

Had pistols in my hands, had pockets full of Ox
Whole life I been a G, had bitches on the block
Had strippers on the pole, had cocaine in the pot
Got fiends at the do' so I turned that to a rock
That yay yay
That yay yay

I'm a drug dealin' nigga, cause them grades ain't get me paid
My agenda for today is to make bread or get laid
See my daughter need some shoes and my mom work overtime
So I'm standin' by that stop sign with nickels and them dimes
Keep that work, got that Oxy, need that kilo, call that papi
Know my steelo, shrimp with sake, sold that hero'n, look like t
offee
Keep my nina, just might off him, no them boys on Figg don't pl
ay
Most my life on 51st, went to school on 52nd
Used to fight on 49th, Grandma said be home by night
But her old ass sixty something, so three hours late aight
Still I love her, R.I.P., when she died, I took her place
And became a fucking G, moved my crack across the street

Figg get it, get it yeah
Drug dealin' nigga
Yawk yawk yawk

I'm a drug dealin' nigga, roll my cyc' on Hoover's street
Just a year after Pac died we all bump Suga Free
Didn't know what he was sayin' til them years done jumped to th
ree
Learned the game, slangin' hoes and every car door need a key
Charge them smokers day through night, sellin' pies who need a
slice
Life is craps so shoot the dice, get the cheese but cut the mic
e
Enemies be left to right, we don't call our shit the trap
Bitch we call our shit the set, unless we OD with Reynold's Wra
p
After crack it's Oxy next, but thank God the yay was yay
Off the yee like it's the bay, rock a chain I'm Kunta K
Out in Texas what's the word, keep them packs and that's for su
re
Slang to him and slang to her, ask a fiend they will concur