U Turn

CalBoy

Seen't a familiar face, I bust a U-turn
6lement
Hey

When them tears fall, know the path darker
I pray to the Lord, hear me Our Father (Ooh, ooh)
I remember times, felt I had to rob 'em
Been a shooter, you the only problem (Ayy)
I'ma shoot first, I'ma shoot first (Shooter)
Seen't a familiar face, I bust a U-turn (A U-turn)
Mama say, "You're runnin' wild, when will you learn?" (When will you learn)
Better not let 'em catch you slippin', 'cause they do burn
The opposition know what's up with me, they gon' respect it (Ugh)
I think I show too much love to feel neglected (Damn)
How the fuck my blood gon' cross me like an intersection?
Fuck it, he gon' catch a bullet like an interception (Boom)
All these drugs got me annoyed, I ride with lethal weapons (Ayy)
Yeah, we ride with FN, no Smith & Wesson (Ayy)
Got in with this FN, best hit a exit (Ayy)
Heard he killed my best friend, best hit his head then (Ayy)

Yeah, it been a while, still break it down like bale, bale
'Posed to guard me down, when niggas wild and can't jam
My lil' bro was down, they took him out, man down
Fuck a friend and risk my life for my fam
I pray to God to wash away the blood on my hands
Still fightin' demons, yeah, it's evil all in my head (Ayy)
I was younger, friends was monsters under my bed (Ayy)
Most of you people greedy, I agree, amen
I come from the trenches, ravioli, ramen
I was shorty with the .40, shawty got a hot hand
Type to pull up on your block and turn the bitch to robbin'
Squeeze the trigger, I'ma pull it 'til a nigga drop dead
Choppa make a lot of noise, show them boys we not playin'
Wonder how I got so rich, lil' bitch, I stuck to my plan
Wonder where I stand, right on the porch with Roxanne
147 Wildboy, we got all the opps scared

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Tried to take from the gang, he ended up with no hands
Fuck what they talkin' 'bout, we in the trap with Lohan (Ayy)

I just talked to mom and say, "Your boy a grown man"
I'm still off them Percocets, she startin' to notice (Ayy)
I'm still mixin' Xanny bars with my emotions
Might show you some love, darling, but we can't hold hands
We kept spinnin' blocks, I heard the opps goin' in
Mama and my papa say I'm fried from both ends
"Boy, you best be strapped, you can't get tired, it won't end"
I talked to the Lord, He said, "How many times you gon' sin?"
I just said, I'm solid, I won't fold, I won't bend
It ain't been too hard to cross that line, it's so thin
They won't open doors, so Cal the Wild done broke in
This shit on my mind, I rap it out, ain't no pen
I'm too real to be around the fake, it won't blend
And you know it's fact, fuck with the jacks, you won't win

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