

Real Plug 2

EST Gee

I had just got off the phone with Dre (FOREVEROLLING)
He like, "Nigga, I know it's dark right now, but don't fold"
You know what I'm sayin', you been too far to fold
You could've told a long time ago
Fuck you

Sometimes I feel like the streets love me more than God himself
Been out here low, laid on the road, thinkin' I harmed myself
You not like me, when I was weak, I never called for help
Strung out on lean, add up the fees, feel like I robbed myself
Down in the slums, hustling for crumbs, it feel like God done left
Without this weed, try look for other things to calm myself
Turn up the heat, four hundred degrees, tryna get this raw to melt
Ridin' 'round with heat so close to me, know I'm not far from death
Mama tellin' me I live fast as if a job could help
But I like Gucci, hoes with big booties, ain't hard to tell
When it's proper, you the don dada, it ain't hard to sell
We in the Hank era, we young felons, we scarred from jail
I never cried when Marge died, that's when my heart had left
Ask about me, where I'm from, bitch, I'm the God to them
I gave my all to them, still kill and rob with them
I don't smile much, I don't joke, and I ain't talkative
They was fucked up, I had work, so I gave jobs to them
I risked my all to win, pray I don't fall again
But if I fall again, know I'm gon' ball again
I'll risk it all to win, I'll risk it all to win

Sometimes I wonder how it'd be if certain people was there for me
And I ain't have to hit the streets to make sure I had somethin' to eat
Me and Kyana on palettes or comforters where we sleep
Pile of pillows and an analog antenna TV
This was 2003, way before I seen a P
Way back when I used to dream about makin' it to the league
As I grew up, I learned to cut, went from turnin' one into threes
But not 'til after my teens
Earlier, I had a vision of turnin' me to the nigga
Convince him he could trust me with fifty and then I shipped 'em
Some niggas fucked they bag up, it put me in bad positions
Most niggas gave what they had and I love 'em for stickin' with me
I'm sittin' back, reminiscing on Jacob tryna take the city
Touched my first ten with Jimmy, it hurt me, they said he snitchin'
Certain feelings make killers out niggas who's really timid
But once you cross that line and pull the trigger and shiver, see somethin'
lifeless
I stood on all ten tippies when narcs surrounded my Chrysler
Just told me take the ten on the chin like that was unlikely
Next offer, he said five and I told him I'd rather fight it
My plug went on the run, turned his back when I got indicted
My love ain't want no thug, killed my son and it made me spiteful
Watchin' motives, now I notice there's no one to take advice from
I don't know if I'ma make it home, been walkin' through this rain so long
Last puff and I'ma make it strong
Count and smoke until my pain is gone

Real talk, nigga, can't make this shit up, nigga
Nigga know what it is
Big Gee, nigga

Man, real plug