

# Now

## Flying Pickets

I'm on my feet now, shit never was it sweet now  
Belly but I'm still starve can I eat now, live complete  
Now, told by the older god never put the heat down

Verse One: Dark Half

Far from reper humbo meat now fuck with  
The winners bitches listen when I speak  
Got on some rap shit find it hard to creep  
Now I'm on point and move deep more relete  
Could Clap you but ain't nothing like a baet down  
We swept down these streets now like community  
sevrivce reach your faith face defeat now we  
Hipadument get in your skin niggas want beef now  
Bring It on when we borm ain't no rebound the war on son  
No time for sleep now get your guns no surrender no retreat  
now you violated dog blood got alete ypur whole life is down hill intype  
Deep down its deep now watch and seperate  
The wolf from the sheep now  
May you rest ever last in peace regons compete  
This year isare year knowlegde

Chorus (Wais instead of Dark Half)

verse Two: wais  
Aiyyo, half Wais is on this crawl thorough  
Doing ten miles per on a sneak with no doubt  
In for way make the gun peak out just to sent a  
Message let for shots sneak out front I don't  
Hesitate to reach now you think you nice but  
Your dealer, your contract can conpreach now  
Chicken uses to front but they on my meat now  
Catch me in the park after dark with seats down  
I was known for emeny layin your feet down  
Now I'm known for shit one hundred degrees  
Now my style use to be just sick but its dieasease  
Now take a one on one to this catch ya freeze now  
Death to enemys, life to thw family peace to my  
Killers up north who ever ran with me I'm still moving  
With the canners g for the money there no problem  
Pleanin the asanding

Chorus (by Memphis Bleek instead of Wais)

Verse Three: Memphis Bleek

Yo, Never put the heat down creep without a Three pound  
Roll deep now speak with a street sound who fuckin with bleek  
Now Seeind me dom't eat how I take from the fradout I'm looking  
Pass trial blast out if they ever rush the crackhouse throw the  
Stash out blow the spot pull a pathout leave no evedince  
Gettin caught that arellvne sittn in the system with some drugs I  
Can't settle it my belly full now so I went thorough hood now,  
Look good now old beef is cook now in other words shook now I  
Put my thing down bleek still aim wild and slang vows I remain brave  
Child thorough a bangout smoke and hangout I duck thevies and play  
Cops game ,hot bubble hard jungle scar them cat mvning the cocaine I went  
The thug route my eight the snug route ten in my truckout old  
Drum I bluff out no gun in curse words got you niggas cause

I heard heard and its first I'm a cat who get my money right  
cause ain't fun in life If you runnin I'm runnin lite in the bslick v  
Find a rapper who can match bleek sent him to the brooks (Brooklyn)  
I'm show em where the gats be mothersfucker