

## La Costra Nostra

Yukmouth

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
October 18th '74, the year I was born  
A young nigga ready for war  
It's in my blood to get the 'fetty for sure  
I was cursed since birth to get the patties slanging faggats are raw  
And I'm the advocate, crack head, in '86 we started having shit  
Rock it and cook it to cut the baggin' is, when crack-ages  
For my cousin, making twenty off a note  
But I refused to go broke, my whole family slang dope  
And my big sister was a little richer 'cause she always fucked  
Around with the big pushers  
I watched niggaz break keys in sinks with jackhammers and ginsus  
Throw me money for tennis shoes  
I been a dude since high school with latest clothes and them jewels  
Had me paper chasing, I didn't finish school  
I bought a quarter ounce in the ooze  
Got a crew, hit the block, start hustling like the real niggaz do  
I'm walking in the shoes of Phoenix Mitchell  
And Little D, I'm balling niggaz from my projects I listened to  
I keep it real with my interviews  
I was broke as fuck and sleeping on the floor in the village dude  
I'm just a wise G, why chronic D, smoking finer weed  
Thick as quarter peak, I build a dynasty?  
So a pistol whip and rob niggaz  
What goes around, comes around 'cause I end up getting shot nigga  
But got love not, my hope don't stop, I pop bubbly  
Like the whole block locked, I live lovely  
And my father was a black gorilla family crack dealer  
With the house on 'Icula, made scratch for realla  
That's why I say it's in my blood 'cause my father was a thug  
With the Columbian blood, flood the block with drugs nigga  
We slang lots of coca with glocks up in the hosta'  
La Costra Nostra nigga