

I Can't Decide

Hopsin

In the land of the killing
Better say your prayers tonight
Amen, its hard enough trynna survive
And to top it off I gotta watch my back
Cause these niggas wanna act up
Should I fight or should I run?
Should I hide or get my gun?
I can't decide
Now see, Tyrone does whatever his homies do
Just the dope hes doin'
Deep in his mind he knows he's cool
He's ditchin' class cause he feels like he don't belong in school
Momma always yellin' out, Damn Tyrone, what's wrong with you!
He wanna show the world he grew in some balls
Abusin' the law, 8 weeks in juvenile hall
This dude is the cause of a lot of shit
Don't know where is father went
Never had no confidence, resortin' to poppin' clips
His homies thought that they were violent assassins
They said, come on tyrone, its time to get active
We gon' roll up on this nigga
Real silent and passive
Then you pull out the 9 and then blast him
We gon' roll to his crib
Be careful shootin' so you don't hit the kids
You down fo' it?
Tyrone said, "You know what it is"
So they roll up, about to retaliate on this busta
"POP POP" (Bitch ass muthafucka)
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Tyrone's big ballin'
Gettin the dough
Fuck bitches and hoes
Still rippin the 4's
Walk with his fist clinched he was itching to blow
Shit, and all the local neighborhood niggas would know
It's like he was born to fit the streets
Never had no chicken feet
Walked up to the local liquor store to get a swisher sweet
Before he walked in some dudes was like
"Aye Nigga...POP POP POP, we don't play nigga"
They just shot him when his lives undone
The man inside the liquor store dialed 911
And at the same time he's strugglin' tryin' to find someone
Screamin "HELP HELP, STAY ALIVE YOUNG SON!"
The boys gunna die and he knows that
A bullet went through his skull cap
He's barely breathing
And both of his eyes balls have rolled back
Oh crap the people who witnessed it can't believe it yo
Maybe it's linked to the drive by he did a week ago In the land of the killing
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I can't decide Tyrone's dead, all over some dumb shit
His homies don't know who did it
They just got assumptions
Ready to whall out
With a sinister function
And drive by on some bitch niggas and dump clips
And OG was like "fuck it he's dead now
So open up the 40 and take a sip and pour the rest out
Y'all got me stressed now
Shit y'all need to chill out
Cause everytime some shit be poppin off y'all pull the steel out"
One of the younger homies was like
"Fuck that, we gon' tug gats and bust back, trust that"
The OG was like

"Man Yall don't need to be out here bustin slugs
Yall dont even know who the fuck it was
Yall fucking bugs
Yall gunna be dead taking this violent route
You little niggas always whilin out
You need to getcha shit straight and understand whatcha life about
Cause if a bullet hit your ass believe your lights is out."
The younger homie like "Nigga, you dont run these streets
You ain't never been no fucking G
If I wanna bust my heat it's up to me
And I know them niggas that killed T
Are the same niggas that we hit up the other week"
Another homie like "Naaah they ain't get back for that
Cause that's them niggas pulling up in the Cadilla-pop pop popIn the land of the killing
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