

I'm Leaving

The Jacka

They always say you have heart you have money over anythin' else

Some of my best friends is heavers, they'll take your breath
As I march through the valley in this shadow of the death

Wonderin' why I'm standin' right here by myself

Glock .40 with the 30 close to my hip

Louis Vuitton bag full of them ruffles, no 'tato chips nigga

Though I miss my nigga Tato Chip nigga

Kill one of you pussies that hang out on my strip nigga

Bang, gun language we still talkin'

Who knew your next step you'd be in the coffin

My Backwood full of Kush cause i'm still coughin'

Murder anythin' that come close or even cross us

4 officers down and the suspect is dead

It is a grizzly scene on the streets of East Oakland today

These are live Sky 7 HD pictures of the scene

Where police entered the apartment around 1 o'clock this afternoon

It happened in 7600 block of MacArthur Boulevard near 74th Avenue

And ABC's 7 Leslie Brinkley is close-by but is very late

Niggas say they want the line but really they don't need to know

Cop from the connect and tie him up like an even score

Never heard of me before? Numb cause I'm breathin' snow

My niggas in the back paranoid cause they breathin' dro

Never been to school in they life, they need me to grow

Mob shit, militant now but was a beast before

Streets full of ex-coke dealers who didn't reach they goal

Mean streets, iron in his jeans before he leaves his home

He say he love us but he'll leave again once he gets on

To another hood to mislead the youth with his evil tone

Over the money look what we've become

My only wish is to free my niggas and flee the slums

Jewels go over your head cause I've intrigued with drums

Nixon make him lock his door, now they need our songs

Yeah, the same way the fiends need a stone

I'm not braggin' on my cards Allah forgive us all