

We thugs  
And we nigga's  
Until we set this shit right

Sometimes I wonder how my whole city hate me  
When them the niggas that made me  
I'm guessing that's just the way it go  
They say I sold my soul,  
When I never had it in the first place  
Hades was my birthplace  
Crazy is the word they  
Used to describe my tactics  
Of Islam practice  
Mixed with my mother's lies  
I'm just trying to get my piece of the pie  
Before I end up deceased  
Ain't no need to reply  
When I ask them "Who's fucking with me?"  
Cause I know the answer, Nigga  
No love for the Devil  
But for the moment, I'm dancing with her  
Just trying to get my money up,  
So that I can pay for my brothers  
Cause at the moment they banging,  
No point in killing each other  
But I feel this shit's a struggle and all  
That's one of the main reasons I'm not fucking with y'all  
But I still love you niggas,  
And that's on the hood  
And all the homies locked up  
Ready to die  
But really  
They'll never stop us  
Unless they knock us