

Who crazy? I'm crazy
These kids need an M80
Just to walk safe to they KG's
And we still smoking that crack
My brother dead, he ain't comin' back
Wanna G like me just to run it back
But we don't give a fuck they just stabbed his ass
For a new snap back, beats, and a back pack
Now I pack a double pack of two back pack pack for any rapper
Gang banger, mother fucka tryin' to slang on my street
And any hoes trying to stand on my street
We been in the hood for so long
My stoop got an imprint of all
My killas standing real tall
And yeah, united we fall
I was born in hell, how could shit get worse?
And on my moms I'mma get this paper 'til my knees don't church
(Swag) And When I say that shit it means sumn'
Ever since the world didn't end I figured
That my life might actually mean sumn'
Bred out the apocalypse
Mayan gods ain't stoppin this
I fell, but I landed. I'm on top of this
World heart break, dinner plate shot with piss
Now I'm back in a muzzle flash
And I got my oven hot
As I light my Molotov with a ton of cash
And my team never soft
Stay cocked with some rocks, propane
And that fresh full of thunderclaps