

## Route 38

38 Spesh

Ayo I drive down it wasn't working out  
Couldn't afford a Rolls-Royce so I went ahead and bought a quarter ounce  
Fuck it Imma try this corner out  
I went from standing on a corner to places I never thought about  
I know what being locked all about  
I used to stand up all my bum  
Got 10 O'Clock when they call the count  
Was getting money in large amounts  
You went home and came back  
I went home and bought a house  
Now they love me in Australia  
Biggest fears being broke half  
And a dude with bars'll tell ya  
But don't let the lord jail ya  
You gon broke and they stop showing love, I call it heart failure  
Was locked in the dark cellar, a raw seller  
You couldn't walk a mile in my Margielas  
I made land from a grain of sand  
And if you ain't taking care of your fam, nigga you maniac

Baby Imma product turned to streets  
Ain't nothing we never bought  
We know daddy/that he gon be okay  
And if you miss the 4 pound drought  
You layin in there in your house  
Shit, we prolly chillin in your hallway  
And you know that the streets don't sleep  
My family gotta eat  
Man You know I'm getting to it all day  
And as soon as the sun comes out, ain't nothin' to talk about  
Because it's easy you learn the shit the hard way

Ayo, you ain't never got a brick on plate  
Opened it up and took two deuces out like you dealing spades  
I was young with a pimpin phase  
I learned how to make women behave even the renegades  
Spent a lot of time gettin paid or gettin in the beef  
Couldn't sleep till I seen them in their grave  
Target practice with a gauge  
Print a picture on a page and shoot at it till the image fades  
Teachers said I was a lost cause  
Till I bought cause and could've bring it home like report card  
Feds want a nigga caught hard, my lawyers fought real hard to beat that first degree assault charge  
My wife know that I go hard, she ain't ever gotta work no job but touch a do ugh knob  
Gentlemen shit that ain't no prob  
A real gangsta takes care of his family before he go mob

Baby Imma product turned to streets  
Ain't nothing we never bought  
We know daddy/that he gon be okay  
And if you miss the 4 pound drought  
You layin in there in your house  
Shit, we prolly chillin in your hallway  
And you know that the streets don't sleep  
My family gotta eat

Man You know I m getting to it all day  
And as soon as the sun comes out, ain't nothin' to talk about  
Because it's easy you learn the shit the hard way