

On Trial

Haystak

Everybody wants to ride....

Everybody gonna die....

(Verse 1)

??? slow rhymes to the top in no time

Stay showtime, I showshine, running like I'm on the goal line

Grabbed the chrome nine, procede with caution

Around here shit's rougher than Stone Cold Steve Austin

Floss, ridin dirty with strikes against me, say what's on my mind

And the critics can give me some empty ink pens like clips

f*ck a mind game, welcome to my fully automatic mindframe

They say "f*ck Haystak," they don't say that when they see me

No, because in reality I'm bigger than on TV

Rolexes don't tick they glide, you can run, you just can't hide

My shit's hotter than pepper spray, bitch ain't barring me

I'm roundin everyday, you weaker than R&B

My life is between ??? enough to make me psychotic

I was born up around the projects that's why I speak ebonics (And?)

(Chorus)

Everybody wants to ride, nobody want to die (Come on now)

Why be afraid of one place on the other side (You ready?)

Why live in fear, death is guarenteed (Come on now)

Take it why you're here, money, hoes and weed (Let's ride!)

(Verse 2)

Motherf*ckers think I'm rappin for no reason for rhymin

I'm motivated about the paper, p*ssy and diamond

But in the back of my mind, a part of me still exists

I'm serious with this like a massive heart attack

Talk that shit but you don't know part of Stak

Drop bombs like quarterbacks, B-52's

Went from interrogation to magazine interviews

Most of my life the situation was win or lose

You died on the drugs, money, or your tennis shoes

This shit is deep, wolves dressed up as sheep

The enemy has got you thinkin their your motherf*ckin peeps

I learned one thing comin up in Tennessee

It's that they're people like you and they're people like me

So point your f*ckin finger and say that's the bad guy

Turn green with envy when my posse pass by (And a?)

(Chorus) Repeat 1x

(Verse 3)

Nobody by your side, lookin at the phone rapidly

Your thinkin this motherf*cker just blasted me

Hopin it was a bad dream, the sad thing is, this is reality

And three seconds and you gonna be a fatality, like...

(Short Pause)

Three, two, one, we're losing him

No resisting, it will do you no good, if you try to fight

Just talk to me into this light, eventhough your heart is full of fright

Don't be afraid, relax, your tension is makin it worse

There's no point in callin an ambulance

Somebody get this man a hearse (Now you ready?)

(Chorus) Repeat 1x