Sharp Steel

38 Spesh

Yo, Yo
I'm in ah Bentley
But I want the Rolls truck
We rolling up
We the illest
Won't even hold you up
You niggas living in disgust
You going on 40 and you ain't made enough
You fucked up yo
I'm in ah Bentley
But I want the Rolls truck
We rolling up
We the illest
Won't even hold you up
You niggas living in disgust
You going on 40 and you ain't made enough
You fucked up

Look
Surviving these wicked streets
I got ah story to tell
I got 'Daddy Issues'
I Gotta go on Maury to tell
Made a farm and planted seeds
And dug up my crops
Niggas ain't wanna give props
I got fish tanks filled with blood from the Opps
I was ah kid when my cousin got shot
Ain't get ah hug from his pops
So instead he hugging the block
Bitches CNA's
They just wanna get 'Hot
So she fucking the same dude that's selling drugs to her Pops
Ugh
Only the streets relate
'Cause I'm no stranger to the struggle
Shit, the pain just made me humble
Calling plays and bitches fumble
Too complex for niggas
So they made me to ah puzzle
Keep banana clips 'cause Momma raised me in the jungle
Spitting image to Wisdom & Destiny's Child
Skin is Ebony-Brown
It's African rooted
My flesh is ah' crown
Stephanie's child
They pressure me now
Cause I'm the one they mention when they ask
"Who the best from the town?"

Ayo
I send ah prayer to the Guy above
I'm supplying and buying drugs
Got hand outta the 'talian rugs
I sneak guns inside the club
Catch me hiding snub's
Talking to my plug inside the Irish Pub

Nigga I un'show my rivals love
I slide 'em slugs
Give em deadly handshakes and homicidal hugs
Ain't realize how high I was
Till I played your music
And the shit fucked up my entire buzz
Huh
'Dem niggas want me dead too
Put prices on my head too
My Bitch got shot in the head too
So fuck around and get cha head blew
Think I'ma miss with this lead?
Den' somebody mislead you
Huh
The nigga bled ah red pool
When ya can't swim
Ya just lay in ya blood and trans-move
White suit and red shoes
That was his going away outfit
He looked dead-cool
Quarter-Mill'
In my dresser still
I rep' for real
Left from Jail
As soon as the Judge set the bail
I got money and invested well
Got other investors looking to invest
Cause of my projected sales
The cops searching for extra shells
I had 13 and left with 1
So I expected 12
Play with me then I'm raising Hell
Blazing shells
I handle beef with 'sticks like Texas de Brazil
Trust!

Listen
38 Strategies of Raw is on the way nigga
Believe that, February 1st
Right now
It's 5 shots
5 shots
Trust, Trust
Huh?

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