

## Line It Up

Mozzy

Its really what my life like  
Killa' in the lime-light  
La-La dope smoke  
Tryna get my mind right  
'05 poppin' pills smoking hella primetime  
Bitch mad at me cause I never seem to find time  
I was rocking G-Shocks, had to get my ice right  
Niggas on the sideline we do that on shit on eyesight  
Me and E cuttin up swanged em an he bite light  
Every lil' bitch that I be fucking kinda right, right  
I really live a trife life, That gotta keep a pipe life  
Please don't let him catch you without it or its night night  
Used to call him Izod but now they call him Mozzy  
All you gotta do is drop 5 or call me for that body  
Abuse him with the jumper The Gleeker he hold scotty  
It look like I was taggin him I don't know if I Got em  
(I look like I was taggin him I don't know if I Got em)

(D Block)

Yeah, They say it take a real man to admit error  
Its gon' take a long time til it gets better  
You know me I'm from the food stamp wick era  
The four door 5 series with the interior  
There's a lot of things in life that you can't cherish  
When the haters in the light then you can't flourish  
Can't sleep good at night 'til ya man's perish  
Couple funerals will always give a man leverage  
(Yeah) If it don't make you a spy you can't sweat it  
Armstrong Dice on fire you can't bet it  
Her pass time is chess boards and Calisthenics  
Love seeing coroner fans and paramedics  
The best to those who befriended me (the best)  
Even success to all my enemies (Yes)  
Permanent Scars so you remember me  
This is a real nigga assembly

For that check Imma catch a body  
I caught in his lobby  
ON the run for the months I'm the accomplice to a homi(cide)  
I got a call from Mozzy Drivebys on Dukahtis  
Trae know im The Truth a nigga dying if he try me  
I'm with sliders and they grimey  
He ain't had no key, I caught him trying to buzz in the building it took to  
long dot him  
All my moves is mafia a descendant of Gotti  
If you Tryna box like Rocky, you'll be in the box you copy?  
Mami like "Ooh papi go down on me sloppy"  
You bootleg niggas got your style from the swap meet  
I be doing meet and greets pistol clothes touching  
She Cheated in real life to get the coke like Tyga with the Sace  
Eyes lookin asian so fuck it we order sake  
Shrimp Fried rice so it was either beef or broccoli  
Real life wit killas I know they mommas though  
Stick on my body when drama close Vamanos

Imitating blow had me trafficking out that stole-o  
7 days straight clothes looking like imma hobo

I was moving Solo two choppers off in the four door  
Might put a few through your chest make em stitch it up like a logo  
Run up in the spot niggas freezin up like a photo  
Go dumb playing tough he ain't working like i was Kodo  
I used to sit the bench they ain't picture me going pro though  
Now i pull up on the block throwing bullets like Tony Romo  
Money somewhere piling up now im on that fuck 'em shit