Gutta Butta

Goodie Mob

Yo, we gon' do it like this
Straight out the parts that they disregard
Never considered okayNow don't get mad, nigga get glad
Goodie got them brand new trash bags, dag
And they know where to dump that ass
In the chairThe hoochie river with the rest of the kids
That did business outside la familians
Gettin' ya touched, down the cut
Blunts roastin' whole through tea bagsBlowin' bubbles out the wrong end
Mud in your stool piles, flamin' hotter than Dust Valley
The gateway to where ever your sick tickle desire
The gangsters of this other century
Transforming hustlers and players into sissiesSo slim goodie, you don't want no drug boy
He'll leave you barefooted and pregnant
Don't get too comfortable you ain't gon be here too long
G's get locked up and dieMost lie in they own surreal home
Trust the tree on the map
This one individual thought he was the Grim Reaper
Swole, couldn't nobody put a finger on his napsNow he up under the bridge stankin' in his birthday suit
Used to always holler about how he was gon' do a brother
Beat him to the punch-line, [Incomprehensible]
Being forced into early retirement at the age of twenty-sixPalms feel like bricks, peeling from distributing crack
Crumb snatchers and goo-gobblers struggle
To stay on top of sand dunes
'Cause mouths born with silver spoonsMake your bed you gotta sleep in it
But stakes made
Baking soda kept the knees clean
Narrow like a ravine[Incomprehensible] fell good news
Last hole, green jacket worn, body in two
Left by oh-no, soul been gone
Disappeared like the duneOnce the temperature rise
But I'm with my Lawd, please grits, still ship
Half the pipes are gettin' sold out convenience stores
Where ya at now? Coming around trying to sniff out soundsWell, rounded kept you strictly grounded for your ear
The dogs are gettin' closer to the [Incomprehensible] now can you hear?
I smell fear and even if your eyes was closed
Your ass couldn't catch your tearLies, straws, mirrors and plates
Nicks, dimes, fifties, and cakes

Why can't I escape
These lies, straws, mirrors and plates?In the land of jacks I got my acts over the tracks with stacks
Upon the map in the vault
Where this cat's trying to sniff me out
I'm in the southwest woods working all aboutPaper capers, never hurt them brothers to obtain
If I can't refrain 'cause some of these niggaz snortin' cain
And really don't know which way to go
Confused, you'll abuse anybody for a fixHits go for ten bucks, go for twenty and they good and plenty
Fat baggies like Maggies muffin'
Where the kid do the stuffin'
Silly of these young niggaz watching meAs I turn figures into solitaire
Twirl up my hair, pray to God I don't have to do him
Like I never knew or had no clue to who you was
'Cuz, face to face with a scar engraved upon his left cheekSo to speak, I'm more like a icon when it was done
To approach my mosse
Be on that Rossie like The Click
So I stay ready for combat and watch the rich get rich off itLies, straws, mirrors and plates
Nicks, dimes, fifties, and cakes
Why can't I escape
These lies, straws, mirrors and plates?Nigga I ain't shit, I just know how to rhyme a little bit
Nigga please, I'm still trying to squeeze my fat ass in where I fit
Now I got a little dough but it ain't that much more
Than every other nigga I knowWe all still po, I don't sell dope, I sell hope
You wanna size me up my nigga then wear a scope
'Cause you gon see me on MLK and on T.V.
I ain't got no fear, my nigga I was born to wait right hereLate one night I was in a pearl white Acura Legendary
I got that thang with me, 'cause it's necessary
Shit, I was just ridin', wasn't even thinking out collidin'
But I kept seeing the same headlights running stop signs and red lightsI don't prepared myself to die if it's my time to go
He said, "You know what it is, you done seen it before"
This sad, of course I'ma be mad
Well, here you can have it god dammit if you want it that badYou would try to take from me, my nigga I ain't no star
I value both of our lives more than this car
You lucky nigga, I used to be you
Shit and I'd bust a hole in your chest, somebody could see throughNow remember, shit, you could've died tonight
And I would've been in the right
I ain't even pissed you could just drop me off at the house
'Cause I ain't really dying by nothin' like thisEverythang cool my nigga
You could just drop me off at the house
Knahmsayin'?

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