

Reporting from the corner crevices
Where work for the coroner's effortless
He snitch, he a tattletale
Black ink put his name on his little brother's arm, every tat a tale
I had a MAC, he had a gat as well
He was sellin' crack so from the back I blew his back on the back of his cell
Circle back, put it back on the shelf
Bring somethin' bigger back that look like the back of an elf
He was hostile in his feelings
Gun in his mouth, the Nas all in his feeling
TBM, my gang gon' ride when they see you
Shot a bang over your eye just like Aaliyah
38, I need a breather
Still clean the lip on the rim with a breather
I know where his mom stay, he gon' grieve her
In the trees is where I leave her, you know

Ayy yo, you niggas rap about pistols and work
When really you broke and your pistol don't work
How you talk about lockin' down strips on the first?
When, nigga, you watch the kids when your bitch go to work?
I spent a grip on a purse, see my bitch know her worth
All she do is clean up, suck dick, go to church
'Fore I bust open a brick, I stare at it first
And just think how the meek shall inherit the earth
Play with me, you'll be buried somewhere under earth
Your grave ain't dug yet, they preparing the dirt
My man, he sold coke while his parents would work
His pops heard through the grapevine like Gerald Levert
I done shipped buckets of kush, barrels of purp
To addresses all across America's turf
You know Erica, but you don't know Erica's worth
She got pulled with the motherload and ain't dare let 'em search
See you gotta be very alert
When you're carryin' another person's load like a surrogate birth
You can sit down with me, preparin' the work
At the table with two spoons like we sharin' desert, trust