

Real nigga shit at its best  
I'm blessed to be blessed  
Under these stressful conditions  
Hella my people's in prison  
They got em' trapped in the system  
Some of 'em in there for rice, some of 'em in there for swipes  
Some of 'em in there for life, narcotic vendor suppliers  
Some of 'em in there for priors, some of 'em in there with bikers  
Some of 'em in there for nothin', they never told on their cousin  
They'll poke you for playin' a dozen, they'll stick you and drip you  
Have your relatives, singin' "I miss you"  
Who got some tissue?  
The guidance we givin' the youth is pitiful  
They miserable, their daddy don't claim 'em, mama on blow  
I heard this story before, it go on and on  
In every ward, district or zone  
The game is cold as the snow cones, it's far from sweet  
Niggas be bitter, because their hustle is weak  
Quick to pull the trigger, 'cause they don't want to get beat  
By the next nigga, rather shoot him and cheat  
Biatch!

Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here

Developing stories I hear it all the time  
Suckas can't tell a lemon from a lime  
I got a drumstick that will stop his wings from flyin'  
But don't like to see my brothers out here dyin'  
I'm not a pussy, I ain't lyin', I'm a lion  
Makin' all kind of boss moves  
Slingin' and craftin' my own brews  
America was built on booze  
Shhhhhhhh, speak easy  
Give back and donate to the poor and needy  
I promise you partner, hear what I tell you  
One day I'ma open up a homeless shelter  
Provide some clothes  
A blanket, a bed and some pillows  
That's the mind frame of a hustler that really care  
Get on his knees every night and say a prayer  
It ain't too many of them dudes, it's hecka rare  
Where I'm from they don't play fair  
They'll put you in a wheelchair

Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here

Pickin' up where I left off and I'm right back  
Took a couple of losses now my bank fat  
Always gotta be cautious be alert and woke  
Being from where I'm from out here it's cutthroat  
Broads be out her scandalous, catch you outta pocket  
Slip somethin' in your drink, con ya, take your wallet  
Steal your Cuban Links sell and make a profit  
Presidential Rolly yellow, diamonds chocolate  
Every day on the coast, it can get ugly gross  
Might want to keep your burner close, 'cause they might burn your toast  
They might burn my toast? They might burn your toast  
Right now I'm off this pot and I ain't talkin' 'bout a roast  
Me and my fellas is close  
Niggas is so spooked that he thought he saw a ghost  
Thought he saw a spirit  
Every time I spit that real shit they be act like they can't hear it  
Every time I talk my talk  
Every time I used to pitch back in the day I never balked  
Ho!

Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
Mane, it's sick out here  
Sick, sick, sick, sick  
It's so sick out here