

Yeah

G-H-E double T-O

Niggas better know what time it is

Okay (Okay, okay)

What's good? (Good)

2000 & Life, how you living? (How you living? I'm living, living, living, still alive? Still alive?) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Fuck what you think

You can't fuck with my unit

Think [?] are a unique link?

I'm king and you won't even soon be pricks

Came in the game 2-3 and I've been moving since

Before this, it was two seats, no roof in tents

Listening to Blueprint with [?] and Jiggs

Now who would've thought it?

Me spitting, you wouldn't think

But this mixtape, you still went and bought it

Why? Because I'm real and it's realness I'm talking

It's supposed to be food, straps, I know

But guess what? See these snitches?

They keep getting cautioned

And if it ain't that, it's a weekend in Portland

Me, I'm on the road

Dreaming I get a call from 679 [?]

Or any label that want it raw

But in the meantime, between time

I'm doing more than posing for rewind

Magazine, might see me in a magazine

With a bag of man that's old school like baggy jeans

And after the photo shoot

It's back to the roads where the popo shoot

Some of these MCs, they claim to be shotters

But I know they ain't sold no food

I heard what they gotta say

Then I done research

And so far, they ain't talked no truth

They could never say "Ghetto's a fake"

Because with the metal, we can settle debates

You know I never refrain to hold the [?] in spray

Because at the end of the day, it's my life or his

And I ain't ready to lie inside of a ditch

So I roll with a nine in the side of my hip

And slyly, I wish I could find me a bitch

That's down for me even if I'm riding the [?]

Riding the 6, that's more than likely

What do you know about sticking up stores over nice P?

Kicking off doors with your Nike?

And switching on horse that are feisty

Licking off jaws, come and try me

Furthermore, come and find me

I know you've heard that I'm raw when I like beef

I'm old school like Pac-man and [?]

When you was in school, playing Batman and Robin

I was on road, playing stab man and rob him

Bump in a cab, man will bop it

Those were the days when phones were the [?]

And a face-off could get you a blow to your face
Now, things just ain't the same for gangsters
But I'm far from too famous to shoot these pranksters
I ain't trying to end up in a suit with handcuffs
But niggas wanna move to my loot till I'm bankrupt
Fuck, I'ma buss back
Who told you I gotta buss, stack and that? I don't just rap
Ain't no way on God's Earth am I letting you
Run up on me with nothing but a friend or two
Use your brain, I'm sure you're a clever dude
I'm always around heat like say it's forever June
And all year around, I'm in the 6 date minor
To tell the truth, I'm far from getting better soon
You might see me smile but I'm never in a merry mood
Not till I got cheddar and a blue berry coupe
Fuck you niggas that wanna see me buried soon
I bet you never knew I'm here for a purpose
So when I go, I'm leaving my area versus
Plaistow, Plaistow, that's where I rep
You don't rep your ends because your area's worthless
Real niggas pay real pride in the hoods
I'm a bad boy, I've tried to be good
But honestly, it wasn't me, I ride with the crooks
Could you imagine my life in the books?
[?], you won't see, silence and shook