

(Yuh, ayy)
My rap city just goes to show
How street a nigga is
I've been chose to expose
How weak a niggas is
You mothafucka's is peasant
You wait til' I'm in prison
Baby shit and pissin' his pants as soon as I gave him the dezzie
Yah, robbery once, conspiracy murder too
Before I spoken my name, I never heard it do
No time to piss em' off
'Cause I slide on one of these hoes
She sprinkle coke on my dick, then she sniff and lick it off
Why you so kickin?
Take a pill, maybe shut the fuck up and suck me
Hit the streets til' I come and get my coke money
Up until I die
I can't say it's in my blood, it's just a trade that I learned
here, runnin' through the slums
Last night was a pain
Bitches was playin' crazy and shit
Don't sound like I fuck with more than 50.C? (Shit)
On my way to your borough, gettin' beat
Try'na figure out how much money I spent
Yuh, you can't stop

You can't stop her game
You can't stop her game, baby
And we ain't lovin' these hoes no more, they all want us to change
And all you mothafucka's is lame
Desert Eagle will blow out your brains, baby
Thought that it was over but no-o
(Oh, oh, o-oh)