

Lonely Road

Blac Youngsta

(I got Hitman on the beat)

Lonely road, lonely road
It's been a lonely road, lonely road
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I cannot move forward, I can't lie, I want revenge ('Venge)
It was hard to live life without my friends 'til they end (End)
Paid his daughter a visit, I told her, "Moni, I'm gon' sin" (Sin)
She looked at me and said, "Wish I could see my dad again" (Again)
You couldn't understand what I been through, I'm not a college student
Picture you goin' through that same old cycle, niggas crossin' you
I operate on so many people like the doctor do
They come to me for advice, talk to 'em like the chopper do (Yeah)
DEA hit my crib, then they said somebody sent them (Who?)
Playin' with my life, they already know that I'm against them (Bitch ass)
I left the streets alone, trendin' topic like the Simpsons (On Blood)
I whip some shit whiter than that water I had to rinse in (Whip it)
And I'm still thuggin' even though the world say they against me (Fuck 'em)
I'm connected to God all the time, He still assist me
Thought we was a team, 'member we used to say we like the Grizzlies
Nigga throwin' shade, but I'm already Black and crispy
I be hearin' that stick talk in them songs and shit, they tryna diss me
They gon' have to stick talk to the boss 'cause I'll come throw a frisbee
(Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)
Yeah, and I can't let 'em get me (What else?)
Yeah, I can't let 'em, yeah
I can't let 'em play me like a ho 'cause I ain't goin'
Invested in real estate, my dog, he got a showin' (A showin')
Damn near buy my own animals, I just bought a Boeing (Boeing)
Tryna teach my gang how to do somethin' legit with they coins (For real)
Tryna let that bullshit go for us to be reborn (On God)
I just wanna see gang at the top, I'm already goin'
Niggas talk tough on the internet, but they gon' run (Run)
I'll put you to sleep, boy, you won't make it to see the sun
When my big cousin jumped off that porch, I was thuggin' then
I was gangbangin', I was totin' a torch, all I did was spin
'Fore I shot my gun, all I did was clutch, pistol-playin' then
I was the type of nigga kick down your door, then I ran in (Ah)

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I'm the first lil' nigga pulled my gat out (Made 'em tap out)
Knew you wasn't a hundred, but I ain't back out (I ain't, yeah)
Thought I could change the way you think and shit like a fast guy (Facts)
Told me you don't respect no suckers, but turned to dead guy (Bitch ass)
I strap a bomb around my chest, walk in that bitch, let it explode
Innocent bystanders in the way, I hate they had to go
I ain't never had no problems, but I'm stayin' dangerous at my shows
If that bitch feel like a set-up, swear to God we kill the promoter

Nigga gotta go (Go, go, go)
Somebody gotta go (Go, go)
I swear to God they gotta go (Go, go)
Swear it's, somebody gotta go (Go)

I swear to God they gotta go
They gotta go (Go)
Heavy Camp (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)