

# Throw Down

Styles P

Hate looking promise but debt put they sip and it's kinda drastic  
Mama's get to sleep cause she vision me in the casket  
Black say he cursed somehow I feel like he passed it  
Now I hit the hood with the K and a piece of plastic  
Both of my sisters gone, how the fuck is this shit another night  
Right up to the just and my brother that do a couple life  
I know I'm supposed to be grateful, that never made me hate  
For looking at my down on the table condition wouldn't state  
But told them bring them back, but the doctor told me they weren't able  
Walk with me I show you a movie, that shit you see on cable  
They found my homie mama murdered, face inside a bible  
He was basicly in the feel, now he suicidal  
Damn, looking at my son I only think to stay instead of thinking  
what could end the worse I only think to break  
Cause where I'm from they tell me all gangsters go got a thing  
Before I live and crash my dreams, I'm a fly the ground

Always a go down, always a show down  
I'm on the up and up, 'cause niggas is low now  
I be fucking up, pray to God that I slow down  
But this the fast life, throw it up if you throw down

Ah, I know that the fans listen  
From the hood to Hollywood it's a transition  
Face under my hood just like a transmission  
Grants the ambition  
I recall reeling up and the grand missing  
Mom Christian, father was a black spade  
Uncle funeral probly cause of a black gauge  
I rap I'm paid and they well jealous  
They almost got me, I shot 3 dell allish  
I'm from the hood, medicate infidelis  
If Fred afraid then tell us, until that  
Well money murda I'm about that  
And they about it too, I'm tryina stay focused  
God forgive me what I'm 'bout to do  
I know more people in a coma, than diplomas  
The gunpowder aroma with Corona's on the corner  
Well I play the stoop and then I spray de deuce  
Niggas lie my homie Trae The Truth

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Am I addicted to pain? We stumble in the sun  
But we never slip in the rains  
Is insanity sane?  
Is I cray when higher arrive, now it's that bad  
Rolling a blunt but exhalin' a black cloud  
When I die, don't cry nigga, laugh loud  
21 guns salute with a mask  
And the mask crowd shooter in the horker  
But I don't wanna charge all so  
Take off my pain as the emcee of the all feel  
Brother gone, father gone

Couple of the homies gone  
Time flying and I'm ready to get my lonely on  
I wanna see time fly with the rollie on  
Sorta like the blood in the crypt, mixed with the Corleone  
South African warrior blood, in my veins  
With them Rio warrior bars in my brains  
With a tormented soul, to all my niggas roll with the cars and the gold  
Of the money to grow old, yeah

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