

## 2 Sides

Killer Mike

Saying that you from here  
You don't never come here  
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(Well goddamn!  
There must be 2 sides)

Too many niggas running 'round here lying  
Claiming my city and they ain't from mine  
A-town niggas so real, so raw  
My bloodline is by law  
My pedigree is souls on three  
Souls on one, souls on four  
In other words fuckboy I ain't no ho  
Nigga, I'm known at the AAMCO  
Where the dope gets sold and the hammers blow  
Steal at the store where you grandma go  
You know the same store where you can't go  
Cause you ain't go, stop lying ho  
Niggas see dumb niggas eyein' yo'  
Piece and chain, 'bout to blow your brain  
You wanna G up but you can't  
Real niggas do what a fuckboy can't  
Come through 'hood in wet-ass paint  
Leave the car running with a filled up tank  
Let a motherfucker try and touch my Chevy  
Guarantee that I'ma put four in his belly  
Two in his chest and a few in his neck  
Then I dip back out to the flat  
West-side OG that be me  
Martin Luther King on my ID  
Shawty Lo and T.I.P  
Both know me from the goddamn streets  
Now ask your favourite rapper 'bout me  
No, ask your favourite d-boy about me  
Ask Lil' Lean, ask Fat Steez  
Ask Sleepy and Young Pill  
All they gonna tell you is I keep it real  
I put that shit on Adamsville

You say you from the west-side?  
(Well goddamn! There must be 2 sides)  
You say you from the east-Side?  
(Well goddamn! There must be 2 sides)  
You say you from the south-side?  
(Well goddamn! There must be 2 sides)  
You say you from the north-side?  
(Well goddam! There must be 2 sides)

West-side bound but I'm east-side found  
Ask them Glenwood boys I'm 'round  
Who is these east-side niggas you 'round?  
Ain't never, ever seen none of 'em clowns  
I don't never see 'em on Candler Road  
In east with that Nigga steady saying he from Decatur

Pussy, you's a fucking faker  
I'ma ask them niggas on Marve Road  
I'ma ask them niggas on Memorial  
I'ma ask them niggas on Panola Road  
If the niggas don't know, I'ma ask some hoes  
Why? Cause you pussy, nigga  
I ain't no pussy nigga  
Think I am then push me, nigga  
Wet me up and dush me, nigga  
Up shopping in south DeKalb  
South DeKalb with a Or Candler Road, Red Lobster cracking  
With my east-side mobster faction  
Might see me with on a Kirkwood block  
With a east-side Chevy rider named Big Block  
Or Modern Ave. with my top on drop  
Radio on Pac just gripping my cock  
Gripping my Glock and gripping my grain  
On Crumington Highway getting some brain  
Raymore Drive, I made my name  
Slinging that pure Bolivian 'caine  
Making some change two years before  
The older bitch came two years after  
Met Gucci Mane through DJ Funk and Daryl James  
I'm real with it mayne

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