

Too many suckas in my huddle, too many bullets go through suckas  
Too many born up in the struggle (too many)  
Too many youngsters out here trippin', too many po-po out here pickin'  
Too many real ones in the prison (too many)  
I pledge allegiance to the trenches  
That I'ma always stay thorough  
'Til death do us apart, health and sickness  
Overcoming obstacles and hurdles

In the street we hold court, when we need backup  
We call our folks for tech support  
Get it?  
Tec-support, we play with street instruments  
Put a ho on life support  
Put 'em in the dirt where haters belong, show no pity  
God don't like ugly and he ain't too fond of pretty  
I'm tired of servin' base, running in place  
I wanna be a voice of hope  
Make the world a much better place  
I've always had mouthpiece, got the gift of gab  
Gab in reverse spells bag  
Back in the day I used to bag them bags  
A pay-pay, and I ain't talkin' Safeway  
Got the block sewed up just like a quilt  
I thank the lord and I'm thankful I didn't get kilt  
Life gave me a crap hand when it was dealt  
Funkin' over nothin', hella blood spilt

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I'm not a pussy, I'm not a cat  
People ask me where I'm from  
I say wherever the money at  
A lot a suckas is cancers, but not the Zodiac  
A fungus, a germ, they'll stab you in the back  
I don't trust no human, I barely trust myself  
Especially when I get to drinkin' and smokin' on a spliff  
Gettin' yayper is my chief concern  
I ain't gonna do no ass kissin' if the tables turn  
It is what it is, handle my biz  
I give the shirt off my back to help the little kids  
'Cause they the future not the past  
Hire a tutor so they can pass  
My folk's fresh out the joint, he doin' well  
Learned how to weld in jail, he havin' mail  
Instead of buyin' hella jewelry, bought a Care Home  
Let his big sister run it, small business loan

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They tearin' the buildings down, they runnin' my people out  
They boardin' the windows up and breakin' the glass out  
It's ugly where I'm at, like where you at, it's goin' around  
People killin' themselves, havin' financial meltdowns  
I need a pastor in my life that ain't a hypocrite  
That don't be and tryna get a nigga bitch  
I'm freak of these suckas tired of these bustas, damn right  
Give it some time, what's in the dark gonna come to light  
I'm immune to gunfire, on fire trucks when I sleep  
Family in pajamas and robes in the street  
Reward money, nobody told, nobody speaked  
Sooner or later the information gonna leak  
Block blocked off, hella yellow tape  
Never knowin' it's your expiration date  
Don't be soft, be real, don't be fake  
Too many be tryin' to eat of the same plate  
Biatch!

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