

Uh-huh

Yeah

You gotta know

You gotta know how you wanna go out in the end

(183rd Street)

I know how I'ma go out

I'm from the get booked, get back, get poppin'

Stack it up in Section 8 and then go whip shoppin'

My player never slows down and he ain't with stoppin' (Nah)

My brodie caught a body out in Pennsauken

State police is runnin' 'round, still askin' questions

That's why I talk to God and only ask for blessings

'Cause everybody's fucked up out here, it's mad depressing

Young and dumb added lessons, adolescence

Was in a bad direction, nobody came and saved me (Nah)

I came up off a crop of reggie and a hundred eighties (That was me)

You're only playin' yourself tryna play me (Uh-huh)

Who want smoke? I whip this coke like a tinted-up Mercedes

Guerilla, goon, gangsta, but I shows class

Old head's worth a couple million, but he smokes glass

I know my smoker won't crack, he just smokes crack

He gets me players now, I got him his own jack

They call for fifties, and they call for hundreds

The game don't love us, but I fuckin' love it

My bro high, he kept on flashin' out his gun in public (That shit on him)

Now he doin' five for bein' Perked, Xanny'd up and blunted (Man)

DZA, listen here, I can see it crystal clear

We gon' make a couple million if the crystal's clear

We consistent here, Christina Aguilera with the Britney Spears

And I give 'em smoke, DZA here

Crystal clear

At this point, we could tally it up before I disappear (Uh)

Boxes on deck, I up the different gear

Multiple options of transportation to get it here (Really)

Plugged up in Cali, home in the Valley

It all started with unfathomable numbers and a couple addys

They tried to bump it a couple of points 'til I got aggy

Shit, you know how they be tryin' to do us East Coast niggas

First off, you need the clientele to see those figures

Secondly, you can't stop my bag, we go-getters

'04, I was flyin' shit back, ask Third

Pickin' up loads, gotta use passwords

The irony, goin' into compliancy

The storefront from the trap, legally buy my tree (Right)

Anything else is uncivilized, minor league

Turned my contact book into a dynasty

You niggas still tryna catch up and be high as me

Never mind, I'm from Harlem, tryna be fly as me

OT the Real, Kushed God

It's all tyrants here