

Red & Gold

Blu

Yeah, grown up thug shit, I fell in love with
Crime at a young age, I was into dark shit
So much pain, I didn't fear anything
Destined to be a king, word to everything
The infamous lil nigga from the island, Hempstead get dough and get violent
Shoutout to terrace, park side, the shacks in Martin Luther King Drive
Dusty lil hood niggas love my raps, they identify with me, they can relate to that
Big gin gallon, lil black strap, put you to sleep real quick, lil cat nap
You wake up in a few months, now how that happen?
Dummy motherf*cker got his dome [?]

Damn, it was a wrap with the window cracked
The jakes thought it was the crack in the lac, he had the sister crack
Was on my D and let the sisters pass, was on my G, the Capri 83s with the mirror match
I never banged Crip til I hang with Crips, you lucky I ain't had a eight on my hip
You seen days when you seen K's, was on gauge thinking I ain't seen a gauge, turn the gauge to the ink pen
88 she sat on the plates, told her I was 83 bagged the whole race
Gold chains on my chest, you need a vest just to be the best
I'm from the West where the realest rest, and the sun sets
The sun woke up to the bump, with the blunt wet
Thirty minutes after the hour, for the ones fetched
It was a Sunday when I did the album and got my first Jesus piece from my uncle Calvin
Cause I'm a

Only here by the grace of Jah, jumped out and [?]
Where each time bad bitch chase the car

Mandatory too far for a drop out in the Golden State and I was clocking [?] everyday like it was just for play
Product of the government's foul play, a eighties kid and it was twice the trip cause back then it was mainly Crips
We're fashionably su-wooping with a [?] of conscience
Impressionably my eyes wide through the nonsense, switch hit no homo
Lil nigga wanted nothing more than to come home with a trophy after winning the car show
Not too many managed to avoid the gathletes, but it's no deterring once a young lad turned savage
Hoop dreams turn to coupe dreams, cause on the average once he 14
He damu and grabs him a package

He starts screaming, grab a pitchfork stab a devil demon
I seen him, Pro-activis promethazine leaning
Dreaming with the sun out, death threats I pull my gun out, your best

bet is to run out
What you talkin' bout? I air em out like tires
Apply pressure with a pair of pliers, sing em like Jeremiah
Esquire swagging in a G wagon bragging bout, toe-tagging
Blowing fire out a dragon mouth, down south or back east, they say ou
t west you a beast
Call me in the morning take two of these, blue and greens by any mean
s
You a fiend, shoot him up with music like New Orleans, talking that p
atois mardi gras
Hardy har, you don't go nowhere without your bodyguard Gang Starr
Party hard, started off on Crescent Heights boulevard, finished it
All my niggas guilty slash innocent