

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 ar
e 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 ginsu
s
Throw me money for tennis shoes
I been a dude since high school with latest clothes and them je
wels
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 du
de
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 nig
ga
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