

Shoulda Woulda Coulda

Sy Ari Da Kid

They killin' my little man, B. I'm about to be on some real murder shit, A.
I'm tellin' you man, any nigga that ever looked at me wrong, owes me money o
r ever said any jealous bullshit about me is fuckin' dead. You understand wh
at the fuck I'm sayin', A? They're fuckin' dead, man. Yeah.

If I was Mitch, I would've wanted to murder niggas too
But when you choose that life, the murder rate is you, true
See, as a father, Mitch had hustled the hard way
Knowing his action was puttin' Sonny in harm's way
Should have stayed low key, knowin' he was flexin'
He ain't need the whip with the gold BBSs
He ain't have to partner with Rico, knowin' he extra
I would've never lived with Uncle Ice, knowin' he jealous
Move out the hood, and I don't mean moved for a months
Then move back, I mean move out for good
Dirty money to clean, money makin' shit
Now paid in full, RIP to money makin' Mitch, that's word

C'mon man, it's Blizz, of course I'm takin' care of myself, man
Yeah man, it's nice to see you, man
Yeah pardon me for a second, I'm 'bout to rob this place
What's up?
Alright everybody puts your hands in the air and face the fuckin' bar!
Aw shit!
Don't look at me, goddamnit! Ay yo Q, you want a piece of this?
Nah man I'm outta here
Aight, everybody, take your fuckin' clothes off!

If I was Q, I would've been down, like what's the next move
Nah I'm bullshittin', I prolly just would've left too
But if I was Blizz, I would've asked Q about a gig
Or anything not to do another bid
But jobs not hiring 'cus of something I did
In the past, they gon' treat us like criminals when we kids
No food inside the fridge, well, nowhere to put a fridge
'Cus I ain't got nowhere to fuckin' live
Momma on drugs, Daddy said I wasn't his
And I'm out here starvin', nigga something's gotta give
Life's a bitch, shit I prolly would've robbed the place too
Hell I prolly would've even robbed Q and you, muhfucka

Let's go
Alright, wait a minute man. Let's split up
No, man I don't think we should do that. I mean if we gotta throw some hands
I think it'll be better if we're together
Aw man, them fools ain't gon' wanna do nothin' man, they just showin' out an
d shit
RICKY!
Yo

If I was Tre, I would've never split up with Ricky
If I'm ridin', you ridin' with me and jealous ones envy
Now how the fuck it get to this? You shouldn't have been running yo' lips
Knowin' they bloods and your brother is a crip, shit
This ain't no time to take no motherfuckin' piss
Them niggas wanna leave you in a motherfuckin' ditch
Them niggas furious like my father name

Speakin' of my father, follow me, he gave me all the game
Hopefully we make it back to our side and see your brother
Even though they'll probably fuckin' kill each other
Them gang bangin' options, you know it's on and poppin'
Your brother in our life, you got a scholarship to college
Just think about your mama

Damn

And that's what I would do
Shoulda woulda coulda, right?
I know