

I remember late nights, pissy hallways  
Driving me psycho  
The money wouldn't come fast enough  
We was back and forth, down streamline  
Moving weight was like lipo  
The rest of y'all stuck in a rut  
Niggas double crossing, talk behind ya back  
See, that's where the knife go  
I guess they wasn't fuckin' wit' us  
Some niggas get the luck of the draw  
For others, life is a dice roll  
And waiting on faith ain't for us  
When you young, you realize that you can't trust a mouth where the pipe go  
They tried but couldn't love you enough  
Dance music on my neck  
Where's your water bottle?  
Diamonds, the light show  
Looking like the sun in the club  
If you re-ing up with us then your credit score gotta be  
F.I.C.O. I'm talkin' 850 or bust  
See you really real power when you make niggas balance on tight ropes  
They know they not much for the blood  
Have my man shoot ya block  
I'ma send his ass far as the flight go  
Ain't worried 'bout ducking a judge  
Keep frontin' for ya bitches  
Cause any minute repo might show  
You know that shit up in a month  
Heard your man was in there singing for his life  
They was calling him maestro  
Cause time that heavy can crush  
When you pay a nigga back, like it's layaway, whispering "die slow"  
The last words you hear in the trunk

You don't know what I know  
You ain't seen what I saw, no  
You ain't been where I go  
Wit' a fetti so strong you gotta bag it wit' one eye closed  
My shooter turn you inside out  
I heard the Feds turned the crib inside out  
Drop the roof on you niggas, let the inside out  
Fresh Prince jacket, boy, I cook 'em till they inside out

Go get a Glock, 27 fits snug in the waistline  
Both sticks came with the drum  
I was 5'6", shoulder with a chip  
Wish a nigga to take mine  
Index yanked till it's numb  
Used to call me Windex 'cause this thing I spray gon' make you change minds  
I done seen Hercules run  
We was powerlifting 2.2's  
Nah, we ain't throw gang signs  
My brick walk was second to none  
I would have them take a number like DMV  
That was the baseline  
Checkout on register one  
Miami niggas like Big Perm 'cause they numbers was Faizon

Cubans showed me nothing but love  
When it come down to it, every Stringer Bell just needs an Avon  
Who won't sweep it under the rug  
On the road, with a load, nigga, break line  
I knew where to place mine  
I don't keep the gun in the glove  
Hit the turnpike with the running lights that be on in the daytime  
Cause K9's sniff out a crumb  
Hands 3 and 9 on the wheel as I'm crossing the state line  
Dumb, ditty, dumb, ditty, dumb  
Survival of the fittest  
You either get acquitted or face time  
I done had an infamous run  
My story gon' hit the first 48  
Then it's on Dateline 'cause this really shit I'd done

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