

Morals

EST Gee

This shit on the stove already sold
It ain't even dry yet
How you think they'll miss you when you gone
If you ain't even died yet
Right is right and wrong is wrong
And you still ain't even slide yet
On my way, I was getting on
Come home and flood the projects
You can't say you fuck with gee
If you ain't picked a side yet
They just watched the mystery build up
They want the climax
On the watch
I sent her to the store to get a Pyrex
Quarter from my nigga
Imma try to add like nine grips
I prefer the water now
At first I used to dry whip
I can't show no sympathy if you told
Even if you dry snitch
Pillow talking to them hoes
Like you ain't know that's our bitch
My nigga said his pole make him feel big
But he just 5'6
Threw them people more elbow's than the rock
But I am not Chris
I done seen a lot of cold niggas
Get hit with hot shit
If you catch a body for EST
For life you locked in
Bullets to the face
The only way to cool a hot head
I gave her 200
Told her call me when the box land
She gave me a key and everything
She say its my crib
Ion got no problem with that either
She got mop head
She stay on her knees so much
That I forgot she got legs
I was only 10
When I found out what a Glock is
We gone leave him dead
If we find out where his block is
10 will make them clear the whole crib
Even if he got kids
Catch a nigga unexpectedly
Like a pop quiz
Know the streets will put you in a twist
Like a lock dread
Freaky keep his heat and keep a brick
But he is not Craig
I popped so much ecstasy
It turned me to the ya man
Juuga got a bitch
That know exactly where the opps live
Who put bread on Gee

I couldn't believe it cause I'm not dead