

Heaven Or Hell Freestyle

Kur

Dre was on some college shit
Reek, he had a scholarship
Now they up the F tryna survive and shit
Four niggas to a cell, them jails on some crowded shit
Why they gotta rot in there, I'm hoping they don't die in there
As bad as I want you here, I know it's reasons why you there
I can imagine you on your top bunk, lying there
Thinking about the shit that we did before you got in there
I hate to see you locked in there
I know that there's a better place
Stand tall and hold your water, never let the levees break
Tommy keep on boxing, I know one day you'll be heavyweight
Let me set the record straight: my house look likes it's Section 8
I barely had a first which means I never seen a second plate
Told my mom I'll move her out before she see them heaven gates
Before she see that graveyard, I'll make sure it's paid off
When I grow that money tree I know it'll bring shade dawg
Rather see Marquis play ball than see him laid off
Every night I pray for Tum, knowing that them days long
Hoping that he stay strong, hope he keep his head high
Wipe away my tears God we never met the deadlines
But everything gets better over time likes it's red wine (red wine)

Being broke, I never liked those days
Thought about it like "Damn, how my life gone change?"
Even though my nigga Don had some Pyscho ways
I still love him cause we was tighter than some micro braids!
My mom couldn't even wipe herself
She stopped washing, stopped shaving, she ain't like herself
I used to always want them sneakers on the Nike shelf
Nigga please you don't know how living trifling felt, I know how trifling felt

Every night I used to hustle them quarters
When it was time to take a bath I grabbed a bucket of water
My curfew, been passed, I was up on them corners
Making plays I was ducking from tourist, and watching out for explorers
I was the poorest, needed help so bad
We was all fucked up, and I felt so bad
Hated having company, my house smelt so bad
But I said fuck it, me and Coon we gotta bag this ratch
I hated fucking bitches
Cause my dick used to stink, and my ass smelled, like ass
I was the trash from the trash
Couldn't even take a bath, a lotta shit I didn't have
15, grabbed my first pair of Pradas from the ave
Yeah I love my nigga Coon, we be always in our bag
And I love my nigga Dot, although it's problems that we had
Shout out to my nigga Lil, told me focus on this cash
Anytime that nigga had it, he made sure we all had

Almost cried when I seen my nigga Arion
Laid up in that bed, almost paralyzed was terrified
Made me think about my life, I cherish mine
Swing on me, I'm swinging back just like I'm Barry Bonds
Niggas be the scary kind, that was never me cause all I fear is God
Tryna turn my crib into the Marriott

Bitches they ain't hear me out, never used to text me back
Fuck them bitches, now I'm bout my cheese ain't talking pepper jack