

Keyz 2 the City 2

Nipsey Hussle

Rollin' up some good, pourin' up 'til we get faded
You know how we do it, everybody takin' flicks of me
I got the keys to the city, I don't need no limousine
I turn out when I pull up and tell my bookin' agent book a show
Runnin' 'round with the paper bag, runnin' 'round with the paper bag
Goin' crazy spendin' all this cash, goin' crazy spendin' all this cash
If I spend it I'ma get it back, even when I'm ridin' round dirty
A nigga don't need a seatbelt, a nigga don't need a seatbelt
Nah, it don't cost to keep it real, run up, get done up
Shit can get real, fuck around and get your ass robbed
Nigga fuck around and tell you shit, got ya askin' "God, why?"
Drag your ass into a alley, pull out, aim for the target
Should've never been around the killers, in my town we the fuckin' realest
No Cheddar Bobs 'round here, I get to sprayin', they gon' get down
Ski mask over my face, catch a body in broad day
Catch a body in broad day

I got the key to the city, I got a hoe that's saddity
Talk to that bitch in Swahili, tattoo my name in graffiti
Wack at your hood in graffiti, come through your hood on the weekend
None of ya'll niggas can see me, none of ya'll niggas can see me

Ya'll ain't got nothin' like this over there, bunch of front line millionaires
Bunch of self made, out the trunk paid against the odds, really took it there
Any prob I'ma reappear, with a squad you already fear
All this time I've been playin' fair, seven digits every single year
Niggas died, niggas disappear, alibis, I was really there
Life of crime 'til I get the chair, Columbine in my trigger hair
Still I rise and I took the stairs, feel the fire, it's a different glare
All these fights, it was never fair, bustin' knuckles till I'm swingin' fierce
Face is swollen, some I'm drippin' tears, you should know I never had a fear
You should know I never had a shot, never had a chance, still I took it here
Manage pride but I see it clear, strategize, I'm an engineer
Pick a side, gotta keep it there, switchin' up nigga, lookin' weird

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Tappin in', said they'd wait for it
Tell the streets a nigga back again
Ridin' round inside the back again
Rollin' flights inside the back again
405 another traffic jam
Improvised another master plan
Sit outside a nigga family pad
Another seven grams inside a sandwich bag
My whole life is like a balance act
People's champ but could you handle that
I pull up inside the black on black
And park this big ass Benz inside the handicap
What I done, they can't imagine that
One of one, it's like a magic trick

Matter fact, it's like a lotto pick
That's why I gotta talk a lot of shit