

Unforgiven

Mozzy

(This is Jay P Bangz)

I might not be forgiven
Fuck it, I got blood on my hands
I promised to be a man in the circumstances presented, yeah
And if they chip me, better kill 'em
Just make sure them niggas feel it, that's all I ask of the killers, yeah
Said I got blood on my hands
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How can I complain and I ain't dead yet?
You keep on bringin' up these drops, why you ain't left yet?
I'm too gangster to respond to niggas' death threats
The closest nigga to you gon' get X'ed next
Exit off of 12th, you in the red zone
Where they'll pick you off and piss all on your headstone (Nigga)
City lights lit up the streets, but we ain't head home (Nigga)
'Cause we outside lurkin' through the Southside
I made a way for all my dogs, bitch, it's 'bout time
And free the members bein' awakened by they count time (Uh)
If you don't hustle, you don't get to eat, chow time
That conversation bein' recorded when you dial five
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If you don't hustle, you don't get to eat, chow time
Free all them members bein' awakened by the count time

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Ask 'em 'bout the Mackramento murders, we the reason
I'm the one that reason with you, but doggy here is a demon
We ain't flip your car when we seen you 'cause of your fetus (That's on Jesus)
I refuse to lie, on my gangster, better believe it
She just wanna pacify the johnson like she teethin'
I'm forever scheming, you is too, then pledge allegiance
Hella gun cases, but it ain't like I don't need it
Aquafina on me, you can smell that I'm conceited, yeah
Heavy on the tweakage and I'm thuggin' 'til it's over (Yeah)
I want all the gunsmoke, I function with that odor (Yeah)
You ain't got no rights to that firearm, that's a loaner
And you ain't get no strike for that hot one 'cause blood a smoker

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