

## 6 To 14 In 12

YoungBloodz

6 to 14 in 12, y'all motherfuckers slow as hell  
It ain't no mo' going to jail  
Cuz' my folk ain't got no mo' bail  
Cuz' first it's me, and then it's you  
I say first it's me, and then it's you

Now over the years as a Youngblood, I done walked out and fought  
There's a cost to being brought up, and still I ain't gave a fuck  
Not easier said than done, it don't matter how many come  
They got you on the lock, striking men into your bums  
Sometimes I had no fun, now the law done got me trapped  
With my back against the wall, some waiting on me to turn it back  
Now that is that, and this is this, and if you miss, you bound to slip  
So watch that shit, just as they ship you, and pimp you, and dick you  
Takin' you for granted, so nigga you'd best handle it  
Before they catch you slanted, don't panic, you on your own  
Now brace yourself, they everywhere off in your town, taking what is left

I woke up quick, thought it was about noon  
These drawls had me gone, Victorias and perfume  
See when it too much good, somethin' got to go bad  
Just yesterday got my insurance and tag  
Feelin' good never bad, on the way to see flat'  
Tryin' to take it to the crib tell my folks bout the zag  
Now see I'm in the Lac' so I ain't drivin' too fast  
Just my luck, I creeps up on they ass  
The police study beats, settin' up this road block  
Found out the hard way it's only 10 o'clock  
And ain't no room to shake the spot, plus everything tight  
Gave em' all my shit, pulled over to the right  
And what was said in my head "Now I'm all fucked up"  
Like my square, sir tell me what is all this for  
I ain't did a damn thang, but I'm back in this wagon  
Handcuffin' this clown ass nigga still braggin'  
Ain't a damn thang funny, what the hell this be bout'  
Tell me where the fuck I'm going, how the hell I get out  
See at times like this, you gotta depend on your folk  
See we got that lil' bit, but rather spend it on dope  
Now I'm out this bitch, see your ass in court  
6 to 14 in 12, your too slow

Hey what's up man, hey let me get one of them squares from you folk  
I hope these niggas at the house man  
Damn man ,these folk got me down here  
Bout' some motherfuckin' driver's license man  
What kinda shit is that man?  
Made my hoe walk to the house  
Man I hope these niggas at the crib man  
I gotta get the hell up outta here now  
That's on the blow  
Man these niggas ain't at the attic man  
Man, fuck this shit, man  
I gotta call my momma, man fuck this

Bologna slab was thick, ain't no grits in my bowl  
Tryin' to take it to the crib, and sit on my commode  
They took my license, so now my shit is gone

But me and this Cadillac, we got a mind of our own  
Wood grain, hill daddy tight  
Ready to stomp the gas when I see a flashin' blue light  
The reason that we ride like this, ain't got the funds to get the right  
Police be takin' out your ass, cash low  
Ain't got no place to stash my dope, at the time  
Either yours or mine, stay down on da' grind  
Servin' niggas with the dope from a blunt to a line  
Throw my shit in the bushes make it hard to find  
It's 6 to 14 and I ain't fuckin' around

I can't help but just to be that nigga, the nigga you can't fuck wit'  
Now what the hell, just done happened, as I'm lost in this shit  
Off in these cuts, doing what I gotta do, just as I reap bail  
And break bail, up out these jail cells, see what I do well  
And dat' is your last remark  
So don't you start comin' around up here up after dark  
Thinkin' you hard, with no regard, cause see I'm a' hit you where it hurts  
Quenches the thirst, you in the curse  
Makin it bad from worse off in the hearst, from what you done did  
I kid you not, Youngbloodz and Attic Crew and takin' shit just as you rottin'  
,  
Nigga