

No Intro

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You know what I'm sayin? I ain't got time to do no intro to the motherfuckin' album, you know I'm sayin? This the motherfuckin' intro. Real thug shit. Now, shit, let me turn this down. Hold on, hold on baby. Stop braidin' my hair real quick, let me ligh t this up so I fuckin' do this bullshit. Real quick. Go ahead and put the grease in, baby. Go ahead. Mm Hm. Yeah. Huh, huh quit touchin' on me, quit touchin' on me like that. No no no. No no no. Turn that shit down. What nigga? See these niggas want to hear war stories, I'm a tell you somethin' nigga. We happy motherfuckers in this motherfuckin' rap game dog. I'm gonna be real with you shoutin' man. This shit ain't real man, they talkin' about bandagin' shit up. You know what I'm sayin'? Ounces and, and, and ki's. Man, these motherfuckers ain't even pushin' powdered sugar out here man. These motherfuckers is soft like cotton candy, nigga. They wizin' nigga, at the first sign of moisture nigga. You know what I'm sayin'? You talkin' to a real nigga who's still goin' through this shit nigga. You talkin' to a real nigga who still go through shoot outs out here in the motherfuckin' streets, nigga. I'm in the motherfuckin' studio nigga, handlin' my business. Doin' me, nigga. Niggas runnin' in the studio nigga with burners nigga. Shootin' a joint up, nigga. Look in' for a nigga. But ain't nobody shootin' and shit nigga. Nigga, with my gun nigga, between my legs with this other nigga brawlin' and shit. Niggas scared than a motherfucker, you know what I'm sayin'? I'm tellin' 'em to shut the fuck up 'fore they come down and kill everybody. Nigga shot like four motherfuckers upstairs and shit, nigga, you know what I'm sayin'? Hearin' gun fire and at the same time, nigga, I'm just listenin' to some crazy-assed gangsta shit. So shit was goin' on during the soundtrack. Nigga, we look at the cameras and shit, all you see is masked men nigga, comin' in the motherfuckin' door nigga, you know I'm sayin'? They shoot the job upstairs and shit, they run downstairs, nigga. I'm leanin' up against the motherfuckin' wall and shit, and they run past and shit, run in the bathroom. He jump out the trap. Didn't know shit about the sneak done. I didn't know about it till the motherfuckin' come runnin' around the corner. Police pullin' me out the house with this other dude brawlin' and shit. Shakin' like a motherfuckin' crackhead and shit, nig. And ah, you know me. Police want to question me nigga, and you know I gave 'em, my usual, nigga; Nothing. Heh. I said, look I need a pack of cigarettes, dog. So I walked up to the corner store, got a pack of cigarettes. Ran to my little sis Cassy's house. Had her drop me off at the Northside, hit the gangster studio and went go rock the shit. Man, niggas don't go through real war shit, man, out here, man. They they just talkin' these rappers out here they spittin' you know what I'm sayin'? You know, on Cd's you don't see 'em in the thug market, you don

't see 'em in the hood, you don't see 'em in the ghetto's, you don't see 'em where the killers at. They entertainin' now, you know what I'm sayin'? They entertainin' the street niggas, entertainin' the hood. You know what I'm sayin'? And this is safe. The whole industry and I come to bring the real nigga, that's where I come, I come to keep it real. I know, I come from Bone Thugs-N-Harmony. You know what I mean? I know all of that. You know what I mean? I started in the nigga business when I was young, but that don't mean that I can't grow and own my own. And understand what I need to do as a company, as a label, and as an artist, and as a man and encompass that in one movement which is 7th Sign/ Enter the kingdom, nigga.