

# Up Da Road

## Plies

Can't let these crackers send me up the road  
Send me up the road

I won't lie, stay focused  
Can't let these crackers send me up the road  
Send me up the road  
Keep my clique small, all soul  
Can't let these crackers send me up the road  
Send me up the road

They won't gonna meet with anybody ain't supposed to  
And you ain't sliding with the clique if I ain't known you  
I only fuck with certain niggas, only chosen few  
And being friendly with a bitch, that I ain't known to do  
They see me cracking, turn home boy? I guess they don't  
They seen some of the realest niggas turn from real to soft  
Walk life, that's the only way I'm known to walk  
Bitch, I will rave black killers, so they are known to talk  
And what most niggas do when I is closing in  
See that shit a hundred times, nigga, turn on their friend  
Got niggas telling lies, trying to shorten their biz  
Fuck niggas in the County, in the State and the Feds

I tell these niggas all the time, you can't finess a finesser  
Always trying to keep my distance from a whole ass nigga  
The way you loose focus, I'd hum end up in the system  
Love money like you do, but bitch I also impress with it  
Shit may seem complicated, but this shit real simple  
These crackers owe some money, shit  
They trying to hide a nigga  
If they ain't serving nigga before  
Then they ain't serving a nigga  
Call my phone, talking stupid,  
Call that note they been listening  
Understand, we still the same from way back in the day  
If you spread your self esteem, you wind up in the maze  
Most people that you meet ain't got some whole ass ways  
If your as sin the game, you have to know how to play

Niggas ask me why I don't smile,  
'Cause this shit ain't no game  
And why I'm always riding dolo,  
'Cause this shit ain't the same  
Too many niggas turn south  
It's too many the night  
And if I ever let you do me  
I'm the one I gon' blame  
Impared ass niggas do everything  
That they hear  
That's why I don't stop and talk to niggas  
I just speak and I deal  
Stand on point, mandatory,  
'Cause tomorrow you'll slip  
Keep the niggas off your game

If everybody claim real,  
'Cause some real shit happens

Everybody hollar snake,  
'Till they get right on crackers  
If I ever loose the road  
It's gon'be cause of me  
Expect nothing off these niggas  
So keep it real with me  
That's why