Angelic Wars

Goodie Mob

No ego trippin', just growin' old
All up when I'm feelin' cold
'Cause pain up on my soul seems to be all I feel
Watchin' my family fall apart, was all I never wanted to see
'Cause I got love for one another
I'd kill for my only brother, even though he might be wrong
At times I'm gon' do what I got to do to come through every scary moment
Just brought us closer which kept us down
Remember them days when southwest Atlanta wasn't even 'round
So out the reds to wet it
And say they actin' brains, relaxin'
And steady stackin' and pistol packin'
And trackin' is tired
I set it off!

I don't be sittin' in a trap slangin' lil' peewees
Tell Mike, "Damn I'm 'bout to mess up my re-up money"
See, I used to wear my shoes until I couldn't no more
Now I hit the store, when the lace get old
I wear Calhoun jeans 'cause I don't like Calvin
I relate to my folks
To make you think this 'bout my third album
This supposed to be the times when the moon and the sky turn purple
So watch this full circle
Black wire touch red
Red wire touch black
Me and Big Slate got this drop wit some gator backs
And I'm thinkin' 'bout how much I make
He get the rims, I get the system and we leave him the tapes
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Who gives a damn about catchin' a charge
It's been a while since I seen my boys

One time for my potnas who got out today
Back on the grind, did that time, got that hide-away
Okay (that's right)
I just got to say
Two times for the crook who just got away

It done got so quiet now, I can here a rat piss
On cotton, one apple sport the whole
Barrel rotten
What it mean when you see the sun and the moon shinin'
At the same time
This God's way, you dug your own grave
The righteous path was laid
But you chose to go astray
Ay, out the war shit
Wakin' up in a cold sweat
Through the same ol' skit
Genocide
From the inside, look a pit
You lie, never killed nobody
Let's take it to the ol' school
No you can't
Hands shakin' like a dog shittin' fish hooks
Don't stare

Can't help the crooked look
It came with the face
I used to steal from my folks
But now I'm straight
Went through the neighborhood rat's pockets books
Ooh
You missin' somethin' of value
We have you, got you
Jumpin', dumb bitch, you gets nothin'

Nobody knows the trouble I have seen
My homeboy MD write me from the [?]
24-7, hell or Heaven, it ain't no tellin'
Will it be mo' sunshine for the due time felon
They gave him 10, do 3, self year, probation
Law leaders not, unto no temptation
Yall know how it be
You make a monkey move, lay yourself on the street
You'll understand me
They don't care nuttin' 'bout you
In that cold cell
Can't do nuttin' but take what them folk give me
I'm dead serious
Them folk givin' away time
Just to show us the good Lord keep lettin' the sun shine

One time for them niggas who got out today
And my folks on stokes
[?] just westward on Olympian Way
Uh-huh
And I just got to say
Two times for the crook who just got away

"Uh-huh.. Believe that.."
"Uh-huh.. Believe that.."

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