Silhouettes

Edits

[Carolyn](oohs at beginning)
[SPM:]Yo, Blowin on a sack of flight, building up my appetite
See my homies eatin and I be like "Can I have a bite?"
Last night I had a fight, after that I grabbed the mic
When the club closed I went home on my granny's bike
People was laughin like "look he just ran the light"
I just kept pedalin, I didn't get mad or gipe
Sell that rock and the pipe, G 'til my afterlife
Let me get on stage, bet I say the things thatcha like
Higher than a dragonfly, I'ma make math or die
Been a pimp since that group that I was in with Gladys Knight
Mostly I be packin nines, have you pushin dandelions
Come short with my cash you be dancin like is Hammer Time
Yeah I'm lost and I'm blind, still I'm gon' handle mine
Have ya homie leakin cuz he bumpin mo' than camel spines
In the hood I vandalize, land of fiends and baggy eyes
Where you can make a killin and don't even have to advertise
[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn 2X:]Silhouettes, crack pipes at night, then ya see the jumbo lighter strike
Thug stories of a violent life, smoke once and you will try it twice
What the fuck else am I to do? I wanna be rich and buy a zoo
Maybe just a candy five or two, and tell my daughter I would die for you
[SPM:]Can't switch neva change nothin for the radio
You don't have to play me hoe, I'ma still make my dough
I been sellin albums since '92 and '93
They would either call me for a tape or a quota key
For the dream, for the team, can't nobody hang with Los

Battle me, I'm like "Man at least tryta make it close"
M.C. Tortura-rap game Sorcera
Ya'll rememba when I did it on that song "Warriors"
That was maybe '95 with the Most Hated group
All my enemies heard my voice and it made'em puke
Ever since I hit the street, I been on a hittin streak
Straigt from the gutta, would you like to take a little peek?
Simple T and Dickie shorts, on da cut wit cold quarts
No time to go home, cook it with a blow torch
Old men on da porch watchin boyz come'n go
Life is a prison risk in the midst of runnin slow
[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn 2X:][SPM:]Hustle slow or hustle fast, cages for who love the cash

Others in a burried hole, no one really understands
Trouble lands where it may, death is neva choosy
If I try to ask 'why' the shit'll just confuse me
don't lose me, just hold tight, I know is gettin deep again
Call me when you need Dope nigga I don't need a friend
I been on a hustle since I started cutting people yards
Then I started noticing the rims on these people cars
Hope that they sleepin hard when I come back tonight
Next thang ya know I'm stopping hard at a traffic light
Jamming Ike, radio was programmed to oldies
Waitin on the green light so that i can go please
A/C with cold breeze, blowin on a Optimo
I could reach the pedal betta if I had a longa toe
Stop at the Stop'N'Go, I ain't got no gas money
So I pump the gas first and holla, "Pay ya back buddy!"
[Chorus: SPM & Carolyn 2X:][oohs at end]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/