

Peace Treaties

Sauce Walka

(Brandin Blanco)

My people stuck in ghetto genocide
It's dark in these streets, please keep your kids inside
These niggas slide
Not lookin' at shit they shootin', close they eyes
How is this fine? How is that gangster?
Everything is fun and games until somebody get killed by a prankster
But you was thuggin' with them wanksters a couple weeks ago
Everybody was gang-gang until lil' buddy sneaked your coke
That's your plug money, you need the score
Your big brother stay lookin' out and now he need an O
Now you in the trap all embarrassed 'cause you can't feed your folks
Tamika broke
I don't know why the hell you thought you need her for
All them Galleria Chaneles and she can't even Chanel you a pizza roll
You fallin', nigga
That EDD check had you ballin', nigga
But Donald Trump ain't in office no more and them collectors callin', nigga
It's tax season
Young niggas robbin' in all black season
It's cold outside, they wearin' hoodies, tuckin' they MACs, freezing
It's even gangsters workin' for snitches, they got these rats cheesin'
You still tryna find buddy with your coke so you can get back even
These streets sleazy
Whoever said thuggin' would be easy?
I know niggas with forty-five years for tryna be Jeezy
Some niggas ain't even make it to pounds, they died for QPeezies
Some niggas ain't even make it to books, they died for magazines
Seen some niggas walk to the devil tryna search for Jesus
The nigga died blessin' the hood, nobody heard the sneezing
You see, I'm from the neck of the woods where choppers keep squeezing
His mama lookin' up to the sky, three years, she still grieving
These real demons
Lil' dumbass niggas on these pills leaning
Ain't never learned no trades, but they specialize in red beaming
We killin' off our own race, nigga, these queens need semen

Somebody take my hand out the ghetto or we can keep dreaming