

All In A Week

Fiend

What up world, this your people, the Excited Private
Fiend, better known as Sleepy Eyed Jones
I got a question to ask you, and understand me on this one
If life is a blessing, and truly a gift
Why in the hell it could end so quick
It could happen all in a week, know I'm saying
Check this out

Monday morning waking up before I brush my dogs
Loading clips to the tip why, cause haters test balls
Smoke a cess to ease it all, but I got to face pain
Push come to shove and I will, release flames
There's a war on these streets, it's the beginning of the week
Came night fall, a couple of bodies had to leak
A couple hotties had to beat them in, died a snitch
Lied in a ditch, they tried not to cry like a bitch
The eye witness, seen it all, but mouth stayed closed
Stayed at home praying, as tears drop from my nose
Suppose it was your boys, would you ride nine Tuesday
Grabbing whatever's spent even the old school uzi
Usually wouldn't be caught, doing these wrong deeds
Wednesday, wanna know, they done fucked with the wrong breed
My girl Chrissy said Fiend, why you wear a vest
Besides the life I live girl the streets is a mess, it happened all in a week

(Chorus: O'Dell vocalizing in background)
If life is a blessing, and truly a gift
Why in the hell it could end so quick
If you thinking the streets is bad, is really a myth
You'd be surprised what your ass might get

Now, came Thursday, yeah my dog Rover his
The devil called who in the fuck taking care of them four kids
The more I did, with a firm grip, I couldn't shake the thoughts
I tried to drink the pain away, enough liquor wasn't bought
Saw some good news, like a quest for some gold
My girl slept with that other day, bless her soul
Glock I hold, got paper, wrapping niggas for nothing
Plus I'm tripping on these hoes, and get it all done with something
Blunting, to keep my composer, No Limit Soldier
Trouble seems to find me, in the Navi or the Rover
Fuck being sober, it ain't the weekend yet
Plus some jackers tried to follow, me and Serv in the Vet

(Chorus)

Probably even tripping how them boys, chase the wealth
Followed to I 10 them boys sure killed the self
Hell, been not feeling a thang, behind mine
In search of being heard they surely don't mind dying
Picture, what happens, in time on this day
Chronic got me wanting to sleep on the sixth day
Mix playing the N.Y., Vix paying the N.O.
Both, your niggas drinking, blowing some indo
Send for, Saturday, that's when the Cali play
Over that a-way, a man stand in the alley way

Make it to the club, fuck, he popping lips
Hit him, I got that torch straw anxious at my hip
Shit got thick, and real niggas had to leave
I went throwing heat, like I was in the major league
Shit, ready for combat including the gun play
The priest gone be tripping come confessions on Sunday

(Chorus - 2x)

(talking)

Better yet on our world, know I'm saying
Understand it could happen all in a week
This for Fiend and No Limit to the world
Understand, live your life nigga