

## Chalk Board

38 Spesh

Now what the fuck I gotta talk for  
Hustlin' remind me of a chalkboard, all I see is green and white  
My first block of raw gave my team some life  
Two pots going off like beans and rice  
Got a charge and he don't wanna leave his wife  
Now it's bugs on his dogs like fleas and lice  
Nothing cause lockjaws like fiends and pipes  
Made his face change color like Jesus Christ, right  
I got a spirit that led folks  
Even when I was dead broke, they treated me like the head coach  
My bitch drove to the west coast  
For the best smoke, chickenhead  
You want bread, we spread loafs  
Hated by niggas I fed most  
Keep a infrared close case I gotta leave 'em with lead smoke  
Fuck y'all I like dead folks  
That's probably the reason why I'm conversatin' with Fred ghost  
I fed hope, my bitches follow instructions they read notes  
On top of they bed woke  
Understand that the feds close  
They heard everything I said and spoke, that's why I fled coast  
Nigga come and get yo head broke  
You been a snitch you like Benedict to the Red Coats  
Niggas wanna see my leg broke, cause I find a price and I'm surrounded by white like egg yolk