Violent

Dave East

[Intro: Dave East]
Rico, I was waitin' on some hard shit, nigga (same ol' nigga)
You know how we do, uh, uh (same ol' nigga)
Talked to God about this, uh (most relatable, most gutta)

[Verse 1: Dave East]
All this shit I did, now they supposed to hate
I can't even count the diamonds in the Rollie face
Supreme clientele, I feel like Ghost and Rae (uh)
I just did a weekend for no license, need to smoke an eight
Pieces of my sock, hope I get up the block
Homie, if you know you not no shooter, just give up the Glock
I don't want no pussy bull, I'm tired, just give up some top
Jumpin' out, fresh beef and brocks, hit the reefa spot
Cleaner than my second bath in life
Shit, my man got life, shot a nigga right on Second Ave
Right in front his wife, what's the price? (Uh)
Time to get the cash, necklace full of ice
I'm chillin', Xannies made a killin'
My white boy created an app and made a million
I own half, stop sippin' lean and took a cold bath
Seen fiends stone grab since firm did phone tap (uh)
Nas jumped on Forbes list, then I watched my life change
Off the bucket list of my life, I wanted a white Range
White Kings, spikin' fluent drunkies, do the right thing
Courtside next to Spike, it's so funny how my life changed
Fear of God collection, told Jerry I need that new shit
Label get to frontin', I pull up on some Ice Cube shit (uh)
Harlem niggas been gettin' money, this ain't no new shit
Stop actin' like you gon' do somethin', you ain't gon' do shit
How I'm gettin' they mouth, hard to figure out like the Rubix
8 ball full of diamonds, plus a fully loaded pool stick
Watch how you talk to me, anythin' makes my mood switch

[Chorus: Dave East]
My life is a gamble, good with the Desert, feel like a camel
I looked up to Tony Montana, Tony Soprano (uh)
Them niggas ain't gon' ride if you die, they only get candles
Somebody gotta get violent, only way they understand you
My life is a gamble, good with the Desert, feel like a camel
I looked up to Tony Montana, Tony Soprano (Tony)
I can't even count all the bitches my niggas ran through
Somebody gotta get violent, only way they understand you

[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]
Skippin' through hundreds, check out my handle
Get in the way of all these squares, shipped circles burnin' your flannel
Chronic zip tucked into my chucka, duckin' the Van crew
Visualize a life on the podium, need the Lamb' blue
Quick to hand your name in for murder they get the chance to
You from O.T. then be careful, the streets'll make an example
Wish me on 'cause I been eatin' more, rest in peace to the restaurant
Have you feelin' like the hood closin' in on you, you need extra arms
Came up bein' competitive, now it feels like the effort's gone
You should know I got a star in the ghetto, watch what you steppin' on
Rocks to light me up, 18 years old last time my neck been warm
You a enemy don't type me, I prolly' got a TEC message for him

Voltage high for play two-side niggas, better respect the fences
Talkin' like a gangster, can't even cover your death expenses
Pushin' like it started all over again, that's what excellence is
Killin' shit's an extra sentence, leave here with the rest incentive
Holdin' up the neighborhood, knowin' the Hall of Fame is waitin'
Fuck your thoughts, I worked hard to get it under my favorite bracelet
Could have been in the race but you fallin', that ball and chain arrangement
Niggas do anything to shine, runnin' out of amazement
Mindin' your business now is key, don't wind down in between the problem
I'm from the city always hungry, Queens to Harlem people starvin'
No block and you put the work in, get 'em in line and keep evolvin'
Put in position it's gon' speak for itself when my CD talkin'

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