

(2x)

East side niggas stay bout it  
West side niggas stay bout it  
North side niggas stay bout it  
South side niggas stay bout it bout it

G.I. niggas stay bout it  
Take a nigga life don't doubt it  
Church and the liquor store crowded  
911 is a joke don't dial it  
We ain't really trippin' when the money stay pilin'  
Money comin slow then mothafuckas get violent  
I just want a crib and a coupe low mileage  
Gon' hustle dope with a yellow bone stallion  
So high, and niggas wanna know why I, ride  
With semi automatic by my, side  
Cause I got niggas comin at my, head  
But I won't let them bitches stop my, bread  
A mothafucka wanna short my, dough  
I hit him twice with the black fo-fo  
The witness, courtroom don't, show  
And what a nigga don't know, won't, go  
'Dro, hoes and the dope game made me  
On the front page magazine, no label  
Industry don't want 'em cause the niggas too gangsta  
Probably never heard em on ya radio station  
Way too thug for these mothafuckin' rappers  
Rap way better than ya neighborhood trapper  
Man came down on the uppity bitch  
I be fuckin' the bitch, let my niggas smash right after  
Dope in the kitchen gotta get it stretchin' n whippin'  
Know some niggas that slippin, we can hit a lick if you with it  
Then I ship and deliver, I ain't took a trip in a minute  
Now i'm in the position, I can give it to my lieutenant  
Need a mothafucka robbed i'm the nigga for the job  
Peace to the Slam and the 5-Trey Mob  
What you know about that life in the mask  
Them Gary, Indiana niggas gift wrap the casket, how you love that?

Yea, I ain't got time for these bitches  
Ain't gotta dime for these bitches  
Breakin' it down for 3 bitches  
Duffle stuffed with 3 6's  
Heat under the pillow, I sleep wit' my Mrs  
And I'm havin' dreams that's bigger than 6 digits  
Nickels while I rest, possessed to whip chickens  
Livin' though you addicted, to hit the next shipment  
So high, and niggas wanna know why I, ride  
With semi automatic by my, side  
I need a nigga that's fosho gon' bust  
And really I'm the only nigga I, trust  
And really I'm the only nigga that, cold  
New shoes, Cadillac on, vogues  
Shine for the dimes and the rat, hoes  
Check a pack, write a rap, crack, sold  
And my trunk leave cracks in the pavement  
Chevy only carry heavy weight, Lord save 'em

Just another victim of the game, can you blame 'em  
And he stay paid, can't a lame nigga fade 'em  
And most of you niggas in the rap game dick blowers  
But at the end of the day, don't get shit for it  
But me and mine's gotta eat, so I'm beatin' up the street  
Dinner time, man, I gotta hit a lick for it  
Send 'em to God, tryna rob the godfather  
And if you scared of catchin' a murder then why bother  
I'm peelin' off a knock for pots of hot water  
Niggas wrote me off and it made me grind harder  
Peace to the East, nigga peace to the chief  
Got a slug for the judge, bringin' heat for police  
And a book full of sins that I read when I sleep  
Then I wake up 'n I put 'em on a beat, how you love that?

[Hook x4]