

Call it how it is - according to the facts  
If rap was prison our shit would be the Supermax  
No sunshine, just dark skies  
Nothing but dark thoughts going through my mind  
I got bad blood, mad love only for the team though  
Everyone one of us is the shooter, now where the beef go  
I ain't seen none of these niggas and we out here  
Wanna be celebrity thugs a lot of mouth, yeah  
Oh my God we could not be fucked with  
Real shit look at our life all in the public  
We under the microscope they all watching us  
We have no choice but to keep it trill they sizing us  
And if they wasn't God, always pay attention don't he  
I couldn't live with myself being phony  
Look, if life was a game then I guess we winning  
Cause this life we made for ourselves is bitching

Didn't want to do it but the voices tug and pullin'  
On my eardrums something that I knew I shouldn't  
Got me wildin with the ratchet out like shit is legal  
Looking for a victim put 'em in the fetal  
Fuck is going on? when it's on I know it's on  
But shit not really popping and I'm looking for a war  
Looking out my window pointing shit at police  
To make matters worse I'm sipping on some OE  
Shit got me buzzing, I'm already bugging though  
With mad bottles that I drank about a month ago  
Fuck is on my mind? I'm feeling bipolar  
Plus paranoid looking over both shoulders  
I woke up with blood on my hands  
Fuck I do this time? now a nigga scared  
Fuck, I'll probably get the fucking chair  
Grab my fucking gun, a few clothes son I'm outta here