

I like that
Uh, uh, uh
Uh-huh, uh, uh
Ooo, uh, yeah

Flashback, digital dash
He used to run with a gun and a mask
He used to take all your shit in a stash
Now he a good boy, used to be bad
Flashback, digital dash
Go on and run off his 12 on his ass
Load up the chopper if they tryna clash
Now he a good boy, used to be bad
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Huh, shit
Nine times out of ten, he gon' die or he gon' go to jail
Let's not pretend
Huh, look, everybody starts as a kid with a pure heart
Then they turn to him
Papa died, mama died, all the nigga know is sin
Traumatized, freedom jeopardized, he just wanna win
What's a smile when you dodging strikes, dodging every pin?
Fifteen on his head, he ain't tryna go in
Fifteen on his head, make the po-po grin
Five years later, all that po-po talk is just a

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I've been sinning away all the feelings inside
I'm feeling the feet and feeling the miles
Running the streets, dodging the signs
Run from the heat, stay with the iron
Come killing me, that's not a crime
I'm selling weed, I'm doing five

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Fully auto with the chopper
Make a op a drop up
That's the same shit that's sending niggas straight to lock up
That's the system put in place they use to try to stop us
The same system put in place that niggas always fall for
Far from where I was
Guns, drugs, 12 con run
But I'm still a felon, if I fuck up then I'm done
Where I'm from, niggas that don't tough up get stomped on
And niggas that get looked at as a target get locked on
I ain't going back to jail, that's a dub
Five years later, all that jail talk is just a...

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