

Merked, Pt. 2

Pro

Ay, he think he Big Mitch, Larry Hoover.
Flippin' work got him hit with the Ruger.
Chasin' dough, tryna make a pizza pimp.
Now his brain's blown - tomato sauce on a deep dish.
We invincible till we get made invisible.
This here is not difficult, everybody is killable.
You in these streets everyday while the world turn.
That'll put you in the ground like an earthworm
See in this concrete jungle Satan is the zookeeper.
Put us on display and turn our pain to entertainment bruh.
Rappers manufacture stories, they ain't never lived at all.
Then our children listen, emulate it, just so they can ball?
Nah I ain't sayin' a goon ain't got the 9 on him.
Whip work, surge to the fiend so he can shine on em.
Buy that clean Chevy Biscayne just to flaunt it
Till he get hit with a Mac with no Apple on it

You say you in the kitchen steady whippin' 'bout to make a killin'
Streets stack money to the ceiling, boy that'll
Get your head bust, merked, get your head bust, merked
Get your head bust, merked, get your head bust, merked
You going hard for that paper, stuntin' on them haters
Guarantee it'll happen now or later, boy you gon'
Get your head bust, merked, get your head bust, merked
Get your head bust, merked, get your head bust, merked

Now you can catch him on the block, even when it's hot
Got enough rocks to make, gravel parking lots
He on top, bet he ain't gon' stop
Don't play with his guap, you know that'll get you shot
His attitude like, forget you pay me
No iPhone, sling birds like they angry
Watch him get it, whip whip whip it
Plenty flour in the kitchen, but he ain't cookin' chicken
Till them folks kick in the door, tell him run me all that dough
And all that work, and all that perk is coming with me boy fo sho
What he holdin' he cocking and start poppin'
Till that chopper turn his watermelon into fruit salad
Now what did he gain from all that hustlin'
Gave his whole life to the streets and got nothing
Pride will turn a fool into a G
That's why you think like it won't happen to me

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