

Apartment

RJmrLA

"132nd and San Pedro street in Willowbrook (We gon' get it) after deputies a pproached a vehicle that was parked at an apartment complex
Deputies say one man was detained (Never forget) for assault on an officer
At this point a firearm has not (Can't never forget) been recovered on scene
and the investigation will continue well into the night"
(Paupa got beats making history, on God!)

Cocaine residue, bitch, clean them pots out
Never seen pure, bitch? This what rappers talk 'bout
Eyes are the windows to the soul, look in my house
I'm the brains of the operation, duct tape your mom mouth
Crime route, yeah I took it, I grew up a ballplayer
Feed my fuel to the air like a carburetor
Half my homies went to the league, I went to county jail
Twin towers and a spur, but I'm out on bail
I don't tell, do the time for me and my crimey
Need all the flash in my face like a ID
Rodney, I'm a junior and a shooter
Bring the thunder, shit, okay, see you do it sooner
Man, I grew up in them 'partments where my granny was the landlord
And the windows had bars like a metaphor
Basketball, I lurked in the alley, we played half-court
No net, just a rim and a backboard

Oh, them apartments
From apartments to the projects
Grew up living in apartments
Every day was just like a contest
Same difference in them apartments
Same difference in every hood I been in
Ah, livin' in them apartments (All my niggas, all my niggas)
Ah, my niggas in apartments, 'ments
All my niggas in the pen (All my niggas, all my niggas)
Caught 'em living in them apartments
All them losses taught us to win (Oh-oh, shit)

I was 'bout three years old when I met Luda
Not Chris, Liu Kang, come and kick it with a trooper
Lauren went to Fremont, he was my recruiter
Used to ditch and go to D spot back when they was cooler
Change ruler, made moola and paid dues up
Trap like [?]
Deuce block, 'cross from Vanguard duckin' school cops
Any nigga push the sand car keep a tool cocked
Big D always vouched for a G
Gave clothes off his back and the shoes from his feet
I put my soul on every track, I rebuke your jealousy
In the villas we be strapped like two baby seats, ayy
RJ? Nah, R-motherfuck-a lame
A-Ps to the projects, we all the same
A-Ps or the Rolex? No time to waste
How the fuck 12 got the remote to all the gates?

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Oh, oh God
Oh, oh-oh
Oh, oh God
Oh, oh-oh
Oh, aah-oh
Oh, oh God