

Glorified, Glorified, Glorified,

In the game of pain that rang the outlaws  
Freaks come through at a 2 no draws  
Stop for a sec tige don't take a pause  
If you don't see no pigs then there ain't no laws  
Get beefy with me 1 time when I rap  
To all them other niggas is  
Like bullets in the back  
On the highway going fucka fucka fast  
Blowing on a chopper when I'm mucka mucka mad  
Make way steady on the dirty dirty cash  
When nothing hurts tige only when I laugh

I glorified the crime rate in my state  
The mothafucka thinks is the fliest place

Die mothafucka you know I ain't concerned  
You make a mothafucka really do learn  
Popeye nigga and go home and eat spinach  
Get back on the block I really can't finish  
I'm ready to rap till the gods say quit  
Until then freaks you gon hear my shit  
Parden my manapose and parden my french  
And god so check it out, put me in the mix  
I'm shooting with my eyes closed at 5-0  
Leaving every where I go smelling like a rose  
Hanging out the car window what's up hoes  
Stepped out and showed the hoes the gangsta pose

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Your lucky you brothas go boom bang bang  
America is the game with a gold wet rang  
Keep your daughtars chain my eyes never change  
Hard to break like a cuban link chain  
Stay back fo a while the mayne in livin color  
Instead of right next to me mothafucka  
Die ya'll hi ya'll fry ya'll  
Spit the truth tell the youth it's a lie ya'll  
The only advice I can give to a brotha  
Is fire up the weed motha fucka  
Check it

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Shit can u understand now, I'm glorified