Gutter (feat. Robin Smith)

Poohman

(Pooh-Man)
Let's do this ya'll(Robin Smith)
This is how we live each day
Growing up the gangster way
This is how we live in the gutter
This is how we live each day
Growing up the gangster way
This is how we live in the gutter(Pooh-Man)
Straight player oakland mack
It's all about never leaving home unstrapped
I tell these tales and tell them well
Get in the game punk
And watch your trick ass fail
Can't stand the heat of the eastside streets
One pull of a trigger knocks you off your feet
The fast lane the dope game so much pain
Clocking cash like a champ
Won't a damn thang change
I come from O-O-O still down with the dudes
But I still got love for my 6 9 roots
Little girl black rammy on
The story goes on but real players know
It's the town of the dank point
of fat 20 sacks
the town where the motherfuckers made the mack
'cause it's the Eastside
'cause only real gutter motherfuckers understand me
Standing on the block
Riding the strip
Never been loose without my glock and two clips
'cause I am yelling out the windows
Riding the hoes
Summer time and I am gonna bring back the gold and vogues
It ain't the dope fiend beat my name is Pooh-Man bitch
Get mad all you want but you can't do shit
To the real players put your hand in the air
They can't fuck with gutter players(Robin Smith)
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This is how we live in the gutter(Pooh-Man)
Eight o'clock on the block
With four five glock
Got's to be saved 'cause this fiends won't what I got
They spend ten, 50-50 two or one
You want my pot then fool come and get some
The life of a hustler, living like a G
Look up player in the dictionary
And you will find me
80 G's a day puts a brother on relax
Have more hoes then Frank Ward
So call me the fat cat
And don't mind putting the fool in dirt
Run up to me and my family and watch me put in work
Big Ken plays muscle Kitty Wing plays keys
Yelling rest in peace to a click that want some beef
Where ya from
Does the baron know where ya heading
Run up on my family and watch your ass regret it
I am calling 187 shots
Having fools dropped
Used to be your spot but now it's my spot
Taking' what's' yours is the best way to get ahead
I ain't with that color shit but I'll paint your ass red
To put it bluntly I am a cold hearted brother
Top of Ol' G's how to survive in the gutter(Robin Smith)
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This is how we live in the gutter(Pooh-Man)
The moves I mack the chances I take
No time for mistakes because these brothers be snakes
A fool a snitch on your ass fast
Scared as hell trying to save his own ass
And I ain't got time to trust nobody
Stab while where I rest my head, it ain't that type of party
You see I can always say I ain't stupid
But when the feds are at my door I gots to prove it
Search warrants about 15 deep
Swearing up and down that they are going to find some keys

All though my closet
Searching through my kitchen
What cha looking for old man some fucking chicken
Trying to find some drug pearfunalim
Your out of luck law man, what I tell ya
And they be pissed when they don't find nothing
But they be happy as hell when they do find something
But I ain't giving them bastards nothing to gloat about
You did'nt find shit, so get the FUCK OUT!
So hear is a message to the A.T.F.D.A. and F.B.I.
Eat shit and die
From the gutter(Robin Smith)
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