

# Deep Az the Root

Above the Law

See I wakes up in the afternoon  
Somewhat kinda slow  
I'm thinking about the homie he just got caught  
He ain't never bang befo'  
Yeah, it's '97 it's too late for that shit  
I don't trip, I take a sip  
And then I think I'm still drinking  
Yeah the hood is leaking  
All my little freaks is like creeping  
Then I found out  
All them niggas we put down was like bitches  
Motherf\*cking snake ass bitches  
See, never no mo' slipping  
I'm still tripping how they say 'Pac's gone  
But I still hear them songs  
I guess the real niggas feel it  
And all the cowards around the world really didn't  
(I know they didn't)  
See I need's a new bag to bag big head Monopoly money  
It ain't funny  
A nigga need them bills to fold  
When I roll, we in the industry we like hoes on a stroll  
So I'ma stick a nigga fo' I go  
See ah, my youngest daughter she like spoiled  
So if I have to sell a gang of cavi and spread my soil  
I'ma do this cause my nigga's rent due  
Plus all that little shit that me and K-Oss done been through  
Plus collaborations from my nigga Hutch  
He keep a nigga pocket broke huff, ha  
No no' swap meet, 10K  
A nigga feel good on a stroll through Coitier  
(Who wanna play?)  
I still hang with my niggas that sell that shit  
I tell you how much it cost and where to get it

ATL got clientele so you know that we gon' flip it  
Riding wild in the west with a meal ticket

Sometimes I can't fight the feeling  
These setbacks they come by the millions  
Life is one big escapade  
You won't know till it's too late  
Sometimes I can't fight the feeling  
These setbacks they come by the millions  
Everyday's an episode  
Can you handle the load?

Now I was told to sit down and shut when grown folks speak  
And keep your head in them books f\*ck them streets  
But instead I be out here and with my next of kin  
Trying to dodge doing 20 in the pen  
So count me in  
On a half of them two thangs  
So I can paint a much brighter picture for my frame  
And count change  
My baby mama think that I'm a bank  
She thinks my car is always on a full tank

Yeah, mama be telling me to slow down  
Take a deep breath and take a step and look around  
Uh, yeah  
Cause I don't think that I can grind forever  
I got to trust who I can trust and put up with bad weather  
I shake broads to the left  
Cause I don't know who gon' try to gank me and shank me for my wealth  
Yo, I learn from my great uncle Ken  
That there's a thin line between you and your ends