

# Abortions

Maxo Kream

Abortions, baby coffins, pops in my head like Dolphins  
Making my Momma nauseous, throws up crip like vomit  
Slang to make a profit for sneakers and other garbage  
Riding round, brains he blow like Nintendo cartridge  
It started in 2001, Cops ran in the house and they all had guns  
Lil' niggas in the house screaming "Daddy don't run!"  
Loud man said "If you move, you die in front of your son!"  
So he ran to the shredder with envelopes in the pillow  
The way the cops came in, would've thought my Dad's a killer  
Now my Dad's going to prison, Mom's stuck with three little niggas  
And she just gave birth to my youngest baby sister  
Big Bro' and hers were doing time for a pistol  
Used to sell that crystal, baby Momma's name is Crystal  
I wish you would've never hit that lick  
Could've went to college, could've been the next Michael Vick  
But instead he on the block shooting dice and hitting licks  
Banging Screw and sipping syrup  
Always on that dumb shit  
Three weeks after graduation, credit card fraud  
Burglary a habitation  
Used to sell dope just to pay his probation  
Southwest Alief Texas was the location  
Product of environment, hood habitation  
Got me racing to the corner store  
For another box of Swishas  
So I can ease my mind, caress my conscience not to shoot the pistols  
Fuck the cops with shiny badges, walkie-talkie, loud whistles  
Locked us up in cages, we be raging so we called niggas  
All this segregation got us changing cause we all different  
Make you change your name for fortune fame cause diamonds all glitter  
Fuck the whips and chain, you whipped in chain, that's why you call it nigga  
But we still kill each other, did we forget or don't remember?  
I think we just pretend  
Cause nowadays your enemies could be your best of friend  
Gotta' keep them at a distance, there's intentions you don't know about  
[?] with precision, so I'm rolling out  
Sick of niggas bitching, I got ceilings that I'm worried 'bout  
Plus I'm still living and I'm crippling, what you know about  
Lonestar, Section eight, funerals but first to wait  
Stayed in the Full house, no Ashley and Mary Kate  
Used to move a ton of weed just so I could buy some Bape  
Trynna' get Paid in Full, Money making Mitch and Ace  
Gotta' sip the codeine, Actavis I love the taste  
Fuck your church believe in God, religion is like love and hate  
Them hypocrites don't give a shit cause life is 'bout the money man  
Whether you're flipping coke or working in the grocery store  
Stacking paper growing wise, the man told me as he spoke  
A nigga trynna' take mine, I'm gunning  
Nike's on the pavement, I'ma stand for something  
Fuck running

This life, everything happens for a reason, or so they say  
I just want to know, what's mine  
Kream Clicc Gang