

Support

38 Spesh

All my niggas getting bread in New York
Trying to stay away from federal court, I feel your pain
To my niggas that never would talk
I let you know I send my support
Do your thing!

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Now play your part, cousin
It's a pool full of sharks, cousin
Your mind was ready for the world, but your heart wasn't
We all done it, we all wanted the cars and broads from it
These the results of our sure coming
But I ran with four fifth dumpers
You ran with the runners and the tall fence jumpers
All my dogs been gone for six summers
We were stunners, now we're all did numbers
This is for my niggas with all did numbers
That go to the floor and get ganja
Fuck a stick, nigga we blow logs of big lumber
There's nothing a hog can get from us
We got four-fours that spit thunder
We kick down doors for quick come ups
Rich or poor, the pigs want us
I'm good in the hood by the store
And I'm on the Fed's bulletin board
Nigga, I'm good in the war
'Cause I live by the bullet and sword
And I pull to a nigga, can't pull anymore
They wanna put a tag on my foot in the morgue
'Cause I got wood in the dash and wood in the door
Mink on the floor, you think about yours
While I think about my mans in the clink up north
Let's go!

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I see these bitch niggas live for the moment
AR send em to Moses, I send my condolence
Whip stolen, bitch nigga I'm rolling
Finish unloading, when his body temperature frozen
I'm giving out rivers and oceans
Grave sights, yellow tape, candles, ribbons, and roses

I do it for my bitches that's holy
Exposing visiting prisons with drugs, they fit em in trojans
My life too real for me to chill
It's something about it, I just gotta be in the field
Shout out to my nigga who finally beat his appeal
Before the feds indict me, I'll probably be in Brazil
Chill, I seen better days before
We open our spots and barricade the doors
Young rich niggas that never made the Forbes
Custom fit everything, tailor made my drawers
I ball like I never saved before
Suede floors when I decorate my cars
Car paid for and my crib paid for
Laywer paid for in case I catch a charge

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Life's a bitch, but karma is too
Take a look at the casket, bet it's one that can fit you
Quarter back to work and the rallies will blitz you
We know this, so we light up the blunts with a pistol
It's sorta like Russian roulette with no [?]
I salute to the niggas that's never given their name out (Salute)
We send our support, [?]
Smoke with some hash on the dance floor
Chick [?] leave you a lot of cash flow
[?] get life and one of them niggas' asshole
Don't be an asshole, learn how the pass go
Monopoly money got us hotter than Tobasco
Now the board game turned into a sore game
I gave all pain, yeah to the Lord game
Cause a real nigga will get ya
It's SP The Ghost and 38 Special!