

Pedal to the metal
Lost foot and it was sugar in my gas tank
My cushion was a bosom on bad days
There's not a black woman I can't thank
You called crying when I told you these the last days
It's all mine, could've split the last plate
Niggas didn't have faith, so I stopped tryin'
Apologize, and we outta time
Please get ya alibi straight, you ain't gotta lie
Shook tradition, did it my way
No sense in looking in the sky
Trace elements meddle with minds
Mind-state live, fissures and fires
Niggas with live ammunitions and the stick on the highway
I only get better with time
That's what my mom say to dodge Satan
Say to kill him this time, oy vey
Well here I go, foot on the line
What's mine, what good is it if it's not, you shook a bit
Sookie, sookie niggas wasn't shit
Face looking like I stumbled out of bed, hundred dollar jet
I piss problems out, the bottle empty
Mama said she used to see my father in me
Said I was not offended
Press, King, Navy, Med, MIKE on the bench
Living life like a nigga put a price on my head
Bless, this how we on it
If you need it and I want it, better come prepared
Going through it like prayers in the night sky
You look like a chair when you folding up
Hands on like a goalie with the puck, don't need any luck
See the ghost of where I was, lonesome as I was