

Drought Pain

38 Spesh

(Gangsta Grillz, you bastards)

Nah'm sayin'?

It's only right

We used to buy this shit by all means, my nigga

We speaking about the benefits of hard work

Nah mean? Deal, steal, kill

Mr. Thanksgiving

Let's go

I'm the definition of this

Uh, yo

Like when the drought came, these niggas had felt drought pain

TCF

That's when the "For Sale" sign on the house came

Niggas goin' broke, ain't nobody got no coke

Fiends can't even smoke, real niggas [?]

38 Special

I try and bounce back but I ain't got no [?]

TCF

I deaded my last one, he ain't showing no love

Huh

I ain't holding no grudge, it's all in the game

Never thought I'd see the day [?] hard with the 'caine

Team Invasion

Get 'em

Now when I say it got hard, man, it really got hard

Niggas that was ballin' last year, got jobs

'07? The year of the losses

Ended the career of these fake ass bosses

No more flossin', no more auctions

No more talkin', whole lot of coffins

Fuck that, niggas gettin' beat

So when I go the store now, I'm riding with the heat, motherfucka

Now what the fuck these niggas talkin' 'bout a drought?

If it ain't up north then I'm headed to the south, for real

Only real niggas know what I'm about

I get the shit home then I get the shit gone, come on

Only real niggas know how I floss

If it ain't down south then I'm headed to the north, for real

Only real niggas get to be a boss

Ah man, Shay, let's go

I get the shit home then I get the shit gone, come on

Buff City Records, what's up?

I caught a jook for three bricks, but that ain't last long

Turnt that three into five, hit the ave, it was on

Stan Simon

Niggas [?] my phone, I'm like, "That bitch gone"

They like, "Are you serious, nigga? You dead wrong"

What

Shit, since they couldn't get their hands on weight

I stretched my shit so hard it was damn near fake

Look, all the powder gone but you know the cook good

Well, I'm lying, but the shit look good

Spesh

Y'all had to [?] standing in line

Y'all ain't gone get [?] money for them faggot ass shines
You broke niggas ain't got half of my grind
I show you how to do this, a half at a time
Break that brick down, take half, leave half at home
Call a nigga in a half and half his dome
Go back, break that other half to stones
Or save half of that for the acetone

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Dedicated to everybody sitting down
This is stand up music
We got you
585, I see you