

Blacc Ice

Nipsey Hussle

Take y'all on a little trip
To my side, Slauson Ave
Top of the mornin'
Ain't nobody out yet
Paint this picture for you

I'm Slauson Ave. and everything on that street
Used to carve our names into wet concrete
Used to sell dope, and I still smoke weed
Just got a record deal, but I been had cheese
Lookin' at my pieces, like I been had these
Lookin' at these streets like there is no peace
Faded off a strain of that strongest leaf, like
If only these damn palm trees could speak
But they can't, so they don't, I could, so I will
Some people never do it, they just wonder how it feel
In the hour of chaos, come the water by my wheel
Like, it's all an illusion and the only thing real
Is me, and we, whatever we believe
And that's what we project, so that's what we perceive
Embedded in my mind, it's the code and the creed
Never went against it as I rose in these streets
We was, two deep in a cuddy on E
And Fats dropped a blunt and burnt a hole in my seat
Used to get butterflies when I roll with the heat
But, not for long, say goodbye to the sweaty palm
Young nigga on a mission, tote heavy arms
Young nigga wanna bang, it's a heavy cost
Now what he got up in his brain, that's a heavy thought
Turned a nigga out, had us murderin' for clout, look
And this is it
My reality is creep
Slauson Ave. gangbang shit
Nip Hussle, look, look
And this is it
My reality is creep
Slauson Ave. gangbang shit
Nip Hussle

I'm Military Drive, everything on that strip
West Avenue and Fresno, heritage to the sticks
That ole trailer park out on highway 90
Or down on Colobra road, you might find me
Blindly pacing in the darkness, heartless
Livin' out my car, gotta find a place to park it
Swisher full of dirt weed, spark it up
Lookin for change like a bum with a plastic cup
Like fuck the police, I been harassed enough
Where good men get turned to ash and dust
Where cash is lust, with massive nuts I hold
They bust AK47's 'til their guts explode
And they stain the asphalt permanently
Daemons hold a player down when he determined to leave
But my kid's graduation, I'm determined to see
Never knew how right Jeremiah's sermon could be
'Cause God damn America, the system is flawed
So we pump this d, avoid apprehension by law

Lay and brawl, and the black ice invisible
It's either Mickey D's or be a full time criminal
Yeah
And this is it
Cause my life is shit
Hip hop is all I got
Know what I'm talkin' about?
Texas out to Cali' baby
Essay to L.A
Nip Hussle
Slauson Boy
Question
Future of the south