

## Intro (2:00 AM)

Tsu Surf

They ask me would I turn Illuminati?  
I done witnessed too many homis  
Mack-10s, sawed off shooties  
Early morning serving all these Aunties  
Will I die here? Probably  
Bitches chasing Percocets and Roxies  
Snotty nose babies calling for their mommies  
Losing Isiah, far from the Cosby's  
First Gray caught the body then Paccs caught the body  
The Flags caught the body feel like I'm losing everybody  
The feds snatched up Freak another homie in a week  
Then QB got bodied, heart racing  
They found Cookie hanging in that basement  
I ain't cry since Grandma, relationship got tighter with this hammer  
Homies need commissary, Lannah need pampers  
Bodies keep dropping, homicides need answers  
Momma said I need to chill if I wanna shot  
But all the Locs show me love on them number blocks  
And all the Bloods show me love on them number blocks  
And all them bitches come in groups and they wanna pop  
I'll be damned Mama, they know who I am Mama  
Still your little boy, to them I'm the man Mama  
Smile a bit, I shook a couple of hands Mama  
I'm getting there, I made a couple of bands Mama  
First check a mansion you can tan, Mama  
Bout to catch a flight, I'll hit you when I land Mama  
(I'll hit you when I land Mama, I'll hit you when I)

Lamborghini dreaming cause I got it from the mud  
Land of no love where the Bloods kill the Bloods  
Tinted in some foreign shit, right where the goons at  
Gloved up, mask down, copers could approve that  
Pullin' up on the block, nigga what's the shit about?  
Gotta kill the witnesses, Gray beard sticking out  
We were all in Mama's crib niggas running in and out  
New Jersey Drive, lil' homies that will dig 'em out  
Lil bad bitch I fly in and then dig her out  
And the hoodrat bitches still try to give me mouth  
Always seem a little different once I kick 'em out  
Trying to flip this loft condo into a bigger house  
Need a bitch that know how to hush when the lead bust  
And she gotta flush when the Feds rush  
Mama shootin' dope for a head rush, I was in them cuffs never said much  
I was in them cuffs never said much, just a government shit sometimes not th  
at  
Niggas came through shootin', we just went at shot back  
Shit I used to dream about I can go and cop that  
What's your rules? What's up in ya bank? I can stop that  
I don't pop bottles but tonight is like fuck it  
I can get enough for all y'all if all y'all fucking  
Who know about breakfast, who know how to use an oven  
Mama look at me, how we came up from nothing?  
Nominated Freshman, I feel like a senior  
Papi had the spicy bag, stamps was Jalapeno  
Tell the homies bada-boom ya, they bada-bing ya  
Any Given Sunday, we will Willie Beam ya  
Woke up thanking God, another day a nigga breathing

I hope that he forgive me, when I catch him, imma leave him  
Mind full of demons, circle full of heathens  
If Grandma knew these stories about her babies, she'll be screaming