

## HALFTIME

Sada Baby

(Slatty dandy)  
(Sho'nuff)  
(CJ)  
(Big Squad SMO)

They want me to slow down on them pills, say it's gon' kill me, huh  
They don't know the shit I'm feelin', but I feel 'em, huh  
I done stood eye to eye with pistols and I'm still me  
I done stood eye to eye with Dracs, I can't fake it  
I done went toe to toe with snakes, they ain't make it  
And my people makin' sure I'm straight, that's the basics  
I got a hundred racks for each of my  
Mistakes, that's what made me (Sho'nuff)  
I ain't trippin' 'bout my— (Oh, look, woo)

I ain't trippin' 'bout my past just as  
Long as it ain't the graveyard, huh  
I ain't came all red 'cause this ain't State Farm, huh  
Niggas know I'm big Blood from my name card, huh  
From out west back to my hood, they don't play about me, huh  
Send my all to Campanella, I— (Oh, look, huh)  
Send my all to Campanella, I'll pay about it, huh  
Put my money on your head and go that way about it  
Boy, when I pull up, niggas know we 'bout to wreck shit  
Boy, when I pull up, I don't see nan' nigga gon'— (Sho'nuff)  
Boy, when I pull up, it not nan' nigga gon' catch shit  
Boy, when I pull up, I'm gon' hop out just to press shit, huh  
By myself with it, huh, to the neck with it, huh  
I ain't callin' for nobody  
If I go to court about it, then that's me up on that homi'  
Bitch, that's me up on that stand, I ain't callin' for my mama  
I'm gon' tell 'em that I did it, get to tweakin' on your honor  
Bitch, you should've thought about that way before I had some problems  
And niggas should've tried to make sure I was good 'fore I had dollars  
And now if I got me an issue, I'm gon' end it with a chopper  
Let me backtrack, mask up, I ain't gettin' caught  
Where them racks at? Count 'em up, get a nigga booked  
Big Ice, big boss, hit his block, fuck he thought?  
They gon' do it 'cause I put the bread up like it's locked  
Like I said, they ain't slidin' 'bout no love  
Wouldn't give a fuck if they was, nigga  
Don't want no favors, I'ma spend it just because  
Nah, me, myself, and I'll be done spent your shit with blood  
Spent your shit with Sosa, baby better grab her shit and run  
This shit gon' be fun, we gon' hit they hood until it's done  
Keep on buyin' guns, put 'em to the side '  
Cause I can't trust, all this shit sus  
Yucky nigga tryna keep it tucked  
I'ma keep it up in your bitch face until it bust  
I don't trick on nothin', bitches pay me money when we fuckin'  
Ho, I'm Skuba Ruffin  
And I got temptations for your auntie, she say, "Keep 'em comin'"  
Herp gon' give me everything that I need  
I can hear 'em mumblin', so I keep on askin' what about me  
Better not speak on shit, you know niggas bleed like I bleed  
Niggas breathe like I breathe  
If he leave when I leave, I be done left him where we was

I ain't playin' no ho games when we worried 'bout that club  
Mr. No Name, nobody here off the drugs, dude

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