

Brothers Testimony

Sauce Walka

Look how far we made it (Look how far we made it)
I just wanna say congratulations (congratulations)
To all the haters

When I die, wonder how many of y'all niggas gonna feel it
When I die, think I need 'bout 5 caskets for my riches
I spit power through my lyrics, we go crazy in that trap house
And let the junkies do their fillin'
Remember we was children
Throwing rocks and cars and breaking in abandoned buildin' (buildings)
Never knew we'd be the stars we are today but look we did it
I bet my granny'd be so proud of me if she'd see me in this Bentley
We came from the trenches
Then walk around the hood I have so many memories (so many memories)
Remember Ms. Gordon store, the old folks store, catfish city, they all empty
I can fly around the whole country but this Chiraq shit is still in me
You can put that lil' ass money up, me and Twinz counted out two fifty
I'm gonna spaz out ridin' two Hemis cause I'm a hood nigga
And you best ride around with two semis up in my hood nigga
Click a Glock 5 get 'em gone in a jiffy
Pull the Glock one more time til the clip empty
Snakes in the grass, niggas ain't getting no pass
Fuck nigga TSL business

TSL Mexico, niggas gone run in your house leave you dead in the kitchen
And my shooter screwed up right now
Little nigga get hit but don't die he failed to mention
December 25th, all we got was body wash for Christmas
Can't help but reminisce, I really wish my brother was still with us
I remember I was broke, I ain't even have a penny
Now I'm on 12th St and 5th Ave crawling in a Bentley
I'm in Neiman Marcus shopping and I'm walkin' with a 5th
And I don't give a fuck who he is he play with Gohan I'm a kill him
I'm just dripping, I'm just spillin', in the Bentley when we kill him
We gon' throw him in the dyke, same place where we go fishin'
Many rappers not alike, I be mobbin' in the trenches
And my chain is full of ice, while I'm walkin' with my killers
Peso Peso fly like Peter Pan
And I keep me a tool like a handyman
Niggas say my name I ain't play no games I'm coming just like Candyman
I'm in South Park with chopsticks walkin' up ???
And I'm still scootin up for Kenny Louie finna do the money dance

Do the money dance
Couldn't get bitches from 'round the corner now its hoes in France
Used to be on Bellaire sellin' crack hand-to-hand
Dope fiends kickin' cans
Laws watchin' surveillance cams
Big Glockes up in them hands
No hollowpoints those bitches jam
Way before Instagram, I took pictures with pistols fam
AKs and missles, fam
ARs with sensors, fam
Made it to the news ungloried its just who I am
Would you protect your bleeding brother's life and pull that pistol blam
Or would you run and leave him left for dead and post on the 'gram
Save in arms reach up your fam

Yesterday y'all banging brim
Soon as y'all start going ham
You dropped the ball, NBA Jam
Damn, this the oath niggas committed to
I remember when being a gangsta was sensible, honorable and milatle
Regard of the ridicule
When gettin' a brick was just the beginning not the pinnacle
But niggas lost they principles
All these trappers ass backwards
Nigga buy a chain before a lawyer and then get firecrackered
Police hit like linebackers
Under your car find trackers
Already to late they done broke in like a chiropractor
You captured
Oowee
You captured
One time them broke in
Oowee