

Intro (2:00 AM)

Tsu Surf

They ask me would I turn Illuminati?
I done witnessed too many homies
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 Isaiah, 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