

Down Bad

Young Scooter

I met some real niggas, man when I was down bad
Confused, locked down in the jail with no cash
With no bond money, I lost everything I had
Real street nigga you know I was down bad
Worst situation in my life it was crazy
2006 that when I had my first baby
Had my son broke thank God time saved me
BMG franchise street organization
The streets all I got
2008 caught my first charge
Traffickin' I broke the law, traffickin'
Stuck to the code I had to play it raw
Free bands I should have saved up
No bond money I was fucked up
Pimp G and my grandma
Got me out that's how I'm home now

Mexico my hood but I wasn't born in Atlanta
Had to put my hustle down when I stayed in Aspen
Rico James B in the bluff doin numbers
T Mack and Blackie made me a roll runner
Them trips down the express way
To make a joog cause I ain't have a thing
Always fucking up the money
Is what Marco always tell me
Thank Casino, Ran, and Lil Josh (Casino)
When I had to sleep at they mama house
Thinkin when my brother had to hit that lick
Cause I couldn't even pay my fucking rent.