

What your life like? Mine dog of course is real

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Text message from the penitentiary
My hype man got a quarter century
My silent partner got 15, real nigga stuck in the system
Hold ya head, though the odds against ya
When ya touch down we gone ball eventually
C keep telling me to buy the Bentley
To remind em im getting it, I'm just minding my business
Rewind to the time we was higher than Hendrix
The power of the mind ya the sky's the limit
Hating mother fuckers be disguised as friendly
Got me riding with semi's, this ain't an image
I be out here in these streets and this shit ain't sweet
If nobody got touched then it really ain't beef
I got hitters on the team that will kill you for free
Well they'll do it for a gram, you just do it for the gram
I do it for my fam, ya, You never will if you don't think you can
I just been planning my work then working my plan
God damn on the drink again
This pain in my heart you can see it on my eyes now its leaking
out my ink pen
On my self who I depend, feel like I'm going off the deep end,
Punch me in
Just got a call from my homie ready to kill this nigga bout some
shit that happened 12 years ago
Had to laugh say fuck it, really ain't funny I know he was dead
serious though, Let him live bro
Karma is real, that's why a nigga broke, thankful for the wisdom
just to think it over
No where near sober, shit every time I blink a nigga think its
over

Shit every time I blink a nigga think its over