Tryna get my mind right out here Put in my work and collect (Hahaha) I like to eat I like to have a good time Vinny Idol, nigga Couple thou' in the sweats Nice watch, nice coupe, loud on the set You ain't built for this shit, you ain't allowed in the set (Uhn uh) Told my mom I'm a G and proud of this shit (I'm a G) My mentality was warped, twenty years later, my mentality is source (Source) Whip crew drip, test us, you a corpse Nobody wanna die but somebody wanna kill Anybody but your body'll probably be a thrill (Thrill) Y'all niggas is on somethin', probably be a pill Who am I to judge? I already know the deal They yay gave the deal and the judge gave the sentencin' You gotta do the time, now you want a nigga killed? (You want him killed) I know the pain from the slums (The pain) I seen the pain from a gun (I seen it) Yeah, I'm familiar with it all You wanna ball but you dealin' with the killers in the hall Wanna stall on 'em but you won't be the one to take a fall (Don't do that) Then you get a strap, then you let that shit clap And the word spread around that you was with it all (You was with it) Now you on the corner thinkin' you a winner But you could be a goner, it's hotter than a sauna (Hot) I'ma tell you, "Slow down, nigga And watch them low-down niggas that keep the four pound, nigga" You in the wrong town, you in the wrong zone Most homies don't make it back from where we call home You ready to die, homie? Meet me at the crossroads Eye for an eye with that hammer on your jawbone Push the line (Oooh-ooh) Push a line (Oooh-ooh) You ready to die, homie? Meet me at the crossroads An eye for an eye with that hammer on your jawbone Push the line Couple pounds in the crib Guns on the kitchen table, rounds in the fridge Run up in the place on some home invasion shit You gon' be the cocksucker that they found in the ditch (Cocksucker) I say, "Peace," and move the whole thing (Peace) The new God born from the old king I don't wear a nose ring (Uh uh) but I let the nose ring Beat you with the butt of the gun, you niggas sewing Crafty, knowin' the game sticky like taffy (Sticky) I could show the man to the plug, he might blast me (He might) Police could put a nigga in cuffs, still blast me I ain't tellin' nobody shit they ain't ask me Don't ask me shit, my nigga, it's in my cash fee

A smart man is known to drive from the backseat

Have you niggas runnin' and jumpin' like you athletes

I'ma let the first shot off like it's a track meet ${\tt Ghost}$

You in the wrong town, you in the wrong zone
Most homies don't make it back from where we call home
You ready to die, homie? Meet me at the crossroads
Eye for an eye with that hammer on your jawbone
Push the line (Oooh-ooh)
Push a line (Facts) (Oooh-ooh)
You ready to die, homie? (That's a lot you don't need then) Meet me at the c
rossroads
An eye for an eye with that hammer on your jawbone
(Let them motherf*ckin' monkeys out)
Push the line

Good with some smart niggas, most of them have no brain Didn't graduate but niggas move that cocaine A couple things I did I regret but I'm not sane One thing I did was show niggas that I'm not playin' 'Member I was young playin' tag, it was mad high (No doubt) Used to see my dad comin' in and out the crack spot Nigga act tough, jump out, then he get shot Yardy in the window yellin' out, "What the bloodclot?" Oh my God, I caught a case again Bullshit judge tryna see my face again (Woo) Ran with a lot, had from eight of them See this gun wrap? They won't make it there (D-Block) Push the line (Ayy) Ain't speak to you in years, you ain't no friend of mine (Uh uh) Only Styles P and Jada, bitch, bottom line Black hoody, black skully, winter time Oh, push the line

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