

Ramadan

Smoke DZA

183rd street

(Lawd)

Parked the spaceship in front of mama's fry (G shit)
We was taught to squeeze 'til the drama die (Brrt)
Homie, don't be the reason that your mama cry (Please don't)
Heard they put her son down like Ramadan
(Niggas gettin' tried left and right, homie)
Then they wonder why the streets left us traumatized
(Shit ain't no game, nigga)
Traumatized (Uh), traumatized

I got a budget just to keep new Dior in my closet (Right)
New handheld pistols on my niggas like wallets
Big business, so you know, it's a bigger deposit
High-tech money machines to speed up the process (Uh)
I don't explain the process to novices, what's the object?
Hand full of bud in a bag, off the optics
Uh, they hate to see me livin' my life
Them "back-in-the-days"-stories still ain't changing the price
Don't get caught up in position and power, for the hour
Niggas get to cappin' 'bout smoke, I light the loud up
I got niggas rich, you got niggas clipped
Embarrassed, investigated, all types of shit
I underestimated the scripts, the hyphenate (Uh)
You started off 30's and ended with Vicodins
Worst thing you could do with a drug is light the shit
The ratio from dealer to user is heightening
Your life'll end

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It's all good 'til rules get broke, and crews get smoked
It's crazy when you get rich off the truth you smoke
And them niggas that you fuck with only poof, you broke
Got really fool parole, had to trap on cruise control, yeah
Uh, you know I hit the interstate scorin' 'caine
Quarter thing, before I left I got a oil change
Park the 63 where your bitch stay, when you this straight
The pussy always free, but the bricks ain't, but my wrist great
Yeah, my only jackpot was a crackpot
They say I used to be a hustler, shit, when that stop?
My new customers ask me when that drop
It's still fifty racks dropped just to wack opps
When I was younger I just wanted to be a fireman
I grew up fast, buying yams, supplying grams
Your favorite rapper in my diet plan
I kept it gangsta, my choices was live a rat, or die a man

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If we talkin' hustlers, I'm ahead of them all (Facts)
And if we talkin' rap niggas, I'm beheadin' 'em all (Uh)
I did it all just to ball, but was never incarce'
'Cause a fish with its mouth closed could never get caught, uh
I slide through the trenches with this .40 on my hip
Deuce-deuces in the purse, a lil' shawty in my whip (Got that)
I slip through mo' towns than Berry Gordy with the bricks
I got rich, kid, guess I'm Tory with the bricks
If I call my body-droppers they gon' shotty shot 'em
Catch you in your buildin', get your lobbies rockin'
Spin the block and tell 'em hop in (Hop in)
Then we skrt on them niggas like, "damn, they killed 'em" (Skrtrt)
Witness said they fled [?] just like some pilgrims
Always on the guild then
We always been them niggas and we still them
I step outside the Hilton, they film him
Hop into some plush shit with stashboxes built in
And tablets for the children, and panoramic ceilings

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