

Nineteeneighty7

Stalley

Midwest nigga in the West
Red Corvette's speeding down sunset
Ski mask, black tek pulling through the set
Gang signs and palm trees, bomb weed and a bet
Mentality complex, conscious but get vex
Over gangster instrumentals, instrumental to the rap game
Yeah the aim simple, target the lame and stay in the lane
As I dip through the ghetto with metal rings and coke gets peddled
The sun gon' shine 'em all after the smoke settles
My mom's blood levels is high, her son high ridin' 'round with the devils
So she prayed to Allah, hoping the demons gon' let go
I hustle for these C-notes tuck drugs in my pea coat
Dipping from the RICO watchin' people through the peep hole
A wolf in sheeps clothes and no evil and I speak no
Word to dangerous minds, spend no time with a weak soul
Spiritual and lethal a deadly combination
Pulling on the joint tryna to break my concentration
They say the game is locked, I'm tryna bust the combination
They want me to tell the story but I ain't for the conversation
So I'm contemplating, quit this rap ish or be blatant
And they all hating so I might just well stop faking
Like, I'm like them or I like them
While I ridin' 'round with it
I guess I'mma pipe em
Murder one man down i'm the man hands down
Aint nobody like em, thats why Im this way
Its me against the world and Im down for the play

Hit the bengal with thirty shots
Nigga at nineteen had them cookies more dough love me morphines
Had a dream at twenty six get it by all means 2013 green
Couple O's, couple K's, couple gloccs
'Bout this lake, couple slay, couple yachts

A lotta homicides Chevy's slide on perrolies
Full fur diamond blur a young Jim Kelly
Million dollar phone calls on the black celly
Black power trying to escape Jack Baur and the federales
Rallys strike money, '03 goin back to Cali in my dope mans
Starched tan khaki's and my Raybans
Fly gangsta, dirty niggas hate them
Fly chicks wanna date em thats cause they stay go
Rubberband bank roll or they mack-11 lets roll
We gotta take more, they got me on my mobbin ish
Ninety nine stick up kids,
Nigga came to rob ish so lay down or get hit
With these metals sticks
My niggas top 10 shave bricks
Trying to escape state ten and housin' bricks
So for freedom, I'm housin it
Came in the middle Malcom middle with an ink pen
A long way from Maclom Jamore wanna live in
No Theo Huxtable I hustle for my living
Never had to fit in, in the survival of the fittest
A hustler told me if you ridin' then you get in
No time to be a scary nigga today if you out in these streets
You gotta be down for the play, play, play

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