

# Death Row

OMB Peezy

Alright, Imma just admit it  
I'm the DJ that's all in the videos, all on the records  
If you don't like it, take your ass to death row

Turned out the lights and went back in my mode  
Can't stay the night so put back on your clothes  
See all this ice, got 'em asking for dough  
I went back to all black like I'm back to my lowest  
Percocets, can't see his eyes cause he loaded  
All I see is the top cause I'm focused  
Try to rob, he gone die, hope you know it  
And you gone be sick, catch a shot for that, Covid  
Rolling then smoke up the wood  
Walk up in the high rise, I come straight out the hood  
Wouldn't be like you if I could  
What you see what you get, I know that's understood  
Ride through the city like Suge  
You tired of them lames, you can bring it to death row  
Chilling, now I'm living good  
But back in them days a young niggas was cutthroat

Turn off them lights on 'em, let me get me  
Know I'm used to this shit, I was raised in the streets  
All I know is this block, I know every crack on it  
Even the one they be serving the fiends  
And they know I'm a wolf, but I dress like a sheep  
I won't smoke til I die, know he dead when we meet him  
Whenever I'm hungry, you know I'm gone eat  
Money neck like a giraffe ain't no one out my reach  
Street shit  
She done had all of my dawgs, now she wanna be main thing?  
She a eat dick  
Lotta niggas woulda threw up if they ever seen a brain hang, but I seen it  
Jumped off the porch, say he ain't going back, see it in his eyes, he mean it  
My chain on the line, we need it  
My team lit

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He happy that he caught a body  
I'm in the high rise, I come straight out the projects

She want the throat then I got it  
Bend her over all in the back like I'm massaging her  
I was in an all black truck  
With the stick, strapped up  
Got my dick swallowed whole by an islander  
Too much designer  
Lil nigga get your options up  
[?] right beside her, she gone swallow up yeah  
Got the fee, but that is not enough yeah  
You want beef, we can line it up yeah  
You miss me? I'm tryna find a fuck (I don't give a fuck)  
Where was you at when them times was tough?  
Look, we got snow but its not The Bluff, yeah  
Hit in the head, he don't know how to duck, yeah  
His partners left, they ain't even pick him up  
Lights on, four deep in the truck

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Sorry to inform you  
But this run I'm on is equatable to Snoop  
I ain't going nowhere