

Thug life
What else?
227

Concrete
mafia

"You only live once"
First time I heard that was out of a fiend's mouth
Had to put my double cup down, I was too leant out
Thinkin' back in jail on all the shit I used to dream 'bout
Sellin' all that blow with lil' bro, but now he out
Heard the echo from the 'fore he could get the screams out
Hunnid shot AR, might bump yo' street, then let it clean house
Live from the house of blues
Seen a man' intestines spillin' out his stomach
Shit'll make you vomit and spit out yo' food
Strapped with a 9 and a splint, stackin' up ninety percent
Block slappin' harder than the backhand side of a pimp (Slap)
Hood a lil' colder ever since we lost that family feud
Got a little older, startin' payin' all my granny' bills
Spoilin' my sister son
Soil with a fifty drum
Soon as I knew there was money to get, I has to get me some
Think you can out-hustle Jackson? Must be smokin' fifty one
Smack yo' town and turn yo' city up, now that's a hit-and-run
What's good?

Yeah
Yeah, 1655
Junction sides, you know the vibe
The revolution will be televised
Uh

1655, servin' fiends like Boldy
The side door hot
Had 'em lined up, the whole hood know me
My lil ho was on the run, I met her in the city
Now we in Brooklyn, hittin' tricks, tryna stack, get out the city
She had two kids at home, I had one of mine
I was like twenty, goin' on twenty one at the time
Japenese denim, 'bout twenty thou' sittin' in 'em
Bathing Apes, acid high, still trippin' on it
Thirteen years in the game, still flexin' on 'em
I hope my mom's happy, I see her when I can
In Heaven smilin' at me, knowin' your son gon' win
Pull in the circle, I'll be down in five
That was Flatbush Ave, back at Avenue I
Made a killin', never snitch so high
That's your bitch, but that's my bitch too, my guy
Every other night, I contemplate suicide
I still do this 'cause there ain't no better feelin' inside