

Confessions

Prodigy

Late night I can't sleep I get dressed
4am, I'm gon' get cigarettes
Grab my hoodie for the light drizzle
Hit the curb, what's the word with the night shifters
On that grizzly grime they said P
Nigga you was looking for, I saw him up the street
He was parking his car, probably still there
Hot-boxing with little shorty with the hair
Who, that bitch with the cheap red weave? Yeah, that smut
Aaight cool, I'm out, good looking out dunn
Made my way up the block to the spot where they saw the joker
That's why I never leave home without the toaster
I saw his radio lights through the rear tint
I stepped in front of the car so he could see the hit
The look on his face was priceless
The bitch micro braids caught fire when the fifth
Put pieces of her wig on the seats in the back
Now there's weed smoke pouring out the bullet hole glass
Turn the gun on him, he trying to float
Trying to run up out the car, but left on his seat belt
Now the nigga going ham in the whip
Cause them shots tearing him up and thunderclapping

There's six million ways to die, I'll choose for you
I live by the gun when you try to move on me
I stick to the script, sometimes I'm too loyal
I step away, get the fools off me
Sucker free, get these fools off me
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You can bet the house that I'm holding
Blackjack her face or maybe poker
Face for coming at me the wrong way
Dog I ain't want to do it to you
You the one that came with that aggressive shit, now you want to cop out
In hood court I'll put your gangsta on trial, you blew it
Now it's time to face the music of the Israeli uzi
That murder music, this dumbing season, I hunt humans
But I never find niggas when I go looking
They always seem to fall in my hands
Like nigga don't blame me, this is really God's plan
Up, there he go
What the fuck nigga picking up his kid from the school bus
Now how shall I proceed?
Do the nigga dirty right in front of his seed
So the little bitch grow up traumatized, a witness
To how ugly life can be, it is what it is
They walking up the way holding hands, look
I drove ahead of them and got out for the ambush
There's no thinking twice, the dark-skinned nigga turned white
'Fore that first shot turned out his lights
Now baby girl screaming hysterically
She gon' spend most her life inside therapy
Spitting image of her pops
So I smacked the little ho with the gun then I walked around the block
Police bugging, I left the chariot still running

Forgive me lord, he had it coming

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