

My hands got powder burns i just murdered a man, took his life over nothing if you ask me mother fuck em, it was him or either me so i sold 50 empty out the clip in this bitch fuck the dumb shit, now do i feel guilt no i don't thing so, light another cigarette, zonin out i think so, streetlight shinin through my rearview watchin, cuz i'm paranoid thinkin that i might have been spotted, as i pass by watchin i relax cuz i'm home now, had a funny at the beginning its gone now, cuz we live in a due or die society, you do or either die tryin to do it sycologicly, i'm brain dead and i don't give a fuck thats my excuse and i don't need an audience around for me to let loose, you let loose i catch you then i stretch you, album front ya do steepin vanish like a ghost

I'm a bad mother shut yo mouth, ain't no limit to what i earn, if it ain't money why should i be concerned, burn is what my enemies do, just like weed 223 reasons to bleed, yes indeed, i'm a ghetto boy, thats right everybody knows i'm a G, i'm what you niggas are supposed to be, burn rubber right after i burn a fuck nigga, fuck all yall fuck niggas

I got a black book that i ain't got no names in, instead i keep the pictures of craniums i done caved in, no i'm playin i still should have done it, cuz a weak motherfucker just makes me sick to my stomach, i keeps it 100, not a game this is real life to die youngs a honor, you get old you live twice, take my advice they got shooters in them hills yall, run up over them bushes, watch motherfuckers kill yall, this shit is real dog, believe me i got you, mind duck in my cross hand now i shoot you, a dead man speaks no words, thats some true shit, courtrooms to hoods, the streetlifes roofless, all love for the dope and dollar signs, no witnesses no motherfuckin crimes, and i'm, living life like i'm dyin tonight, am i crazy you got damn right

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