

Bedtime Stories

Don Trip

Yeah
I've seen
Hellacious things
True that

Grind hard all day and night, we got bills to pay
Thirteen, sevin' dope fiends, not lemonade
Jumped homie in front of his bitch, now he feel a way
Came back to school with the sawed-off twenty-gauge
Booted up, homie not here to shoot the school up
We know what type of time he on, that beef shit ain't new to us
Damn, these are the days of our lives
The streets ain't change, this was back in junior high
Ain't no lettin' it slide, you gon' have to slide
Them pretty bitches laughed and it hurt the nigga pride
Little Melly got murder on his mind
'Bout to serve a young nigga like we at the lunch line, oh
But today had to be his lucky day
He was this close to gettin' sent to Heaven's gate
Somebody told security about lil' homie plan
And then they went to box the nigga in
He took off and ran
Problem is he got a shotgun in his pants, so his knees can't be
nd
And if your knees can't bend, then there ain't no way to run
And it's a felony to be on school grounds with a gun, goddamn

To be continued
Long live Pif
Again, I am not makin' this up
Yeah
Streets is the streets
Shit ain't change
Only difference is them lil' niggas got switches now
And they can't aim for shit
I seen a nigga with an AR-15, didn't have no sights on it at al
l
No iron sights, no optics, nigga just, just holdin' that bitch
and shootin'
Holdin' that bitch like a leaf blower
And they weren't lookin' at nothin'
Just shootin' and missin'
This shit ridiculous