

M.I.P. Jacka

Mozzy

You ran your mouth so much that they ain't fuck with you, nigga
Bout to knock you off, they had enough of you, nigga
So I stepped up, I was tough for you, nigga
But when you came up you did nothing for niggas
So I was forced to sell coke for a comfortable living
Young sport, mom's porch, did nothing but killing
Pops had a few bands I thought that shit was a million
Now I'm 20 thousand fans at the Concord Pavilion
Damn, started sniffin' white, lean make you sleep your life away
Hunnid bands from a thousand grams in amicrowave
Niggas taking pictures with they cannons, but who life you save?
to the night shootin' dice in my Michael J's
My AR made same sound motorcycles make
Remember stay far cause they link with our enemies
They don't deserve the czar, but I give em tar anyways
Band for a brick, sipping barre with the friends I've made
Teenagers out there moving hard, but their rent is payed
Rich niggas use our murder game, I'm a renegade
Bitch niggas standin' on the stage don't deserve the fame
I kill a nigga give me 30 grand and show me where to aim

European switchin lanes, promise shit ain't been the same
They lock us all up in a cage, we lockin up with niggas gangs
Never go against the grain, it's Wocky in my lemonade
Momma kicked me out, cause I ain't wash the dishes when she say
It's days that I forget to pray, "damn, I miss my nigga, blood"
The shit I didn't get to say, show you how much you was loved
It's nothin I wouldn't do for bruh, who you slide or shoot for bruh?
We done did a few for bruh, you wasn't even bool with bruh
You wasn't there to hoop it up, killers used to scoop me up
Ask me how grades was then take me to cop some newki one's
It's mainey how you turned rat, we already knew you was
Knocked a bitch on IG and sent her, that's computer love
Gotta show my shooters love, gotta thank the dude above
They drug my name through the mud, then asked for me to shoot em dub
Rootin for us in the slums, I knew that this is what I'd become
Put all of my ahkis on and now they stones rockied up
I don't think I'm Pac or nothin, Thug Life embedded in me
I believe in karma, pray to God the suckas never get me
Touched my first 50, went and gave my momma 35
She was finna put up 60, told her I deserve the time
Took a seat in church, my family told me, it don't hurt to try
It's therapeutic for you baby, it don't hurt to cry
I had to work for mines, mingle in the dirt and grind
I overcame my obstacles and struggles, I deserve to shine