

The Cycle

DJ Scheme

Thugging out dropped out of school 10th grade
By the parks where I went and shot my first K
Slanging raw cracking cards if you bank with chase
On the Ave going hard all we had was faith
Yeah it hurt when I seen my dawg momma cry
Like how I'm posed to tell your daughter that her daddy died
Yeah I'm a thug but all that blood left me traumatized
I'm 'a load me up a slug I'm thinking homicide
But you told me keep it player nigga keep it bool
9th grade we was fucking bitches skipping school
Put them crackers on a chase I think we made the news
Ran it up we had to take them dubs and make 'em blue

Made it happen I ain't have to spin for it
I jumped off the porch and I just went for it
Yeah my bitch got a bitch I think she said she into it
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