

I heard that shit that you said, it got back to me
And I'm talking to the dead, just talk back to me
I wish Pluto called my phone and he can chat with me
I wish newske was in the studio to ride with me
Niggas got to run they mouth because we run the city
We put drums on them choppers man, I love them titties
It be crazy cause the ones you love in competition
Just kill me though, alley-oop me to the opposition
Just feel me, just pay attention it ain't hard to listen
Just listen, you were my homie why you keep your distance?
Prescription, I pop a perc and know I'm reminiscing
Let's get it, we all can eat I'm in a good position

We just politicin' and we talking about different shit we speak
ing on, all thoroughbreds and real niggas, and the sacrifices t
hat they made, the Gino Colognes and the Larry Hoover, David Ba
rstill, the Fidos and the Big Durks, and Terry Youngs. You know
, the ones that deserve to be acknowledged and the ones that sh
ould be acknowledged for being thorough

I came from Kix cereal, ramen noodles, powdered Kool aid withou
t the sugar
I remember taking bonds and stealing it without them looking
Spending all that cali krill, just because his mama cooking
Why you thinking that we pussy, just believe it's never cookie
That's sweet yeah yeah, that's sweet
I remember that in niggas whole shit the next week
I'm talking back then, 7 deep on back seats,
I remember back then old homies tried to whack me
I know they mad they stayed and we got it
We rich as hell, in five stars, eating salad
And I was sleeping on the floor, sharing pallets
I got in my bag on one song, now that's a habit, yeah
Why they don't love me, love me, love me, love me, love me, lov
e me yeah

This a love song for the streets 2 vibe, I'm in that mode, I wa
nna talk to the streets some more