

Damn Lil Bro

Sauce Walka

Chamberlain, he's got it!
Oo-wee
Shit brazy
Another day in the ghetto
Another young nigga dead
Another family lost cryin'
R.I.P. young nigga

Homicide from the blindside
Sittin' in the parking lot, top dropped, like a sky dive
Goin' through his phone, he got stains comin' from five guys
Bottle full of percs, some blues, he need them gone by five
He sold ten pills, but he ain't tryna' buy no hotfries
Probation fiends laid in the sun, barely wearin' FILA's
But the bottle that got, he stole from one of the OG guys
He thought he wouldn't notice, cuz' they press pills by the thr
ee times
But he put all this work in, so in his mind he deserved it
Them OG's don't do shit but drank and fall asleep on percies
He asked for double [?], but they declined him every service
He even tried to save up buy double, but they just curved him
But the only way to trap in the hood, is if they serve him
And that's the shit that irked him, so fuck it, he had to burn
em'
His plan was to go cross out of town, and start to workin'
But soon as he got there, he was seen by the wrong person
And the phone call got made, so you know what the drop was
I seen lil' bro in a parking lot sellin' pill poppers
The OG's mad, cuz' they done lost half a hun-dun
A bottle of four-hundred blues gone, that's no fun
So while lil' bro was chillin' in his car, from store run
A [?] slide up guns blazin' at his Samsung
Bullet go through his phone and smash through his left lung
Another hit his chin and neck, he didn't even see nun'
Moral of the story is, never be a peon
[?], out here playin' dirty reruns
Never take no threat from no OG's, just try to be one
But if you do, pay your dues, or know a war has begun

On sauce
Damn lil' bro, damn
Oo-wee
Remember lil' bro, I always remember what happened to lil' bro
For real, sometimes our biggest mistakes was only because we ha
d to make em'