

Call me whip it back and forth
Mister get it off the porch
Ima hit 'em with the torch
Getting money is a sport
Talk and dance e'ry day
Mama taking me back and forth to court

Uh
It ain't gotta be over no skrilla
Man a dummy'll kill ya
Eat you up with the rototiller
Nobody can heal ya
Welcome to the mind of the fried and burnt
Cali-harm-ya life souped up and turnt
No ski mask, bare faced and all
Been looking forward for years, finally seen him in sol
A chance he prob'ly never would have got if it was night
There at an intersection, two active cameras at the stoplight
Disobedient and hardheaded
As you can see and can tell
School and education he failed
But in the streets he prevailed
His grandma used to always yell:
"Slow down sonny or you gonna end up going to hell
And you gonna burn for eternity."
"Forever?"
"Yeah, eternity."
"Man G-O-D don't give a mother-fuck about me!"
The mind-frame of a youngster
Depended on who he up under
Not acquired at his funeral singing "Going Up Yonder"

Can't nobody melt me
Fucker never felt me
'Til somebody shove me I'm the sickest nigga healthy
There's nothing you can tell me
Dice don't sell me
These hoes want to nail me
You niggas don't smell me
Can't stay up out of jail and he
Back and forth to court
Seen him in downtown Vallejo
He be: "Cousin you got a 'port?"
I said: "Brodie I don't smoke."
He said: "It's cool,"
Showed me a 40-cal torch
"Lil nigga you a fool."
Getting money be the sport
So we ball like Laveranues
Grown men clips yet
And bitches looking thirty-ish
Everybody clean but we do suckers the dirtiest
Nice with the flow everything I spit is courteous
But still I move mean like road rage
Give a nigga that gas, he need Roloids
Magazine, homie, you could get a whole page
Stay up in a bad bitch's mouth like cocaine

Make a dope fiend my spokesman
Give him a bump of this (I'll take this shit)
Get him going, he'll be back and then he spendin' chips (Chill!)
Sucker repellent, stay far from me (Watch out nigga!)
You from that area that snitch from (New-ass nigga)
.357 stainless snub
If they fire it'll wake a nigga's game up
I got two P's of green (I need a buyer)
I need a coke connection (cause coke keep getting higher)
Back, forth and forth
Cookin' in the kitchen, pitchin' pitchin' off the porch
Milk like money, smell it through my new denim
Fake like my pockets got weights in 'em (Damn!)
They got me back on my mailman federal shit
We don't need your weed got gang for a pinch
I got crack dreams, man I'm gon' blow up!
Ain't no money why the lawyer gon' show up?