Tomorrow

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Uhh, Killa, yo
You got to wonder man, what is all this shit really worth?
Y'knahmean? Uhh, uhh, you ain't got ya man here to share
It wit, yo, fucked up man, yo
I've been on both sides of burglaries, guns out and choked up
Man, this shit'll get you choked up
I'da been shot at, got at, backed stabbed, coked up
Almost doped up but had no guts
So I pimp all these hoe sluts
When they period come, it get slow but so what?
I got big plans to blow up
I'ma love this year but blood ain't here
We would puff grass, plus hash, cut class
To fuck ass, dough, we had enough cash
Little cats, he would see our dreams
Eighteen wit the three eighteen, that's blood, y'all
He had hot gear, rock yeah
Now that he's not here, I feel that it's not fair
Fuck, see 'em at the crossroads
Wanna see 'em drive across roads
Poor, stole, then floss mo', had to tell a few niggaz
My man was a hell of a nigga, [Incomprehensible] wit the triggers
Whatever ethnic problem, dawg, better check it
Little Cam, it's just bloodshed resurrected
Death to [Incomprehensible], "Logic", I said
Four months, got 'em some head right in the bed
Listen dawg, I'm beyond dead
This ain't even me spittin', this Derek Wright and Armstead
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my promise
To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your ground
Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's my promise

Yo, yo, I never had fights in rings
I just had fights for rings, ice and bling
I done spent nights in bings now I realized Christ the King
Ain't no righteous thing but how I get the right to sing?
And the streets be talkin' like Donahue
Clowns, they belong on Comic View

That's why they Feds onto you when they form they assembly's
You stuck on the block like the ave got parenthesis
Course everybody gotta war story
I swear to God, I hear more and more stories
I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories
Add a fifth one in case the fourth one bore me
I done ran through the NBC's, CBS's, 3GS's, VVS's
Baggetteses, princess cuts, diamond layers
And I never said, I'ma player
But I been down wit messy action
Similar to Jessie Jackson, the threat would happen
Ma kept resistin', I had to bounce wit my shit, man
I'm scared of commitment
I'm a hustler, work in the closet, work in the kitchen
Outside, workin' and pitchin', work on the block
Even put the work with a glock
Work on the toilet, I'ma workaholic
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