

Sometimes I ask myself
Why the fuck we still doing this shit
For the love... for the dough... for these hoes
For the life... yeah... uh

Death becometh, purgatory punish
Dumb muthafuckas and grimy ass bitches... yeah
Flex on me, I'm paying u a visit... yeah I...
Come thru there with horrible intentions
My rifle get lit, It's a terrible weapon
There ain't nothing when I shit
Gon clean up the mess with
All because I'm a gold decorated veteran
Platinum and precious stones my necklace
Still on parole, Still pop a nigga quick
She's feeling me, Ill pop a nigga bitch... uh
King size ego, they hating on me for
All I do is shine baby shine writing these dope
King Size B-R'S and you're a little beeyotch
Kick you in your muthafuckin head 2 or 3 times
You'll be aight, Baby boy crying for mommy
You wasn't really bout that life

They be acting like they know something
They don't really know
Man I spend all my days, my night
Locked up in the studio
Feel like a lifetime... I'm... I'm... I'm
Spilling my lifetime... I... I... I
You're not in your right mind... I... I
These niggas trying to take me for a joke

Skin tone dark skin... camo, hoodie, timbs on
Full on, type of shit that rip a nigga grill off
Live by the code, Sleep with an iron
One eye open, hoping nigga try it
Accumalated riches raised out of sweatbox
Now I'm counting bread, transfer money off of a desktop
Top lawyer so the jury came back deadlocked
Snitch down, all he saw was fire when the lead popped
Permanently on bed rest, Shortie talking marriage
She ain't even give me head yet
Dead wrong niggas, Not a bit of conscious in us
Said fuck the world went ahead and just did us
Did us... never looked back in survival
Up and ready never let these little niggas try you
One slip will have a nigga headed to a grave
Pinebox... timeslot took the fucking way