

Hell Talk

Tsu Surf

Car full of demons, I'm with them niggas
That don't give fuck about nothin' rollin'
Clutchin' holdin', 16 and dead had his summer stolen
Block runners, tryna line a opposite from block numbers
Niggas tell, be up on your Q's 'bout them cop lovers
Ride nigga, boy it be a motive when we slide nigga
Slippin' when we trippin', hit 'bout 4 out of them 5 niggas
One rule: you just shoot 'til it stop
We used to ride past the wake, made funerals stop
Called Mozzy "ay Cuz, yo you boolin or not?"
I put in work with Blood homies, we had mutual opps
Was up passin' poison packs to the zombies
10 for a verse cool but I got 40 for a body
Mama know I'm bangin', I don't wanna worry her
She don't wanna bury me and I don't wanna bury her
You can lie but you feel it when you alone boy
Wanna fuck her but I shot her baby father homeboy
Small world, it was kitchen whippin' sessions, all girl
You ain't got no homies, who supposed to be you pallbearers?
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Make the wrong turn and that's your ass
Pull extensions out the bag
Boolin', bangin' and flags
Shooters beggin' for cash, got him soon as he splash
Brother need a new suit, trial comin' up fast
Wildin' doin' the dash, I'm bangin' corners with Surf
My first 50,000 was counterfeits and it worked
Counterfeits for the work, my lawyer challengin' verdicts
Brother booked on a homi, lil body off [?]
20s, 50s, and 30s, usually what 40 holdin'
Tweakers threw us the rental, slithered until he stole it
Mentally wasn't focused
Spiritually I was broken
True believer in Karma, I sleep with my eyes open
Ain't no love and I promise Mama I got it
Put insurance on your partner
Or die and come out of pocket
Never considered college
G.E.D from the county
Watched us come up from nothin'
They mad we did it without it
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