Wildside

FM (UK)

Smoking weed, riding chrome
Only thing I've ever known
Is walk on the wild side
Welcome to our life

Slangin' keys, spraying K's
Every day we getting paid
To walk on the wild side
Welcome to our life

Come take a little walk with me through my neighbourhood
And come spend a day in my trap
Get your paper right and that yay some good
But just keep a tool in your lap
My lil' patna holding that work
Nigga want weight then keep around back
Betta not violate on my turf
Nigga yesterday just died like that
Ain't no investigation, no statements
And no witnesses, we ain't seen shit
Pull up after dark with that jewellery on
To come see a bitch, that what he get it
We on dark roads with no street lights
That pistol play after fist fights
And them geek monsters walk all night
With they crack pipes tryna get right
Midnight we shoot dice
The whole house smelling like cooked crack
You beat me, and you talk shit
You get shot bitch, and I took that
Hood rats on deck, that loud is all I blow
This shit to you it might sound wild
But this life is all I know

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Can you picture me back in '93
Bumpin' Dr. Dre while I hit some weed
Cut school, made ten G
Thirteen, trying to get keys
At fifteen, I was full-grown
Get wrong, get bust on
My uncle gave me a bunch of work
And that shit was gone by the next morning
Young wild nigga runnin' with me
Homicide wasn't nothing to us
Dead body wasn't nothin' to see
That pistol play was just fun to us
I was 19 with two felonies
One of my best friend had a life sentence
How my uncle friend was just like me
And had a bunch of partners no longer living
All about that cocaine dealing
No education, no pot to piss in
Old school, on chrome wheel
Window tinted, pistol hidden
That's the shit that I come from
In my heart, fear ain't none
Stand tall, I can't run from
That wild side, that I walk on

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All I ever did was put on
All my old friends tryna get on
Shorty fell out, making diss songs
Never talk down when I get home
Ain't the type of nigga you can shit on
Hundred spokes, brick, chrome

God body, big bone
That's hard body, Jim Jones
Niggas know the sound of how we switch on him
Finna wild out on a Tip song
Better make a toast, nigga, Tip home
First get the bread, then get going
From the land of the lead where they spit chrome
Where most kids never get to live long
They get pissed off, get pissed on
Pistol whipped and stripped, homie
Left for a minute and they switched on me
Caught them talking down, tryna bitch on me
And they snitch on me, ain't got shit on me
So my guess is death is what they wish on me
So I'm blowing on them candles
Closed lids and dark eyes
Cause hate's never part time when you on that wild side

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