

## MY LETTER 2 STREET NIGGAZ 2023

### Problem

What's up funk, what's up groove  
What's up hood, what's up gangsta  
What's up lord, what's up folk  
What's up homes, what's up gangsta

Shit is so different now, everybody different now  
Homies turn to bitches now, same shower  
Different tiles, exploring marble floors  
While niggas squarer than kitchen towels, we can't  
Talk much, my conversation too different now  
Fuck the crown, nigga my motivation more different  
Now, baby back up, would you act like that if my bitch was round  
Drug and pussy ain't  
Clouding a nigga vision now  
Still hot boxin' that Audi before I hit the party  
P gon' be Who he be, huh, so act accordingly  
My migo bought me a watch to offset the cardi, chachi  
Chachi hit Compton in Maserati  
Used to dream about it when them Christmases wasn't so jolly  
When I would ball at Holly or Rowley up in Gardena  
Or when niggas was shooting at my  
First shows in Altadena  
Or me and Dre was fucking on rat hoes in Carmelita's, or when  
We fell out, when we both was fucking on Marquita  
I found to get my green up, I'm from the same  
City as Venus and Serena  
I served back and forth off them cleaners off Alameda, on Jesus  
Thank Nutty's for passes  
I knew I surpassed him with riding in Bentley's with Glasses  
In and out of hoods that's active with no incidents  
Still move around like that, what A coincidence

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What role y'all playing  
Who y'all auditioning, fuck a hook, fuck a song  
This reconditioning, they sendin keep me out  
Emails, niggas petitioning  
I come in rooms, niggas get to whispering, that's different  
Now that's different, you can't stop what's meant for him  
But don't be trying at my discipline  
Cause all that fuck you up ratchet bullshit I was on  
Guess what, that shit still lives in here  
A lot of this I don't share much, I don't care much  
The flow dirty, grab room, lift the chairs up  
Start sweeping, I'm bussing, who beefing, just listen  
I'm teaching, I'm preaching, no deacon

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You niggas future still controlled by your past tense

That's why your mind still controlled by your last bitch  
I tend to stay away from boys that  
Be on that shit, that dick and pussy bus will have you in that casket  
While I wake up early on  
The mission to claim the money  
The devil's most beautiful angel, it's funny the things niggas  
Do to obtain you, turn a nigga that you've known  
Your whole life to a stranger, every day it gets  
Stranger, so I gotta move colder  
Dream big like you young, cause every day you get older, I done  
Gained some exposure, now they swear that they know  
The son of Leona, that lived across the street  
From them Colberts, doors open and close em  
Real shit I condone it, no longer with it, if after I did it  
Me and God is opponents and that's real  
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, first thoughts that come to my  
Mind when I hear the word Compton is home...