

Don't be anxious or impatient  
Cause I, I wanna hold you close and never let go

Yeah, she said, "Baby, don't go"  
But you and I got to be for you and I  
This that do or die, Po Pimp shit, recordin' in the 'Stuy  
And I get so high that I forgot 'bout last night, right  
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In a world (in a world) full of thieves (full of thieves)  
We see diamonds (we see diamonds), we see keys (we see keys)  
If the issue (if the issue), talk to me (talk to me)  
If I miss you (If I miss you), it's 'cause you're deep (it's 'cause you're d  
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Ooh, I say we struggle, it's hard livin', streets have been unforgivin'  
Smoke weed, hold deep conversations with winners  
'Cause these my brothers, love 'em to death  
Written in stone, so when I'm gone, they 'uggin' our breath  
Don't frequent Hell, Gorillaz pin on lapel  
There's six grams in the blunt, on a mission to find myself  
Growin' and breakin' ties, cryin' and savin' lives  
Couldn't be discontent, temptation arrives

Yeah, I'm patiently waiting  
But I don't really give a fuck if we ain't in your rotation  
I put the heart up on this bitch and can't nobody take it  
Brooklyn niggas, we take it, Flatbush baby, gon' make it  
Check it, but these my brothers, love 'em to death  
Written in stone, until I'm gone, we puffin' the death  
No concern, nah, compare us, how?  
Cool milli off the merch, SoundScan's shuttin' down now

I put the bread down on something I wanted for years  
If my brother need some money, man, I prolly sell that shit, hey  
Break it into pieces, ooh, wow; there it is  
Brothers make real beats, bomb lyricist  
Brothers look the other way, nothing come to trouble mate  
This is why I love you dog, smokin' at your mama's crib  
My brother not a local, my brother travel continents  
No need to find a hotel, my brothers got the couch and shit

Debra's only son, he was conceived in King's County  
That was '89, by '92 he was already rowdy  
Misunderstood since he crawled out the womb, the only child  
And his momma workin' three jobs, one was dealin' with drama  
'Cause I was wildin', he used to rarely see his father  
They seperated, couldn't keep his dick in his pajamas  
Because he was out there hustlin', tryin' to be a provider

Tryin' to turn a pretty penny into a million dollars  
 They tell you 'bout my family, that bipolar disorder  
 And due to karma, my first youngin' gon' be a daughter  
 When I was 5, I told my mom I wanted to die  
 Then we cry, the crazy shit, man, it wasn't a lie  
 Man, this life, is filled with stress  
 So much oppressed, call New York City "9"  
 I sit alone and reflect, took me 28 years to realize that I'm blessed  
 Aunt Pam died from cancer; I quit them cigarettes  
 Weight of world on my shoulder-I just finished my reps  
 All addicted to drugs, we all addicted to sex  
 Feelin' so self-destructive, like I'm clingin' to death  
 Took my five-digit check and copped some bigger baguettes  
 Took a look at my ring, finger charm on my neck  
 Still in touch with myself, that flashy shit won't prevail  
 I really be shopping for happiness, but that shit ain't for sale  
 But if you don't show 'em then they won't think you do it well  
 I heard that blood's thicker than them Atlanta strippers  
 But these my brothers, I ain't got real brothers to know the difference  
 And, Erick, if I could, I'd give your mama my kidney  
 Cause she my momma, too, I promise you  
 I ride for my niggas, die for my niggas  
 Load.4-5 (rah rah!) pull homicide for my niggas  
 Word up, 'cause you my brothers, love 'em to death  
 Written in stone, I take my heart and rip it out my chest  
 To prove to you that it's Zombie Gang, rotten flesh  
 That's to the death, nigga-no more, nothing less  
 True, indeed, Juice, if you ever off or bleed  
 I'm takin' care of your seeds, even if that means millions in fees for custody  
 She wildin' out on court, I'm like, "Give that bitch what she needs"  
 {"Order in the court! "} Judge, please {"Order! "}  
 I guess I still got alot to maturin' to do  
 I know we still got a whole lot of world tourin' to do  
 This game is supposed to be locked in, I leak through  
 Like a real bad pussy pad, watch me seep through  
 Ooh, it's Darky, baby; a whole different hue  
 My grand-daddy got 8 balls; come and get a cue  
 I come from the struggle, motherfucker, get a clue  
 Headshot, red dot, now make a move

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