

## Penal Code 182.5

Sylvan LaCue

Mmm...

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah  
Niggas caught me but they really ain't caught me  
Momma stopped me told me let no one stop me  
Papi used to kick the brick like karate  
Mami used to chef up eggs and salami  
Don't go outside when niggas pull out with Tommy's  
Shit I was 24 nigga hit the floor 12 thought I robbed my momma's apartment  
Hmm hm hmm, Yeah How I'm fed up yet I find myself starving  
My niggas always taught to proceed with caution  
That drama drama catch you out while you parking  
That llama lama don't look cute when it's sparkling  
I mind my business weighing out all my problems  
I mind my business cause my business is popping  
They only need you when you run out of options  
Hmm hmm, yeah what's a verdict to a hedge fund  
Give a shit bout where you bred from  
Boomers toast in cubicles and red rum  
Send a text and set it off like rev run  
Paramedics show up late like its practice  
Ain't no honor when your honor's a savage  
My nigga Drakeo got acquitted clearly no debating  
Kept him tucked and labeled him hazard  
All neglection manifesting a casket  
Rights in shambles privileges out of basket  
Solitary free your mind through the havoc  
Trauma trauma trauma trauma  
Momma I know better but better still come after tragic...

Big chain out the closet this is shy glizzy  
Yall fuck these hoe niggas over we ain't dry humping  
A hundred thousand up in all whites that's a dry hundred, ugh  
Just let me know something you leave him in his head  
Yea, brother bitch I'm Hulk Hogan  
He was acting trippy so I left that nigga Trippie Redd  
All headshots that's my DJ you know he dead  
My rhymes ain't gon get no better  
Throw me up in solitary and I get more clever  
Fuck a bag I'm repping Louis with no effort  
They don't wanna see in the phantom with the ghost lamping  
Back to back foreigns bout to fuck over the pole dancers  
Do a backflip on some bitch I'ma hit you with this old fashion  
I'm the leader of the new wave  
I'm the nigga that boost 50 in 2 days  
I'm the niggas that hogged the coop in two lanes  
And I was only 21 but ain't nobody give me praise  
It was me and Malene but ain't nobody get me saved  
Niggas send death threats all on twitter  
But got the nerve to come to court and play the victim  
How you real but wanna see me up in prison  
I ain't do it now you mad cause the verdict not guilty nigga kill me  
Get out yo feelings Ima up until its season  
Press 1 cause I'm a winner How you livin'  
My reality is real  
Cause I'm the nigga still sitting up in jail  
We know the truth but ain't nobody finna share it  
Cause niggas jealous only bitches share that tray what's the wave

I'm surrounded by clown niggas  
Hold me down lies they praying that I drown in it  
They screaming free Drakeo only on the pound nigga, what's the difference?  
But who gon do something about it?  
Cause if I get life who gon do something about it  
Benefits for my murder I ain't shoot nobody  
They wanna judge me by raps they like you John Gotti  
Talking bout this ain't political  
If it's not then why you feel the need to say it for  
You let em refile a hired cop that's 10 and 2  
Then got the nerve to tell a nigga you know how it feel  
Take my soul from me know its gone a long time ago  
I'ma wear Louis up in trial first day of court  
I gotta dress on fresh that's what I'm famous for I'll never let these loser  
niggas think I got a baby voice  
Don't just talk, do something about it  
I'm just a ruler, nah you John Gotti  
Why brag about it, I ain't shoot nobody  
This rap on trial 182.5 Free Drakeo