

Found My Niche

AZ

Uh uh uh, uh uh

Low caesar, kept fresh off the steps in the summer heat
Blessed to be amongst the rest, it's a younger me
Mock necks, Adidas sweats, Lee's dungarees
BVD under tees, shit, I hung with G's
Everybody reppin' they P's, speakin' slang
'Til the God start connectin' degrees, seekin' change
Some puffin' weed, no E, some sneakin' 'caine
Then that crack hit the map, it's a wrap, the reaper came
Crews started formin' in cliques they runnin' blocks
On the strip when a live nigga flip you wanna watch
It's bugged, seen the doctor in scrubs come and cop
The love of drugs, finally found me a plug to run a spot
Switch gears, fuckin' with peers, they out of town
Packed up, blew for a year without a sound
Came back, reappeared, it's going down
And what I seen was a whole lotta kings that lost they crown
Smoked out, others was dead, some in the Feds
It broke out, covid, the plague spread
Zombies in the streets on the creep, they wanna hit
Homies over beef, it was deep, that summer shit
Venereal spreadin' in sections, a lot of sexin'
Imperial Moët reppin', a lot of weapons
Jewels on niggas' neck, they want wreck
Big body Benz on deck, who wanna flex?
Feelin' like a killer inside, my soul died
'Til the God wise open my eyes, word up...

Peace Seven, this ain't right and exact
You fallin' victim to that devilishment, God
We supposed to build not destroy, we true and livin'
Don't add on to the genocide G-O-D
Get back on your square

That's what I did, raids on niggas cribs, they killin' kids
The system wasn't lettin' 'em live, they gave bids
Life on back of they numbers, 20 summers
I'm just now seein' some niggas since I was younger
Flat top, I jot mine in '89
Had props, I got knocked for baby time
Still straight, whole body laced with crazy shine
Then my Ace got shot in the face, they made me rhyme
Money dryin' up in the streets, I took a seat
Stop ridin' dirty in jeeps and rode beats
Reality rap, shit sick, I found a niche
'94, came with Life's a Bitch