I'm fucked up Most brothers don't have it like me Like my brothers in the peep, doing half a century See God I know it's hard Black stay in ya zone Big Dust we lost touch see you when you get home And my man Stan just got back from doing ten On some bullshit now his ass is back up again Wait, Ned did 9 straight Came home knocking cats out Playing what's that all about Aiyyo, you gotta maintain killer I wanna put you on So you could be a tee big armed guerilla And to my peoples in the struggle, When everyday is a hustle so nobody move a muscle 'Cause Kelly got popped from her man Both found dead, Money still had the pistol in his hand Power moves all up in my building selling crack And kids around my way they just don't know how to act Like my little man stole drugs got some kids fed And Ted found him dead with a bullet to his head Baby brother to my man van But life gotta go on You still got me in the God born And what's his name dies from AIDS Mom dukes outta commission from breaking bothe her legs

Yo the inner city life controlled by the outer world G
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Peace see God you held me down like a weapon
The Fam I ran with born the ghetto legend
Big shot is set on and dead on KingPin
You and Big just kept mad bells ringin'
Cross town niggaz still fryin' I hold it down
Lord niggaz ain't wid all the shit we was down for
I'm still struggling bubbling for paper
The herds like back in the day to pull a caper
The takers, now I got a plan to expand
Put it short import export to foreign lands
Stand forever like birds of a feather
Together whatever if niggaz flip that's clever
The weather change but the style still remains the same
Who's to blame with the neighbourhood fame
I knew the game since the days that I played as a shorty

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