

City Mad (feat. Mozzy & Slim 400)

YG

Lord help me father
Protect me from all enemies all evil all together
Culver City Bloods Right now my city mad
Everybody tryna make it, have my homies doing bad
Damn I got get this cash
Gotta keep a clear mind, gotta keep one in the stash
Goddamn this shit so sad
Caught him with his kids still took what he had
Right now my city mad
Everybody tryna get it but don't know where it's at All the finessers gone hate me
But chump better watch out for that KO and that lean
Y'all better watch out for them fake blues
If that damn M-30 ain't dotted up they ain't true
The city mad 'cause everybody ain't got it
You do what you want when you poppin'
But everybody ain't poppin'
I'm like the only one out the city dropping
So they gotta fuck with me, they ain't got an option
And I know niggas hate that
I got this far I wasn't supposed to make it
Moving like a boss with niggas I knew from way back
Gun, K-four, check, I got someone to take that
Known fact, don't get caught without the ham
'Cause they'll leave your body shots on Instagram
The nineteen-nineties all the Crips was poppin'
But now the Damus got it Right now my city mad
Everybody tryna make it, have my homies doing bad
Damn I got get this cash
Gotta keep a clear mind, gotta keep one in the stash
Goddamn this shit so sad
Caught him with his kids still took what he had
Right now my city mad
Everybody tryna get it but don't know where it's at Yeah, off the dribble, three-hundred shot at meechy
Yeah I'm doing hundred shells on the weekly, easy
I'm a sleazeball when it get greasy
Kick the yadadamean? that's for sheezy
Ha? Niggas mad about the YG collab
If it's funky it's funky
So when you see me it's stacked

Grind hard and fall asleep in the trap
Tryna put my niggas on but we gon' leave it at that
Pull luck, come fuck with the Mozzy
If blood brain-dead that's considered a body
Paypal jaypay, niggas is Charlie
If I told you that I got him, I got him, shit ain't nothin'
Patrolling the circumference since a youngin'
It's embedded in me, I'm thuggin' baby I love it
I've witnessed some shit that you couldn't stomach
The substance that I'm kissing the only way I can function
Right now my city mad
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Damn I got get this cash
Gotta keep a clear mind, gotta keep one in the stash
Goddamn this shit so sad
Caught him with his kids still took what he had
Right now my city mad
Everybody tryna get it but don't know where it's at
It's murder murder had to talk about this four-hundred
Chaos been dead, so my real nigga's been mad
Been tapped it off, been gettin' this cash
Down for whatever so this rapping shit my back
Wiggle off, really slide when it's war nigga
All my life was in that pen take that store nigga
Damn this shit is sad, these bitch niggas making it
Snitch niggas faking it, us real niggas is paving this way
Bomb this shit, go ham when I'm talking I don't feel this
Wild, robbed the stash, on my daughter I can get it
Yeah I'm bracking, little bit, 'bout my money I ain't stopping
Yeah I'm Slim to get it poppin' yeah
Fuck y'all niggas, got no love for y'all niggas
Clear mind, ain't no trust with y'all niggas
I fall back, get to bust at y'all niggas
I get this paper, can't look back
Four-hundred from the block
And this Bampton shit nigga
I never stop, four-block

Songwriters

Keenon JacksonPublished by

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