

# Elm Street

Jimmy Wopo

Uh huh, uh  
One thirteen nine seven nigga  
A legend was made nigga  
Uh  
Tune the fuck in  
Turn me up nigga  
Lord forgive me for my sins  
Real shit

Out here gang bangin', I was born in the nineties  
'Bout eleven, twelve, when I first decided  
What the fuck I'ma claim, who the fuck I'ma ride with  
Bitch I'm Eight Block for life so I got that shit tatted  
T'd up on these niggas like the offensive lineman  
Youngin clockin' out, I was putting that time in  
Niggas steady hating 'cause they jumped in behind me  
I said fuck it, get this money, I'ma kill 'em with kindness  
Shit was adding up, now it's starting to minus  
Used to shoot it out, it was easy to find us  
Now we getting older, it's just homework and science  
Before I come up out the crib I gotta peep through the blinds  
Rocked jeans and my Nikes, in the 'jects shooting dice  
Lil Deck to my left, Top Dawg to my right  
Pull up to the light, double cup with some ice  
Glock 17, if I don't up it quick 'gainst them, that's my life  
In the hood where I'm from you go through shit you don't like  
If your daddy was a rat then your ass is a mice  
Go get your brother, get your cousin, niggas taking your bike  
It's Jimmy Wop, he offed an opp, don't make me do this shit twice

One, two, make me come up out that roof  
Three, four, better watch that back door  
Five, six, bitch we finna do a hit  
Seven, eight, hundred shots in my AK  
Nine, ten, you can't see behind the tint  
Lord forgive me for my sins  
Lord forgive me for my sins  
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I got niggas throwing bricks for free  
I got niggas doing hits for cheap  
Make it thunder nigga, OKC  
On McScary with my killers nigga, free KD  
Used to be my friends now they my enemies  
Since elementary knew I'll see penitentiaries  
Been a bad lil nigga, no common sense for me  
I ain't never had shit up under the Christmas tree  
It's a mystery, Scooby Doo  
Uzi made 'em do the hula hoop  
Choppa make 'em chicken noodle soup  
I got some hitters like to toot and boot  
Rubber handle, fuck a ransom nigga, no fruit  
Donkey Kong clips let that banana shoot  
On my Pokémon shit, I let it peek at you  
Spin blocks, spin back again, that shit like deja vu

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