

Letter from the World

Turk

Nigga..
Bitch niggaz turnin state, you understand
Nigga, them people 'n shit
Look..

I woke up it's mail call and it's one of my dawgs
Keepin me posted 'bout this one nigga who tellin it all
Nigga done turned snitch, and he tellin it all
Tellin them people for on every nigga that ball
He done got Joe busted, "The Twins," and Bo
People caught 'em down bad movin ki's of that snow
At the warehouse, the one cross the lake
Where the yachts at, you know, Paco's Place
They gotta hundred bricks, ten Chinese eggs
A halfa million dollars all wit' big heads
All four facin time in the FEDs
Got conspiracy charges, and drug traffickin
Now tell me that ain't fucked up, nigga playin it raw
Tellin everything on what he heard and what he saw
He gotta get touched up, what chu say
I say what chu say, I'm wit' that all the way

I gotta letter from that world
And it read that the game is gettin spoiled
Niggaz eatin that cheese workin wit' the F-E-Ds
Runnin they mouth, just givin 'em leads

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Well what do ya know, it's the second day in a row
But this time I got another letter from my ho
She tellin me 'bout another cat
And I'm fucked up 'cause I know 'em from way back
I mean way back
He took a plea to get back on the streets
Gave up the boss man and the rest of his peeps
Informed 'bout the murders that happened two years
The one in the Nolia and one in the Calio
Where nigga they score from, the day and the time
Singin like a bird straight droppin a dime
Nigga done skipped town, ducked off somewhere
'Cause he know a nigga know he ain't playin it fair
Nigga talkin 'bout doin 'em somethin
Catch his ass down bad and put two in his mellon
Said them niggaz ain't silent no more
They 'posed to take they lick and run 'n not cry like a ho

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This my third letter, it's my dawg again
He givin a nigga low on a nigga named, Ben
Told me Ben was a O.G. who been in the game
Been around for awhile, and he been had change
But come to find out nigga workin wit' the FEDs
And how I find out, I gotta low from Chaz
Say that nigga there mouth straight loose like bowels
Can't hold water on his chest, he be playin it foul
Bitch nigga be singin like he at church or somethin
And former number one gotta get murked, lil cuzzin
YESSS, look
Gotta get murked, lil cuzzin
Let 'em swim wit' the fish, Quick murk the puppy
Nigga ain't no dawg 'cause a dawg is silent
A dawg keep it ghetto, he don't tell on nobody
This shit fuckin my head up bad
Nigga turnin state, straight workin wit' the FEDs

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Ain't this cold, these niggaz ain't silent no more
They be 'round FEDs, ya heard me
It be ya own niggaz, ya heard me
Gotta watch these niggaz, ya heard me
Niggaz'll turn state, ya heard me
They ain't 'bout doin no time
They shouldn't do no crime, ya heard me
You understand, I'ma take my lick
You understand, nigga talkin 'bout he gon' be silent