

Don't Get In My Way

King Los

The real life Riches to Rags tale of one of Baltimore's biggest drug Kingpins

One of the biggest in Baltimore, according to the DEA

Trading at least 1, 000 kilos of coke, tens of millions worth, right in our area

Garnett Smith may have made fortunes dealing cocaine and heroin, but it cost him his freedom

See in Baltimore City we don't really give a fuck, niggas die everyday, that 's way this shit goes

How the fuck you think these niggas supposed to care when the cops ain't sharing and the drugs coming slow?

Nigga need a price for this shit on the low man. It's hit a plug hit 'em and he fuck around and split

Nigga said, "Damn that was really your plan? If you take my money, I can take your bitch."

Damn, shit getting crazy these days (shit getting crazy these days)

What the fuck is going on?

Playing with another nigga change had an AK spraying at your brain

Damn

Man I heard they ran up in his crib they took his bitch and all his purse and all his jewelry and his motherfucking chain

He said when I catch him I'm gonna send these boys a message, time to teach these whores a lesson, end the motherfucking game

Man, nigga do you dirty, got me drop topping in a brand new Glock 30

It's like a dark cloud always over my town and this shit get real when the sun go down

When the sky turns night and the moon shines bright and the kids gets out the way

When my wine gets cold, all the boys run home and the beasts come out to play

Don't get in my way, Don't get in my way

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It's not so bad and you wave white flags when I'm all up in your face

When you cross that line, you won't be fine 'till I put you in your place

Don't get in my way

I used to be defined by having the biggest nine

Being followed by a stripper chilling with a fifth of Bombay

Now I'm just a stand up nigga looking down, dealing with the digits and the pounds, don't get in my way

Hollow head, bullets got a forehead on 'em looking big as Sade

On my way to visit yet another project chick, she living building 5A

I be there everyday, with another chick

They be singing to each other "You're all I need to get by."

Mary J's, John Blaze on some other shit

Niggas wearing plaid shirts around their waist instead of weapons so this the c's playing checkers with them for the thug of it

On your mark (mark), nigga where your heart?

Couldn't knock a glass of water off the table with a running start

My hypothesis is I'm cut from a different cloth

God stop, make it with a rhinoceros

Y'all ballers, nigga I'm extinct, heater by the sink, y'all in hot water

I'm a Molotov thrower, y'all the cop callers

When it pops off it's shots falling all the smoke clears after shit happened

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Been flexing since big body legends
Fronting like you getting it but your clique probably stressing
My whip got 'em guessing, my clip got the answer
If a prick got a question then your bitch probably pressing
I cop, fly drops and new sneakers
I've been top notch since high tops and 2 beepers
Ya ain't know my frequency, I frequent the war dog
Frequent the drawers off, in my jeep with the doors off
I ain't chopping the top or murkin the tire
Cop 'em on tour until you know I'm murkin attire
Know some OG's, OT that murk the supplier
Chop the whole bird up in an herb with a fire
Slow down, show you how to earn that shit
Whip the wheel count and money while you turn that shit
I told a bitch, "Look, you get one turn, that's it. Just don't get no
Lipstick on this Irv Man shit."

I'm from the murder, where bitch niggas murked if you piss me
Either you pushing work or you working with the 50
But my circle never shifting, I copped my bitches red Birkin bags
And got 'em jumping out of purple 760's
Got a house in the hills but I'm as real as it get
I feel as good as I look and I look as good as a bitch
I got a stack of hundreds, that say none of you niggas rapping want it
You fucking Photoshop bitches that look wack in public
Passes? I'm my hood? Nigga hell no
Benz on the arm, you can call that an elbow
Get it? I said Benz on the arm
Meaning what you push depends on the strength of your arm
And at the same time, your elbow bends on your arm
But I'm really in a Bent, with the arm
And I've got it bullet proof, so really I've got the whole bent arm
Same color as baking soda with the old bent arm

Old bent arm, back over the stove
Whip it up one time for my nigga Marty Jones
In the feds, but he used to keep the V's all chrome
It's still block shit, my niggas C's came home
Probably dig the money up and cop a fucking phantom
We don't know you from the streets, you mother fuckers looking random
Talking much, you finna get a nigga yee ain't never had it
Stay the fuck up out my way that's how I let it, God dammit
When the sky turns night...

When the sky turns night and the moon shines bright and the kids gets out the way
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