Well, I got to say, it's too hood for TV, it's real talk nigga!

Ain't nothing going on, but the rent Especially since my money is spent Looking out the window, it's about that time for you to see me Let's get some real niggaz banging, stop ganging on the weenies I'm about to go all '85 on the niggas, locks and beanies!

Hey nigga, where's the money?
What do you say nigga, got a nine nigga, got a K nigga, spray nigga
I ain't doing nothing that important that a real nigga
Can't come see a nigga, all over her nigga
Put the lock, make them other niggaz fall back
I'm a monster in my '85 Gotti gold pack
The Sopranos, New Millennium Vandals
Tony Montana, the hood Marlon Brando!

We think mechanical, and we're verbal mechanics
In the back trying to reconnect the blocks in the expanding slot

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It's a wrap, without the terrorists Next plan, back to the houses, tagging an ex clan It feels like the world's coming to an end A nigga just killed two niggaz And died in the process, and all three of them was friends The new millennium, death toll maximum murder rate Back to '86, '87 and '88 I'm tired of playing games with the gang I'm tired of interacting with lanes I'm tired of the way people change About to go on a fucking frenzy with the homies, the water, the K and the ga uge Tired of acting like shit's cool Letting the radio or television dictate if shit's cool That's the type of shit to bring the fool out of a fool And start acting up names for the new motor pool

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There's personal military mobile fire fumes