

## Pigs

OG Maco

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Never talk to pigs, I ain't Charlotte  
It's a web of lies and I gotta dodge 'em  
Collared for a crime and the system dog 'em  
Niggas' fleas off 'em, coppin' pleas often  
Freedom seem certain  
And if he ain't talkin' he your real partner  
Got a couple shottas with a rat problem  
Put some cheese on em, got a gat callin'  
Glock 40, hot lead on 'em  
Blood bed for 'em  
Really love life, he'll beg for it  
Niggas so trife, pat your back with a knife  
From the dark, never seen a face  
Barely seen a spark  
Bark bark, it's a dog in the night  
Hawk watch on the birds servin' white  
He ain't really got the nerves for the curb  
Lil homie hit his head when he Gurb  
Sprayin' hollows in the turn with the swerve  
Sipping sipping, hit the cup with the syrup  
In the field with a MAC and my word  
Walls talkin and the calls dropping  
Got the Feds plottin', dirty cops rockin'  
And the opps watchin, thinkin' all profit  
And they all talkin' 'til the dog barkin'

Every day niggas out here catching bodies  
Keep a bad bitch with me, look at her body  
Moving in silence like I'm 'luminati  
Give her a xan, she give me her body  
Al Capone shit, I ride with the shotty  
I'm hearing voices, I might kill everybody  
Don't talk to me bitch, I don't talk to nobody  
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I don't talk to nobody  
Seven days I been geeking off molly  
She rub on my body  
Then she wanna come and hold me scotty  
I get that money then double up, double up  
Get whacked off for a cheap price

I fuck with a lot of my country niggas  
They like to get geeked up on ice  
Twenty-twenty vision, I can see this shit right  
Got a stick on the seat and it's sitting nice  
Can't fuck with these niggas, they probably police  
They'll cut they ties just to get you life  
Fuck 'em, I ain't seein' niggas live life  
First up, nigga I paid the price  
Sipping that mud, I do not like ice  
Young Hendrix, I can get whatever you like  
Young nigga, man I earned my own stripes  
Stacking chips just for me to get right  
Fuck her feelings, man I'm catching a flight  
Run the racks up all day and all night  
Chasing these deals while I'm poppin' these 'cets  
Before I hit twenty-five I'ma see a mil  
Got the [?] jaw, that shit for real  
In my city man it's kill or be killed

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