

The Fight

Mayday!

We out on our own
Fighting the good fight
The nights have been cold
But it still feels right
We on we on our own
Fighting the good fight
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Twerk it, twerk it, for a livin' 'till it's all black hearses
One time for my bloodline, two times for my hurtles and my cosigns
3 times for the potion, passed by a mystic hypnosis
Think I got it from my daddy, who done got it from his pops
Granny was a widow by the time he dropped
And I make it look so easy
Girl back home telling me, "you don't need me"
Ain't nobody gon' feed me
Gotta pyramid to build, that nobody else will
But I do it for the thrill of the kill
The free meals, I would do it if I didn't see bills and that real
I gotta couple hands I could've dealed, but I yield
A believer to the end, I'ma run this mine field
Ah yes
Only time will stand a tests
I'm surrounded by opulence and blinded by material things
Can't see the fangs in they mouth
It's like I'm workin' in a haunted house
Minimum wage gotta scare my way out
Wolf man bout shave and bounce
If the fight worth fighting better get them guns
Cause they don't fight fair when they hunt us down all one by one
Gotta gang load of ammo, 'bout to blaze like Rambo
Some will call me a vandal, but I got my own angle
This life's a gamble

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This is grown folk music
But I drink like a teen with a fake ID, when he know he not supposed to use it
Chalk it up to the blown excuses
This is for the late night, make right
Grinding up another piece of steak might take like
Too much time for me to make my mind up
And finally wanna back up off the break lights
If you need me to be that good fight, then I pack a Rubin carter
You can lock me away, but untill I get to say; I'mma do me harder
Fist to the sky like the millionth of man
They been guilty in the land
I'm beginning to demand

Just a little bit of sentiment when idiots are dripping all the sizzle out t
he pan
Fried, last night I had a dream I died
But wouldn't you know I had a smile so wide
You could divvy it up amongst the whole damn tribe
Well that's live, the ground been shaking like 9.5
Doing 95 out on the 95
She let me live my life, I give her all my mind
Heart, body and soul
Take time just to party and reload
Good fighters gotta start it up and go
When Bacardis in the bowl and you tryna' lock a goal
Or 3 or 4, we be at war, with a greedy whore
In a bleeding corpse
When we only tryna' live life, nice type, right, with an even score

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