

The author of this album has been arrested behind bars for multiple occasions for things ranging from robbery while armed with a deadly weapon to parole violation. Majority of their early careers was funded by selling and distributing ganja.

The Feds will shoot you because they out of breath  
The fiends gon pay you because they out of meth  
I need me a Milly and not a dollar less  
I used to think that investing meant to wear a vest  
I don't own a stock but I'll prolly crash  
And if you say it's up nigga that's your ass

At seventeen they gave a nigga fifteen, huh  
The judge called it being lenient  
They called em stupid but to me its kinda strange  
Cause to be a drug dealer man you got to be a genius  
Can't let my jean pocket be the teeniest  
So I'm looking for the ones that look the fiendiest  
The transaction was the action that was leading to the baggin  
And I just keep that shit a secret like bohemian (bang bang)  
Shit, now I got a felony  
They nose's in the air but they still ain't smelling me  
Career ain't got no legs while these other niggas centipedes  
All cause they walk to school  
Me, I just walk the streets see  
I gotta get paper  
I'm fighting for stability  
The fade like taper  
Tell me what's safer  
Me running in a nigga safe  
Or get hit with the piece  
When I'm running from the jakes (bang bang)

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See who really who fault is this  
When ignorance is bliss  
Or when I went to sleep it wasn't followed by a kiss  
My momma didn't read me to bed as a kid  
So why would I read to myself for the win  
I rather read the eyes of my opp before I sin  
And when its been confirmed on the news then I grin  
See that's the shit that made me happy  
Ran up on him, caught him lacking  
Knocked him down, I Warren Sapp'd him  
Ran down and overlapped him

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(I used to want a nine to five  
Grew up now I'd rather have nine .45's  
With the switch and an extension  
I am not the one to mention  
Choppa knocked him to a new dimension  
Now that nigga dead in the trenches)

Look, they gave my homie forty  
He gave them people a dub back  
We started from the bottom  
We got it from where the mud at  
The OG's used to cut three holes in a skull cap  
My youngest wear a Pooh Shiesty mask like where the drugs at  
Been feeling uninspired I'm trynna get my love back  
It's like my heart versus my mind in a grudge match  
Busta Rhymes told me sometimes the industry does that  
Don't let it go to long cause its hard getting that buzz back  
That's why I been rapping so immaculately  
About the shit I actually seen or what happened to me  
Or what I been through  
I do it so passionately  
Sometimes I wear my emotions like a patch on the sleeve  
Of this varsity jacket that I threw on to match with my 3's  
I believed in myself, they ain't have to believe  
Some niggas with me wipe your nose  
If you happen to sneeze  
Got em with me so they don't have to go back to the street  
Machine!