truth up in my mind  
And Jesus on my mouth, I let 'em know he lived and died  
Tryna be a city light, got that JSon in my ride  
Romans One-One-Six, unashamed all the time  
Hoping you feel the same way,  
'Cause you can come up on that guap and die in the same day  
Yo momma and yo cousins be cryin' at yo wake  
And the wrath Christ ate be dumped on yo plate (yup)

Aye you know what it is  
Out for my kin let 'em know the truth live  
I take it where the hood get it in  
Bring it back to the block for you again  
We in the streets like  
G-g-get it, g-g-get it, g-g-get it, g-g-get it  
G-g-get it, g-g-get it, g-g-get it, g-g-get it

Yup, you know what it is,  
Running off your friends with that Jesus talk again  
Back like I never left, PRO get it in  
Let 'em know the king live while they sippin' on gin  
I pray to God that you ain't running with G's  
The Four Fifth turn your North Face into swiss cheese  
In the Devil's symphony, you're Ray Charles  
Blind, but still playing with keys

Hey, I see it everyday B  
Cats chase coins, Mario, Luigi  
But never get the prize that they seek  
He just locked in a box like Harry Houdini  
But can't escape this one,  
It's either pine over bars, pick one  
But maybe you'll escape right now  
But one day be in flames, Hot Boy, Juvenile

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Bring it back to the block for you again  
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Now if you're feeling like a pimp then

Go and brush your shoulders off  
But you can be a pimp and catch something you ain't brushing off  
And women don't give it away to get 'em  
If you only finding dogs, prolly lookin' in the kennel  
It's the reason God tell us not to fornicate  
'Cause you don't wanna find out if he's the daddy Maury Povich's way  
And don't believe what Beyonce sing on it  
'Cause if you try, prolly never put a ring on it  
Love is kind, love is patient  
He don't love you baby girl if it ain't worth the wait then  
Yeah I'm throwing salt at your game 'cause you a slug  
If you out there making babies you don't plan to raise  
The Bible make it clear, one man, one woman  
Joined together, never severed, forever and ever  
You looking like I did you wrong  
That's why we get in it to put you on, yup

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