

## Letter Under

Lil Double 0

This my letter to the streets, I don't show my feelings I rap on beats  
I don't rock with niggas, they don't rock with me  
Hit his block with a chop like, now that nigga deceased  
Every day I think bout quis, whoa  
Every day can't get no sleep fasho  
Pop perc this shit there feed my soul  
D-o-u-b-l-e double 0 lil hoe

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I'm tryna go get ms up, my young nigga tryna get murders, uh  
GLE 63 Benz truck hit the gas on the car, hoe swervin  
First time on a mission, I never been nervous  
Pop choppas and we pop perkies, aye  
I don't call him Lil Ricky I call him Lil Curry  
Lil double gone score, you could call me Klay  
I was just broke, I made a way, he still broke, he ain't gettin paid  
Said he maid a diss now he in a grave, uh  
[?] niggas for days  
Broke before double 0 went through a phase  
Pockets on envelope stuff em they full of blue hunnids  
Niggas ain't havin motion, they ain't gettin money  
Say he really trappin, whole time he get fronted  
I done been there and done it

Hundred thousand on this jewelry, big ass gun you can't get near me  
Strapped with that fye, fuck the security  
Cuz a nigga gone die, if double a hoe why the fuck he ain't try?  
I ain't worried, even my bih tote fye, she be carrying  
Whackin shit back to back you would think that we purgin  
Can't eat can't sleep till the opps get whacked and a fuck nigga ass get buried

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