

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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