

Mental Pollution

Sauce Walka

Soo-woop
Grams
We poppin' black boy
Bitch I got you

From the bottom to the top nigga Im'ma rise
They can feel a motherfucker this a enterprise
Fuck with me I drip on you and leave you energized
Electrifying I'm relying on my mastermind
Since the age of 9, I been in the mix, cars or bricks
Breaking a bitch, spillin' this drip
Rugers I rip, choppers I spit, niggas I flip (oooh)

I keep the Mac on me
I keep a sack on me (yea, yea)
I got a rack on me
And I'm on jetski
Me and Sauce pourin' on the beach
Got two white freaks (yea, yea)
That bitch all on me, your bitch all on me (yea, yea)
I am unique from my head to my feet
I'm a go-getter I'm straight from the streets
I gotta eat, ooh
I need the sauce on me, ooh
Imma put a house on me, ooh
Imma be on TV, ooh
Tint turnin' purple, light blue, ooh
Saucalious I'm the dude

Bitches nasty with no guidance and no structure to 'em
Carrying diseases but getting body reductions done to 'em
Young niggas in apartments turning vacant houses to golden ruins
Watching the doors for sudden movements cause everybody ain't rootin' for 'em
The landlord and some of the neighbors think they pollution to 'em
Sendin' the jump out boys to catch 'em cause they a nuisance to 'em
But what about the babies outside, apartments gruesome to 'em
But it ain't the choppers fault it was the parents, they was the first influence
But don't nobody want to hear that
But don't nobody want to feel that
But don't nobody want to steer that
In the car where you gotta look in the rear-view mirror and see that real flash
Where every second in the ghetto raising up it feel just like that
So much pressure, so much pain
It'll stress ya, it'll break ya, it'll test ya
Or change ya, for the better
But the rain, so much wetter when we cry up in the ghetto
Cause its always gonna be hours, days, or years before they help up
I'm Sauce

And its why we gotta help us
And that's why we gotta help us
And that's why we gotta help us
I'm Sauce