

## 2 Weapons

38 Spesh

I took every page out my life and put it all in this rap shit... and this what you get

I played ball, played cards and had all of the aces  
Raw glass, minotaurs stashed all in the basement  
Ain't tell like ya'll told when you caught them lil cases  
I kept eating, and kept secrets like my father a mason  
Old custies flipped, had my name all in their statements  
How I never took shorts, and how my corners was shaking  
We played Little League and knew the streets was all for the taking  
The OGs seen up your hunger and all of them faces  
Adapted quick to trap shit, it was all in my nature  
I watched quarter joints and half bricks fall off my razor  
My bitch cold, and she smoke like she a quarter Jamaican  
I talk numbers, all boss shit that ya'll could relate with  
I like my Hennessy cold, you know water to chaser  
Twenty deep, we all up, so we ordering cases  
Toolies all on our waists, excuse me, pardon my gangsta  
Cause it don't get no more street unless it's part of the pavement

Ayo, I used to grind to pay my momma mortgage  
Run the faucet, put a fork inside the pot, pray I find a fortune  
Next thing you know I'm supplying bosses  
And denying offers, went from driving Porsches to flying saucers  
I done had all kinda foreigners, never got extorted  
A nigga rob me? He dying for it  
New mop, extra clip when twenty shots support it  
That's enough shots to spit a sixteen and drop a chorus  
My last plug got deported  
He used to throw an extra brick on top of every block I ordered  
Both my kids know that I support 'em  
I'm copping Jordans, they momma and they poppa both shopaholics  
You baller-block, and my block was balling  
I put a phone line in your bitch name and tell her not to call it  
.44 six shot revolver  
One bullet'll have him jumping out the chair like he not the father  
I'm testing crops' performance  
I told 'em certain plants just talk to me, it's like the Shop of Horrors  
My bitch said that I got to spoil her  
She relied on me to eat for nothing, now I got to starve her  
We send hoes shopping for us  
Not for clothes, they fix they credit and finance watches for us  
Used to ride in a hot Explorer  
Now it's two hard tops in NY, and one drop in Florida  
I came a long way from copping quarters  
Got a side bitch in Tahiti that see me when I stop in Bora  
You talk tough, but I got the aura  
Of a nigga that'll come and shoot your daughter while she watching Do  
ra  
Huh!