

Put That On Me

Nipsey Hussle

Motherfuckers better duck when I get cracking
'Cause I'll shoot up your block
Double-back and asked the cops, "What happened?"
I'm from the era of the yellow-tape barrier
Double-homicide like a twelve-gauge barrel
Seen it all, done it all, but I ain't dead yet
That's why I look at life like a Vietnam Vet
Young nigga, selling work on the step
Workers smokin' for his car, put in work for the set
I'm no longer only living for the purpose of the set
Even though at that time my whole life was a mess
Look, this hood shit is like a bucket-head bitch
Yeah, you know she ain't shit, you still fuck on that bitch
And to the naked eye, it's like you stuck on that bitch
But really how you see it, you just fucking that bitch
Truth be told, I really lost hope when I was sixteen
Like fuck life cuz, whatever nigga, Sixty

Man I put that on me
Young nigga, really came from nothing
Everything I got came from hustling
Man I put that on me
I was right there seven days a week
Four corners, one month, seven days a piece
Man I put that on me
I really bang, shot niggas in they own street
New killin's in the city over old beef
Man I put that on me
Streets won't let me breathe
I wish these streets would set me free
Man I put that on me

Take away my Grannies blessings, I be history
The bullets cuz shot through the 'Lac, wouldn't of missed me
OT, on my way back home
Out in Vegas, nigga had to flush 'bout eight zones
Two burners in the stash, 10 West doing ninety
Now what you think happened? Shit, Johnny got behind me
Eyes red from the smoke, Fats license revoked
Said, "Y'all two are straight, but the car got to go"
I'm like, "fuck."
'Cause I would jis up, I ain't superstitious, but this is some bullshit luck
To make it worse, when we got dropped at the Truck Center
Two white boys, threw a bottle like, "fuck niggas"
Hotels, didn't want to give us a room
Two cars in they lot, they try to say that it's full
We musta' walked 'til we found Greyhound
Spent the last the tickets, we was right downtown

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