

# Bad Luck

## Sleepy Hallow

(Great John on the beat, by the way)

Huh, I just ran the bag up, and you bad luck  
And I don't do the snakes, so I gotta keep the grass cut  
Gang up in the front, chopper make 'em back up  
I got what you want, Winners Circle, get your cash up

Who got you gassed up? I'm smokin' gas, car gassed up  
And you know we gon' do the dash, can't pass us  
Pull up, skrrt, gang, got the whole city wild up  
Talkin' choppers, I'ma carry like Mariah  
I know gang look like a stain, come and try us  
We gon' ride 'til we got a flat tire  
I know who gon' ride, who gon' slide  
Who gon' really care about me if I die?  
Sometimes, demons be arguin' in my mind  
Demons at my door say they just wanna come inside  
Shots fired, opps shot, another opp die  
Cops shot another black guy  
Know you hear it all the time  
Word came from the grapevine  
They don't wanna see a nigga shine  
Know they wanna take mine  
I ain't ever think I would shine  
I ain't ever think I would

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I go through a lot nobody knows  
Nobody made me do it, nigga, this the life I chose  
Givin' back for all the days I was broke  
'Cause I know it ain't easy tryna stand ten toes  
Buy a coat 'cause the streets gettin' cold, huh  
And they ain't really with you, they can't wait until you go  
Told my auntie, "Please hold on"  
"You been prayin' all your life, been livin' for so long"  
I still hit my grandma up for a meal, I'm still off of them pills  
My mama sense it when I'm hurt, but I can't tell her the deal  
They know, huh, I'm a god in the flesh  
You know you feel the pain when it's all in your chest  
We gon' ball like we Thompson and Steph  
You shoot when I'm shootin', we do it all for the net  
Fuck it, you could take it all if you want some respect  
'Cause I done did it all, did it all for the set

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