

How Could You Do This To Me

Guerilla Maab

(*talking*)

[Trae]

Remember me like I was FED time
The only thing that I knew, to live my life was doing crime
Even as a young nigga, all I ever wanted was to shine
The rude of people, kept guerillas living like we was blind
For the cash, for the shine, for the do' we was busting shots
And doing 85 in the hood, running from the cops
With Lil Shae and Big J, trying to bring the click to the top
And deep inside, I knew the streets would never let us out
I don't want no plex, but if you did then I would blast your mind
I don't want no cell, but if I get caught up I'm gon do my time
A real nigga forever for the good, for the bad never happy, forever sad
Now we doing twenty acts, so I'm on my pen and my pad
When I look at everything that I've done, trying to live lavage
I'm sick of living life broke on the edge, and trying to manage
You got my brother in the Penn, for three with a L
You happy thinking it was love, but a nigga could never tell, for the money

[Hook - 8x]

How could you, do this to me

[Dougie D]

This is the situation, and everything is looking so crazy
And I can't even take it, baby mama play candle my baby tripping
Acting shady, when she the one that fucked up the family
But since the fact I'm a playa, Dougie slide right through the plex
And you know what it is, put this on everything I feel
Everything that I love, and everything that I live
Making my feddy want my money, and watching on whammies
Can't be tripping with the bullshit, because the bullshit is plenty
I'm rocking this steady, and I deal what I do working jelly
Always on my P's and Q's, watching out for the federalies
Mash for my funds, Dougie D gotta try to get done
If it's hell or the highway fuck it, I'm cooking then bud
Constantly on my grind, busting my ass to feed my kid
Since them things, that I give my baby mama ain't like a bitch
It's enough I'm dealing with the laws
And it's enough I'm dealing with the niggaz
Please don't create a mad me, fuck around and have all y'all singing

[Hook - 8x]

[Z-Ro]

I use to wonder how and why, my life was bad
Wanted to be anything, except like my dad
My apple fell far from the tree, straight out of the yard
Raising myself among strangers, living on boulevards
Gang related, nah just for fortune or fame
Cause they know me by the Z-Ro, plus they know me by my first name
Picture me rolling in my Dodge in traffic
I got no love for these niggaz, so keep your groupie ass stepping
I can determine the real and the fake, don't make me ball up a pause
And punch a motherfucker's grill off his face
Case after case but it ain't slowing me down, see y'all
Ain't know me at first, I bet y'all knowing me now

So when my trigga fly a nigga die, I ain't playing no games
And fuck this North and South shit, cause I ain't stating no claim
I ain't bring it with me, and I can't take it when I go
To the world, listen at what you did to me when I flow

[Hook - 16x]