(Stat Quo) [Stat Quo] Uhh, uhh, uhh Stat Quo, Alchemist, YEA! Direct respect, due to stress I almost lost my life My baby momma so much drama I gotta pay that price I'm a trip, I hate hoes on one hand The other hand I want me a wife Cop the Jag then lace her with ice Leave the mall with bags, yeah right! Skeet on that freak then dip the same night Fly a kite bitch, booty colder than a ice pick Fuck you and your best friend, I'm quite sick Plus it's my third leg make 'em throw fits I don't trust 'em nor love her - that's some bullshit! Ol' girl pregnant, now she's headed to the delivery room to have yo' baby Dawg, that's your lady - muh'fucker you crazy! Fuck that broad, she's shady Aftermath bitch I'm sway-zy How is latex lazy, that pussy had my vision hazy But Zaire's here, my only son and baby I mean Zaire's here, my only son and baby [Chorus: repeat 2X] I lost a whole lotta dollars, a whole lotta friends Who can I trust in the end? As the, love keeps spinnin, we all keep sinnin All cause we tryin to win (all cause we tryin to win) [Stat Quo] I don't roll with a whole lot of niggaz The mo' niggaz you roll with, the mo' niggaz wanna KILL YA Thought they was your la familia Now you're tied up blindfolded, and death is near ya Fucked in the game and act like dames Over fame just watch the change, change Muh'fuckers so quick to blame All the beef fly like planes, make it sayin the same Look what +Ca\$h Money+ did to B.G., Juvenile and Wayne The root of evil with much disdain Of course they go against the grain to maintain, tryin to obtain big thangs Jealousy and hunger make the tec go {*boom*} Now you on the flo', blood leakin out your brain Mannn, that's the way it is That's how it be, that's how we live Watch your back, cause these kids tote ammo and they'll split your wig [Chorus] - 2X w/ ad libs{*music fades*}