

Uh uh, Uh, Uh
Ayo, mac 10s and fake friends
Lawyers little game homicide 25 with the fucking nigga face 'em
But I'm still trill, still holdin
Rollin gully until I'm froze, close in a box with a bomb in fluid
Veins pumpin ice
First some 15 keep that king pumping right
Hard white, cold cash
Hold fast, fold fast, through the city so gas
No ass
Straight head bitch, I'm one a from the feds
Fuck comma raps, same G and canna
All I got in this world is my fifth dick and nana
Gangsta mannerism lyrical vandalism
Niggaz be burnin up their gums until the fucking hammers hit 'em
Who need help?
Well until then I'ma take that mac off the shelf
and hold the fucking street hostage
Blowing smoke out my nostril
Every breath is a step to a non-time in death

I wanna know where to go
Need a place in my mind I can rest
Cause this time is running out for my flesh
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up
(2x)

You know me; I don't need no introduction in this
Big gun, big dick, half of a meal on the wrist
Sittin in my continental thinkin' about potential connects
I live in all, just pencil the best
Parts of the live of a quintessential hustler
When I pull a slide back
Motherfuckers be hoppin' their faces don't get left open
You understand?
Shirt soaking, brain smoking left in the ocean floatin'
Shyne Po, dough, stack, y'all Rap niggaz is trash
I don't give a fuck how much records you sold
Tryin' to be me
Keep it real dog, you'll die to be me
You wanna know how it feel, don't you?
To have a murder charge, took gun to the American Music Awards
And live life against stars
Doing 170 screaming "FUCK THE WORLD" (gangsta get outta the car)

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Where the fuck them niggaz at? We gonna handle this beef
Turn your mic off bitch; see me in the street
Fuck peace 'til I'm rest in the dried up flesh is finish
I don't know how to tell until I'm in the morgue
Dysfunctional, highly uncomfortable paranoid
Without the extra clip (bitch), try me I'll puncture you

Had niggaz waking up with wings in their backs, halos in their head like
"Ayo I'm dead"
Can a knight fucking princess Diana type
Vane wives, vane light, pen I write cold, hand of ice
They said too much for the motor mind to comprehend
Walk wit me, pause take a breath
Things ain't just the same for gangstas
Sleeping in diamond, it's fucking up the game for gangstas
While charges tryin to ring a gangsta
Through it all I maintain my gangsta

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