

(We love you, M.A.)

It's ugly out here in the outfield
Every day, somebody get killed

They losin', they ain't winnin'
They fonkin' heavy, mayne, they in it
They ain't just talkin', they really livin'
Young bulls up against it (up against it)
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They ain't just talkin', they really livin', nigga
Young bulls up against it (Ugh!)

He got a text when he was snorin'
Top of the morn', when you get up, punch my horn
'Member they nigga, they funkateer?
Well, that nigga's no longer, bruh, that nigga outta here
They gave him some slugs outside the club
Every nigga he knocked down, it was out of love
Stayed in the dirt like a archaeologist
Hop in his system, according to the biologist

Money on his membrane, he ain't really caring though
Ride with the .45, what he got to fear for?
Tuck it in the console, he's slidin' Tesla
Certified shooter, now who lip wrestler
Daddy in the feds, momma testified
Made his heart cold when his momma died
Only got love for the little homies
And they'll take a bullet in the head for him

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Statistics show this ain't a lie
For some reason, good girls want a bad guy
They don't want a square
A real man to take care of their obligations
Brush their daughter hair
Never read the Bible, never thanked the Lord
Never got a chance to repent when they killed him in his car
5.56's, .223's
Pass the hat around, family GoFundMe's

Got them little niggas trippin', loading up the drumstick
Fuck the other side, niggas on they young shit
Nigga get they lung hit, you wit' 'em or not
Guilty by affili' end up gettin' you shot
Momma know it's smoke, ain't no movin' or duckin'
She prayin' for her baby, hopin' 'Hova'll touch him

She sayin' to her baby boy: " You gon' fear something"
But it's too late, them boys is comin', they dumpin'

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Don't lose your faith, let 'em tell you the fonk'll never end
A lot of times fonk can be squashed if you got a mutual friend
Somebody that's family or next of kin
Somebody that's reputable in the streets and in the pen
Swallow your pride, 'cause pride is really a sin
I can't talk to the homie, Granny told him that death is on him
Some niggas stuck in the way that they think
Stretch's Granny out, had a stroke, she can't blink

Can't eat by himself, he sick and bed-ridden
Choppa got to spittin', the copper and lead hit him
Poppa got to trippin', the scene was yellow ribbon
Granny said, "Forgive him and pray the Lord with him"
Real talk, though, we gotta tighten up
You know the powers that be, they try to hype it up
You know it's power in "we", so why we fighting us
And he ain't really tryna hear it, he was like us, bam

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