Gun in my hand, I'm tryna think right Should I send 'em a message and leave 'em messy Warm bodies and cold nights Ain't all goin' home, aight? Goddamn it, tryna survive a famine While stealin' a few bandanas We can sleep when a nigga dead What if the niggas you trusted been talkin' to the feds? Son's bedtime stories never getting read Well not by you He say he got a dad that was locked up too What if the cops try and stop him too? Reaching for the registration and they pop him too Saddest part is it don't make news While you cryin', ain't no sleep they lose Lose lose for loose change Risk a couple futures for a coupe or a new chain Tell 'em to maintain, I'm just tryna change things And nigga if that's cool I suggest you remain lame Go where them nerds hang School of hard knocks where he learn things Detention is a prison, get the picture and burn it Nigga there ain't no one perfect Remember nigga just be honest We all make mistakes, and if it ain't then you done it Better tell that pussy DA run it

Babe I love to see you hate me shining Just know the poke it from the city From the city
Now I'm the man in my city
I'm the man in my city

Ay yo my nigga It's time!

Get the picture from a side view
Back to the wall, ain't nobody else beside you
Steady wishing a record label would sign you
Receipts off the spot the lady asked me to sign to
Movin' with some killers that still will cook up they mom's food
Tickin' time bomb, you loose, go get your mind screwed
Hammer on the waist, this tool it got them bomb rules
Fifteen seconds of fame, go get your dog tag
Just left a nigga that grow Paris, I call him Conrad
Smokin' with this white dope girl, she got that tall ass
Long mag, she holdin' the strap, my trigger blow fast
We off that, more time we be on that

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