

Unethical & Deceitful

Mozzy

(This is Jay P Bangz)

The evidence is substantial, the lawyer got it handled
Disrespected when I kicked his dead homie candle, roman candle
Mainy records low, tryna blow his candle, change the channel
Put it on the news, your lil' bro a fool
Fuck a truce, double homicide, we went up a deuce
Live by the rules of funk or die, but I don't fuck with dude
We bomfortable
Corner store loitering, eatin' Lunchables
This million probably changed me a lil', still out here thuggin', though
Love the four
Shout out Willy, Bo gon' help me find him
Got a chain with his name on that bitch written in diamonds
What's the science?
We need no assistance from the alliance
I'm a giant
'Cause they know if I'm captured, I'ma be quiet
Where the Heckler?
Never mind the body on it, I'ma buy it
If he say through the pole that you lonely, then bitch, he lyin'
Fuck your time
My brother got forty with eighty-five
And never cried about it either, respecting his state of mind
I'ma dive in the line of the fire about my comrade
Support the single mothers, we love you, baby, you got that
Big up to the fathers that's present 'cause you a top hat
Snitches convincing niggas it's gucci, we gotta stop that
Seven-oh, four fifty-four, nigga, where your drop at?
Still tryna get on your toes, how can I knock that? Yeah
Talkin' to the law like it's a podcast, yeah
Ayy, you gon' get us fried with your lil' flaw ass, yeah
I'm waitin' on my lawyer 'nem to call back
He just hung a jury on the R.I.C.O., he with all that shit
I miss the fallen soldiers, bring 'em all back
This shit is watered down without my round, so I'ma fall back, yeah
Lil JuJu just graduated, I applaud that
Crackers killing unarmed Africans, we ain't solve that
That shit be hard for me to turn the other cheek
I get to tweaking, thinking 'bout my people dangling from the trees, yeah
We celebrate when niggas make it out the streets
But how you let your mama starve, won't even take her out to eat?
And that ain't G
I was taught provide for your people
Life without parole, he'd rather die in search of freedom
All my firearms illegal, pair of Forgis for the Regal
Auntie still on crack, but a survivor of the needle
I ain't got no friends, just lawyers and paralegals
If the life of blacks matter, then why we ain't treated equal?
Free the gang, any smut on his name, then you can keep him
Unethical and deceitful, that's on Jesus, we don't need him
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