

"I know you hate to hear the drama" x3  
"the drama's all we know"  
"I know you hate to hear the drama"  
"the drama's all we know"

Jise was a scapegoat with staggered tear hype  
Snipe life work on the street poles  
with jailstripes born spic with temples of dynamite  
Strolling turnpikes troopers will take your life  
Jise died a week ago, stealing some rice  
It's kinda trife without a wife and kids  
He landed on skid road facing a bid  
with blood on his bib, manslaughtered his wiz  
He should've did the pride away,  
slid to hustle legit  
He grabbed dreams with mits, losing a steady grip  
Without the wits you're in shit  
Within the pits of sleaze hell, spit fits  
of hunger split his own wig  
Lava leaking from top lid, shades of grey coat  
his atmosphere, to rid 'em of the positives  
moves lived  
He broke grid, shifty biz the greenback sense  
Making a mends, with pocket cents  
He smoke sin, robbing ladies and gents  
He rather kick it on corners with sauna  
sources of hatred  
Patriot of the jungles of N.Y.  
he never made it  
Faded by the crossfires of gimmick  
He lost his image, LSD marking the scrimmage  
He'll never finish, forget it down in the village  
with saks of tray size  
Selling to vintage niggas with cashroll  
missing the whole prize  
He sizing up the shorty with splash expertise  
Within his eyes there's no ease, don't ask why  
She's cuty tease, cheese hag sittin on genital  
sore case, with all types of insecurities  
Get your knees and get these the D's  
and mom dukes discuss the where abouts of young man  
Who ran it contraband styles  
with dreams of rocking summerjam (damn)  
It's kinda sad that we blew out this concept (damn)  
It's kinda sad that we blew out this concept!

Street life equals hard times plus  
hard crimes divided by death  
Prison multiplied by life wasted  
Swallowed by the Earth before you could even taste it

"I've seen the hood raised brothers"  
"killed too many of us"  
"killed too many of us"