

You are watching a master at work

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I'm beefing with some niggas and I know they ain't gonna play
Shit, I could die any day

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Shit, I could die any day, I gotta stay with it
You better stay with it
And I'm going to my grave with it
And I'm going to my grave

I gotta keep it a buck, I gotta keep it tuck
Cops locking niggas up
But I don't give a fuck
When they shoot you, you gotta duck
And bullet-proof the truck
'Cause it feels like real niggas running outta luck
So I gotta keep it with me, gotta keep the blikky
'Cause them boys in my hood will do you like you Ricky?
Your mama gotta cry, she yelling, "Baby, why?"
Your boy was supposed to ride, then he change his mind
Now you on the other side, sucka nigga, I don't fuck with niggas
I grew up with niggas, but I don't trust them niggas
So when its beef I keep a 80 by my belt
Last time I left the home, I was saying to myself

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No cap, I could get you clapped
Put money on your head, have niggas aiming at your cap
You know I never lack, my enemies put pain in
But mother fuck that I do the same thing
There's kids in your crib in your cribs, I seen kids where you live
You get bands, I get bands
Man, it's what it's
Puttin' niggas under pressure

Can't leave it on the dresser, when them niggas tryna test ya
I'm feeling war ready
The 4 heavy I'm more deadly
I'm just happy for the blessing that the Lord sent me
Still outside with the 80 on my belt
Last time I left it home I was saying to my self

I gotta stay with it
You better stay with it
Because I'm going to my grave with it
I'm going to my grave