

## Want It

Tsu Surf

Cops blocking, I play the block - Ibaka on 'em  
Shooting from long range, kept a chopper on 'em  
I can talk about how plenty tired to take mine  
Hate mine, spent all things, forcing me baselines  
Back and fourth the court suicides, watch how I'm a make 'em need  
Suicide watch, go and kill yourself (don't kill yourself)  
And I ain't ever had a hand out  
Wasn't even GPS, I just made a damn route  
And I ran it like I wide receive  
Cause death or jail like the last thing my Momma need  
She said boy you tripping, I mumbled back, like my Momma please (just  
chill)  
Once your hands dirty ain't no kind of clean  
She had to stash, she wanna stop, but you can't  
From 0 to 35 like Russel out to Durant (wow)  
She had to stash, she wanna stop, but you can't  
From 0 to 35 like Russel out to Durant

A quiet youngin' man, I never lived the fast life  
But seen some of my homies carry steel to get there cash right  
Matter fact I got a call, I lost a homie last night  
I'm past tight, talking with the man like you ain't playing nice  
I skipped the trapping and the banging and went right to hoopin'  
Teachers never liked me up in school causer I was such a nuisance  
Seen my brother busting tables, but now he push a Benz  
Had a couple homies, but, now I think he losing friends  
Sitting in the mirror, man where I'ma go next  
I looked down and seen the time ticking on my Rolex  
I gotta get it, I gotta get it cause I never had it  
I only went to school once a week cause I was skipping classes  
I'm sitting back, reminiscing on my past moves  
I'm paranoid and nervous, that's what the cash do  
Marilyn on my back and I'ma rep it 'til I die  
But I'ma stay going hard for all my brothers in the sky and I'm out

I kept two to make it thunder, Sefolosh  
Cause everybody bangin' 'til they hear the poster  
He never made it back court, no buzzer beating  
He love the streets in the hood, but know his mother need him  
Shit got hard then he had to go  
It was this to the green, the nigga had to blow  
Regret a few things I ain't proud of  
Blacks of seed got me tripping that's what the loud does  
That's another scene, from another movie  
Like a blunt another show, another groupie  
That's a scene from another movie  
Like a blunt another show, another groupie