

Roc U

Young Gunz

Where that pian sat at (uh)
Young Gannas (chea) What up niggas;
Niggas got till January to get they shit together;
You hear that niggas January (chea)
Chad West

Yo; Ayo Momma workin hard Big brother on the run lil sista cuttin up man shit just outta luck baby girl born brighten up my life alot block still poppin old lady still drawn hataz still plottin (plottin) tryna take my life away it'n matter nig t or day C reactin right away; bring it on when the temerature rise; my intention to ride ain't no intent but he die; niggas speed like us 40 clip on my hip shorty go get ya clique ready to squeeze like what; Yeah its commin out of Chris' mouth; I'll have you niggas-Bitchin' gettin' stitches then get ditches pourin liquor out; thats what Chris about Tryna figure out the beat down on the outside or bleed in till you piss it out; Block all the m chickens out; Fuck all them niggas route; Ciani here plus my momma need a bigger house

This just the town we live in; North Phil my nigga, South Philly with mittens, look how chilly the rist is; poppin wheelys with bitches; Poppin wheelys at snitches You got three ways to die; Fire Roof or the River; you gone bleed if you try man they shootin suspicious; and got oozies and shit forty-fours and infus; Plans to get ya, leave a nigga they ain't remember, long as he ain't remember then watch his mouth for temper

Bitch niggas actin' tough but you know what thats about prayin that I hit em up; hopin niggas settle out, But why flirt with death; it ain't worth the check Get ya coffin nailed shut, placed in the dirt to rest; Picture linen' up tears again Momma in tears again, I guess death is the number one fear of men; But I ain't scared, I can tell its commin', I can feel it in the air; I can smell it commin, fully prepared to meet the fuckin' man in the trench coat, I ain't hiding, but tryna duck him long as I can though; They say i'm flirting with the devil talkin blast with me cursin out the reet between the gate, until I see the light, shootin everything in sight, worn every other day bodies every other night (thats right) Death is the only thing for sure in life (thats right) Young Gunz get em real nice

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Yo; kill me with a get a gun, betta know where i'm from load them up with dumb guns leave a nigga one lung; maskin tape hoodies and gloves mookies and dubs yeah nigga I'll put it dead in yo mug; Other fuckas beneath me, mutha-fuckas is sneaky worryin about where

Neef be get you wacked out easy, Yeah this family greasy, Believe me, how the fuck they ain't peep me; Tables turned now the family need me, Yeah i'm on my shit; ain't shit you can teach me; I'm young but not dumb, you ain't from where i'm from, you don't feel how I feel, you ain't real how i'm real, I aint signed to that deal; on the real you should chill, and let me do me dawg, lets sit for once in life so we can stop playin c-saw until then I make it rain niggas feel my pain, until i'm out the game i'm far from a lame

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Lord of the streets, I do it so my daughter can eat, moms workin three on her own bringin four in a week, now tell me how i'm gone budget that lil sister graduted elementary big brother life in the judges lap; Even my momma pack stuck in this war zone, I been a bad boy puffin before combs; for sure homey strap like bamboo, theres nothin we can't do, its tucked in my pants to, but this shit scramble, shit I em sellin but niggas tattle tellin when they rushed in that van dude so I had to smartin up, you know chalk em up, bye bye mutha-fuckin drive by we walkin up put your little lawkers up and your lil snub nigga you a lil thug give em lil snugs till he cough it up; them niggas soft as butt even ya bosses suck, i'm about to charge it up nigga stop ya arguin

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