From a boy to a man to a martyr its the yard father party starter who can hit the bar harder i order bacardi with dark lager to chase that mess its burning my chest like hot lava verbally im a rotweiler you gon learn to respect me cuz you aint even a doberman you a german shepard and thats a back in the day dawg thugs now a days will cock it back pop a cap in your acorn fuck what they say in they songs gangstas dont stay long they make a little noise then they gone thats why i tell my sister i love her plus my mom and my brother live for today i know im not promised another (another) you little punk mother fucker i aint got no love for you i got a slug for you its possible today can be your very last morning move your ass on and take this as a last warning

dont d-d-d-dont dont do that
dont d-d-d-dont dont do that
if you dot wanna get slapped dont do that
you been talkin behind my back dont do that
steady runnin off at the trap dont do that
you want me to say something back dont do that
cuz that shitll get you slapped shitll get you slapped
you been talkin behind my back dont do that
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from a petty larcenist to armed robber its the yardfather i aint jamaican but label me as the don darta let a nigga try to bomb bodda i got a razor sharper than kareem abdul jabars barber you you a disgrace to your pops in the pen all he hearing about his son is the cops are his friends only time he heard your name in a sentence with gun when you told and got a nigga sentence for one he aint raise you to be no bitch be no snitch spent to much time with your moms sweet old bitch we was chewing you was suckin your chico stick shoulda sent your fairy ass to military class now your moms gettin sceamed on by your dad like we shoulda had a daughter instead of a fag this the last time im tellin ya i swear its for sure i shouldnt even ever have to say this no more

dont d-d-d-dont dont do that dont d-d-d-dont dont do that dont d-d-d-dont dont do that if you dot wanna get slapped dont do that you been talkin behind my back dont do that steady runnin off at the trap dont do that you want me to say something back dont do that cuz that shitll get you slapped shitll get you slapped

you been talkin behind my back dont do that steady runnin off at the trap dont do that you want me to say something back dont do that cuz that shitll get you slapped shitll get you slapped

if you go to w w f u somebody put a slug in your brother then guess who you know ima thug it but love it the best do not to many love it as rugid as S do im so special im what the fuck is lyricism and im open to all your constructive criticism let a nigga step outa line i get the tech and the 9 from up have a son truck and hit him with it i told him not to do it the nigga went and did it he talkin shit about me dawg now he feelin a get it and im ready to let the pop gun squirt and sit hoppin g rockin free saigon shirt cuz he be tryna play me is not gonna work god made dirt now put some on top of this jerk

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(I Know)

i know i know i know i know life got much more to offer me and i know i know i know i know the system treats us unlawfully and i know i know i know i know that a new day is yet to come and i know that ill be rite here with the nation

we live in a place where babies are born addicted to base if you get arrested you likely to get kicked in your face a lot of bitches is sick with the "H." if you dont want the "I.V." think before you put your dick in her waist its a disgrace theres only one particular race that got fucked ever since we got shipped to the states like being trapped in a pit full of snakes they callin the coke dandruff the ghetto been inflicted with flakes i listen to rap but wouldnt let my kid listen to that cuz if my kid listen to that then its a wrap niggas replace wisdom with materialism i use the rhythm to preach about imperialism i get on it like martin luther king and do the damn thing far as snitching goin like j-lo i can sing but ill eat you like a planet wing lets pop a cop and then pop some champagne

i know i know i know i know life got much more to offer me and i know i know i know i know the system treats us unlawfully and i know i know i know i know that a new day is yet to come and i know that ill be rite here with the nation

they got drugs of all sorts coming through the airports only once every five years somebody get caught how many lives must heroin cut short how many us folk gotta grow up to smoke shoot sniff or snort we no longer serving them dimes to manuever through turbulent times me and my niggas murdering rhymes my life breathe like a verse in a song so its in the quran word bond yah gonna worship the don convict since a young age face plastered on the front page picture me workin for minimum wage i went in a rage packed the mack 10 and the gage in the streets i seen more action that nicholas cage buck one for my niggas locked for using a gun buck two and them niggas that bucked Roo fuck you buck three for lucky buck four for all my dawgs up north lets get this jump off jumped off

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