Ask God

The Jacka

If you owe me, its too late to pay
He got the money, I gunned him down anyway
It's real boy, my team, real war, hear the straps bang
Don't stay, outside, too late, tonight
Full moon, in the sky, please try, to survive
[?]
Now he standin' there when the big machine comin'
He been through a lot boy you still ain't seen nothin'
Till the M1 [?] open up his gut

Alotta mothafuckas act Mob
I'm a real nigga I don't act hard
700 buried in my backyard
Niggas sell they soul for that, all we did was ask God
Fresh back from a strap charge
Man I did my time it wasn't that hard
When I'm in there I pushed the black cart
You rat your way up outta that, all we did was ask God

They know me, love us, JA is so dope
That's all, they say, I'm on, the e-way
Gettin' high, cocaine, you're all, insane
Mob shit, foreva, you came, you came
To see me perform in a place where most ain't safe but we still had fun
Cause I can remember, I know you remember
The gangstas, forever

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Jack
Brand new machine
Come to my hood, we movin' mean
New cars, they smell like trees
New boys they'll try to steal my steez
But I'm so dope I let it go with ease
Then I do my show and the main goons'll go me
New York, overseas, all I wish is death to my enemies

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