

# Task Force

Hunxho

Lord knows I can't be tamed  
Go Vette' couldn't drop the range  
My head is not the same  
They said my dawg died, how many times I prayed?  
They tryna rock with gang, but they can't rock this tidal wave  
Used to walk on niggas, but now I walk on beats  
But I'm the grim reaper, dawg, how you gon' come for me?  
It was cold as hell in the house, you ain't try to comfort me  
I just seen a couple hundred thousand when shit was ugly

This shit paid off  
Ain't take no days off  
Been grinding, nigga, baseball  
The first time I shot fire, swear I was way off  
Been where I come from, but look at where I'm headed  
The fame came with my name, but I wasn't ready  
I stopped coming round them niggas had got jealous  
I still go A up 1, ain't trippin' bout Margiela

Young nigga tryna take care of my sister  
Any nigga disrespect, you know we crushed 'em  
Everybody with me shoot like Rondo #9  
If I say I love you, then I mean it, I ain't never lied  
Seen his right hand get on the stand, then he testified  
I can't trust him, swear I seen the nigga testify  
I was fucked up, taking guns and selling fire  
Stay away from niggas, that's what my momma said  
Be the man of the house, that's what my momma did

And I'm my momma's kid  
You ever seen a kill? Nah, fuck, you ever caught a kill?  
And the first time, that shit ain't right, that shit fuck wit' yo head  
And I had told my dawg I love him before I seen him dead  
And that shit left me heartless

I can't talk about my pain, I'd rather go record it  
We come from the slums, we tryna ball just like Jordan  
Couple rappers tryna be like me, let's go to Maury  
Ma, I know I put you through a lot; I know, I'm sorry  
Weak, I couldn't even get a meal; I had to borrow  
Bankroll sitting beside the mattress still got taller  
Momma couldn't pay utilities, now we got water  
I don't even think that shit would matter if I go harder

Pull up and explore a nigga block just like Dora  
If a nigga ever catch me, he can't run  
Niggas talking bout smoke, knowing they don't want none  
Nigga, I got big Fee Fi Fo Fum  
Know I'm chosen, I can't hold it  
Love his dawg to death, so when he told, he can't roll 'em  
500 guns, but when we post, we can't post 'em

I know I ain't happy, but I know I can't show 'em  
Yeah, trap jumping out the gym, shit be fucking up my growing  
You wrong, I had left him  
TB forever  
TV on the floor, so we ain't never had a dresser

Rats tryna get in, come round fuckin up my cheddar  
I been turning up, I'm on a whole 'nother level

Couple times I fell; it was some holes in the gravel  
Why the hell they trying when they know I ain't no rapper?  
Why the hell they trying when they know that ima OD?  
Sliding on they block  
Like everyday, they can't get no sleep

How the hell they gon' beef with my gang? They know we roast beef  
How the hell they thinking I'm the same? They must don't know me  
Why the hell wanna try me? Know I ain't going  
How the hell they come and sign me? I ain't no artist  
I been being humble, but I'm probably the hardest  
Put her in the foreign; she tired of the Hondas

Tryna have 100 kids, got tired of the condoms  
I can do whatever, I survived in the jungle  
I had spent a whole year writing on a bunk  
I remember I shed tears dreaming bout my uncle  
Know I got my dawg; he lost his dad and his momma  
Stolen hell cats, we getting tags off of Hondas  
I don't never party, in my bag all summer  
Only time I ran if the task force coming  
Only time I ran if the task force coming

Only time I ran if the task force coming