

BLACK MICHAEL JACKSON*

Jean Dawson

Some of my homey's they don't get involved
Some of my homey's got lean in they gut
Most of my homey's they've been on the block
Most of my homey's gonna stay on the block

When the sun comes down
When the sun comes down
When the sun comes down
The guns come out
The guns come out

We outside
Bitch it's up and it's fucking stuck
I can't hold my niggas they get Buck in a Bentley truck
I got something for em if they look
None of my niggas shook
All of my niggas get it out the mud
I'm a south side nigga
When I'm outside nigga
And we outside
And we outside
And we outside
And we outside

I'm a hide all of my fears all in a front
I'ma put all of my opps in the same blunt
That's not loud that's body parts
Watch your head
Sitting outside
Feeling all right and shit
Smoking all night
Feeling all lights and shit
Aye
Fixing the vibe
Fixing to fly the fuck away
Pushing the people aside
I'm pushing the people aside

Shit isn't foreign to me
Four in the morning I'm geeked
Pour on the floor and I'm lean
I buy my momma Celine
She always worried about me
Talking bout Jean go to sleep
Momma I'm living a dream
Momma I'm living a dream

Ahh you
Take it all

It's been so long
I'm dead your gone
It's wrong I know
I'm mad at you

This is what I need I'll take it all
This is what I need I'll take it off

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