

Letter

Plies

Aye bae I need you to type
This letter real quick
It's tuesday 4:24 a.m.
I got a few things
I wanna go over and discuss
I wanna send a copy to the industry
Let these niggas know how I really feel
I hope there's enough
Ink in this motherfucker
Make sure I got enough v.s.o.p.
Make sure I got enough reefer
Cause I'm a be here a minute
It's gon be a long night

Think I'm in the wrong place
Thought I was in
The music business
Lotta you niggas doin music
But ain't nobody doin business
Everybody want favors
Who you niggas fuckin kiddin?
My brother went to prison nigga
Ain't none of you niggas
Fuckin visit
A nigga want me on his album
Take care of fuckin business
Paper work, artist splits
That's how you know the
Business finish
Labels got you niggas fooled
Got you thinkin it's y'all pennies
A lotta you niggas is music whores
Cause y'all niggas don't get it
I don't understand you niggas though
Cause all I hang
Around is bitches
Soon as you make a bitch mad
First thing she do is twist it
A bitch don't get what she want
Sencond thing she do is flip it
Fuck niggas tell lies
Real niggas pay attention
Two niggas beef with me
One hot, one isn't
No awards, filthy rich
Guess what? ain't trippin
Ol g's og
Cause them niggas
Control their feelings
Killers kill and killer don't
Tell you niggas that they killin
A nigga that tell the story first
The nigga don't pay
No fuckin tention
Niggas lie for one reason:
To boost they motherfuckin image
You hear a nigga droppin names

The project comin out in a minute
The only name's you niggas say
The one that the streets feelin
You want street cred?
You got to go in the streets
And go an get it
And niggas that talk the most shit
The main niggas
That ain't authentic
The rar rar nigga
He the same nigga
In court snitchin
The game real simple homey
It's all talk and no killin
A bunch of niggas that sit around
And try to come up with gimmicks
If you was real homey
You'll know what's real
And what isn't
Ain't never rapped about
A nigga in prison
That I ain't went and fuckin visit
3 albums and ain't drop
One name still with it
Told you niggas from day one
"pussy nigga, I ain't friendly"
Real niggas can't be emulated
And y'all try to fuckin bill it
I keep my eyes on you niggas
And fuck with you
From a distance
My principles is non-negotiable
Point, blank, period!

It's kinda hot in this motherfucker
But we got the a/c on
Baby you actin like your fingers hurt
Alright I got that little shit out the way
I got some more shit for you to type
Ready...

Last niggas got shot
Sued me for ten mill
Some more niggas playin gangster
I found out that wasn't real
Them yoppers started goin off
Everybody fuckin squeal
Niggas go from playin gangster
To tellin who the shooter is
I don't know a nigga that rob
That bring is camera
To the crime scene
Me somewhere without a couple shooters
You fuckin kiddin me?
Niggas win oscars off of actin
And I see
A nigga try anything
To trick you off
These fuckin streets
A nigga try it all
Just to sit down
In your fuckin seat
Bein hot? I know about it

I been that since '03
Goon impersonators
Is all you fuck niggas'll ever be
You either one of two things:
You either groupies or the police

Ah man, it's gettin kind late
But before I go
Type this shit right here

I charge 40, 000
I'm really worth 60
This market was kind of slow
Only did a quarter milli
I'm hotter right now
Then any nigga who ever diss me
Know why you mad
Cause I'm hotter than you
In your city
Been in the streets
Say ounce goin for 550
My dog just came home
Bought him the 760
"oh plies must be scared,
Keep his security with him"
Security for you niggas
My security for these bitches
A million dollar nigga
In a 30 dollar dickies
Nigga I was totin choppers
When niggas was riding 20's
Niggas was on e&j
Nigga I was drankin remy
Was it a 745?
Fore niggas had hemmys
Benz on 4's dogs
Hummer 26s
I put the 8's on the drop
Got the 2's on the bentley
And niggas claim to hate me
But ain't got no holes in me
Nigga I sell goon
Nigga just say "how many? "
Ain't on a hundred songs
Pussy cause I ain't friendly
Bills: I got none
Money: I got plenty
Gutter, and never left
Nigga is still in me
Say I'm her baby daddy
Well that's that bitch opinion

A man, I'm finna let you go on
Ahead and go home dog
I don't think you like to work
As late as I like to work
But I'm a finish this another time homey.