

(808 Mafia)

Uh, I fell in love with some G-locks
Pain in me, leanin' off them drugs with my heat cocked
I'm steady cashin' out the plug, make him restock
Miss my hood angels up above, know how we rock
Found out he wasn't really who he said he was, left the streets
shocked
All these rappers claim they lurk for blood when the beef hot
Only difference is I'm still a thug when the beat stop
I been takin' in too much fake love, I need to detox

Can't take life for granted 'cause my bros left as teenagers
My homie died, I couldn't change my screensaver
All the opps, they got it comin', we gon' make 'em bleed later
Wet shit like Hurricane Katrina, we got Glocks with beam lasers
Shells bouncin' out the nina, smoke 'em like a weed vapor
With a gun and a plan, I'm just a heartless dream chaser
All he know is go, that boy been chasin' green paper
Hit sport up in that Bimmer, then I turn to Speed Racer
Daydreamin' 'bout murders, that's a cold-hearted fantasy
I'm thankfully with purgers that'll wipe your whole family
Wildin' out, no, we don't talk it out, just let them cannons speak
Don't know 'bout private school, we went to Hard Knock Academy
I lost all my feelings, grew accustomed to them tragedies
These obstacles too easy, God, I'd rather have you challenge me
Love 'em from a distance and that's just the way it gotta be
You had made it hard for me to trust you when you lied to me

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