

CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS

Mozzy

(Haha, you crazy, Jaywavy)
If you ain't bailed him out he wouldn't have died when he died
Still'll be alive
Wasn't seein' eye to eye, but he still was on our side, still was one of min
es
One who told me 'bout it, had to listen to me cry
Tears of a thug
Body deteriorating, all them years on these drugs
Children of the slums
Cookin' up a R.I.C.O. I can feel it in my gut (Let the beat ride out, Ju)
Stomach rollin' over, God knock on wood

It jammed on me last time, this chop' no good
'Til this paperwork double pack, he's not no good
He ain't rock for the hood (Yeah)
Sacrificial lamb, I did a lot for the hood
It don't come with a trophy
Forever this 'til they smoke me
Hard to let it go 'cause this shit in me ain't on me
I feel like 'til you slither, you shouldn't mention the homie
Get yo' rest gang, least you ain't up there lonely (Least you ain't up there
lonely)

I'm still missin' y'all
Wish there was a number I could call, wish I could visit y'all
Think about you on the daily
Don't nobody suffer from your absence like your babies
Deeply rooted in it like the Chaney's
If I give my life to God, is he gon' really save me? (Give my life to God, i
s he gon' really save me?)
Niggas know I'm janky, sellin' drugs use to motivate me
Now I'ma millionaire from 4th, niggas 'posed to hate me, I don't mind
I done dropped so many tears, I don't wanna cry
Yeah, I'm through with that
They tried to throw him forty years, nigga threw it back
Looked his lawyer in his eyes, "What I'ma do with that?"
Felt he was too relaxed
Niggas dyin' every daily, I'm in tune with that
And I'm bool with that long as it ain't HGM
Cracked a seal, fell asleep in front of AMPM
Real niggas left like I ain't need 'em, damn

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Hope y'all ain't forgot about me
Sick to my stomach, it's gangster parties without me
Tell Deezy what's happenin'
I could picture Zoe pourin' technical in a Fanta

David. A Perkins, reputable with that blammer
Is it really a heaven? Nah, for real, for real
Ain't believe it when they said it 'til I felt my dog spirit
Ridin' by myself, but I swear to God he with me
Talkin' back to me, am I hearin' what I'm hearin' or is it the drugs?
I would've been left the streets if it wasn't for love
Gave you all I had to give, it just wasn't enough
Loyalty make you family, it's thicker than blood
In lovin' memory, this for the thugs (Yeah)

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