

Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy, ayy, that probably Tago  
Uh

I'ma ride for my niggas, wrong or right  
Devil in my eyes, you can see him when we slide  
Pistol on my side, I can't let 'em kill my vibe  
Niggas pickin' sides and these niggas switchin' sides  
I promise I'ma ride  
We tread spin, bullets flyin'  
Even at the red light, his mama still can't stop from cryin'  
If my chain fell out my pocket the only way I drop a dime  
I know Ray Charles had it good, he ain't never had to see a homicide  
Stevie Wonder ain't see his brothers die, he ain't feel my pain  
He don't know my mama couldn't pay the light bill and I felt that pain  
But Mark had died, he wasn't breaking a dollar, but I tried to help him change  
Interrogatin', I still wouldn't crack if I was on cocaine

Got this shit from out the projects, ain't no silver spoons  
The morning after the night we slide only time we watch the news  
I wanna comment on niggas' picture, but I just keep it cool  
I know them pussy niggas bitches, and they know it too, that's why I'm confused  
I was stackin', gettin' money when I was in school  
Went to sellin' packs from jackin', then made rappin' cool  
Lookin' up to rich niggas, let me rock they jewels  
Got the game from real steppers, that's why I walk with tools  
Never let these bitches knock me off my pivot, spin 'em  
DM her best friend, I'm tryna get up in her, kill it  
Rapping like an expert but I just be doin' it to blow off in it  
Two thousand on all my denim, I'm always working, I'm never chillin'  
Made a killing off a killing, put a million on his head  
Gotta look out for his children, he got picked up by the feds  
Give a fuck 'bout he say, she say, I don't wanna hear about what they said  
And G5 just said he brought the pints, I'm through with sippin' red

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I come from the bottom like the curb do  
Got 'em in they feelings, it's so personal  
Ride with that fire, can't let 'em swerve you  
Gotta watch your own back, can't let 'em hurt you, haha  
Shooters on the roof that'll murk you  
And I, treat 'em like my son, like I birth you  
When I was runnin' through the street, it was on curfew  
And all them times I had him down, I could've murked you  
Before I went and did my time in the feds  
I was skippin' school that's why I was upset  
I was trappin' on Sunset on the hill, I couldn't beg

Keep that fire by my side, yeah, you know I ain't scared, yeah  
You know how I play it

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Hit a one way, went to leave school, that's the only way to go  
We stopped goin' to football practice, we found another way to score  
See I'm tired of seein' my niggas in dirt, but they ain't from Chicago  
And Billy died sober shootin' dice, hear what I'm sayin', I'm hollow  
And my niggas went to snortin' coke, I remember pourin' up in Fanta  
Asking God why that cat geeked, I don't never get no answers  
I be wantin' to get my bros out that slammer, but they ain't like Tyson Chandler  
They play with it, we gon' knock they lights out, watch 'em put down candles  
, hah

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