

Hold it!

Now you get out of here, I'm warning you  
(You bastards can't push us around, wanna fight?)  
I'll take you on

That nigga's twisted  
Stop playing with that clip man  
Close them fucking blinds too man, ya know what I'm saying?  
Yo Don my man, get out of the stove man  
Get away from the stove nigga  
Stop playing man, the fuck is you talking 'bout?

I'm in the crib watching Larry King Live, the new Gucci's on  
Refrigerator, smoking some kush, this nigga's a lighter  
Swisher, becoming a roach, go get the glass ashtray  
Pour the glass of Crut, tap the bottle then toast  
Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son  
Soon to be 3, tried to fill his bottle then run  
Then I got a collect call, heard niggas down the block is fighting  
Some nigga got, knifed up brawling  
Heard the kid was 19, Lil' Infinity too  
His father worked up at the dealer he loved boo  
They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't having it though  
Yeah, yeah my nigga, the color of glue  
Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me my nigga  
This is like out of the blue  
I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain  
Proceded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face slap  
Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed  
Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check  
Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true  
Only thing that stop my gun flaming cause he related to you

Who? He ain't related to me  
Just that I knew him for like 18 years until he violated, stealing my gear  
If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me  
Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me  
Come home and still blow cats for me  
Pump crack, stabbing all them hoodrat shorties  
A live gunslinger well known, born to dance  
When the heat is on, Stapleton days, shoot himself in the groin  
The gun went off, it looked like a flick  
When he fell to the floor, holding his nuts, screaming "God dammit  
Shit I put one in my balls, what the fuck y'all looking at me for?  
Call the police, do something  
Motherfuckers standing around, watch when I get better  
All hell's gonna be terror  
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red  
I said chill that's fam duke  
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that  
But anyway son indeed, he stole two Polo rugbies  
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it  
Yo Lord I knocked out his teeth  
Now he's rocking those false joints like everything's peace