# A Thin Line

## Reed Kd

Your depiction of a thug nigga
Is fiction
Your words hung my nigga
Lines were drawnYou sided with the judge I ain't a hater
I don't love squellers, that's me
You have the audacity to talk like you real
Nigga you fold under pressure, my life is realYou sold your soul to detectives, I could get you murdered
But you dying a slow death denying you told yet
The truth came to light you a fake nigga
You helped the D.A.'s case, my niggaFuck your life, I hate the side of your face, nigga
Only a fake nigga would respect you
You went against the cause and signed papers
The signatures yours, that's that bullshit, pardon meSammy, the bullshit
Take the stand betraying the fam
Should have kept it real, you put your fate in ya hand
I guess that's the way it was plannedThere's a thin line between love and hate and you crossed it
You had respect around the way and you lost it
If a coward dies a thousand deaths, how you gon' live?
Nigga you get no loveDeath before dishonor
You sacrificed your breath so respect a nigga power in jail
I get you hit up in the shower
I'm a real nigga, I walk the streets with pride
I'm the truth, you living a lieYou a part-time prosecutor, full time hosa
I right rhymes with greatness, you write statements nigga
And think the streets don't know
Tssk, yo, it was all good just a week agoHow could you live with being the D.A.'s witness
And knowing ya names associated with snitches?
You could pray for forgiveness, I'ma fact you a stool pigeon
Ain't nothing you can do nigga, might I mentionOnly a bitch would snitch to get a lighter sentence
Take it like a man, nigga, like official prints and cornbread nigga
I'm a warrior you deserve a bullet in ya head, niggaThere's a thin line between love and hate and you crossed it
You had respect around the way and you lost it
If a coward dies a thousand deaths how you gon' live?
Nigga, you get no loveUhh, I'm tired of you coming through like snitching justifiable
I once admired you, you rap bastard
Ain't no need to explain, you not my man
Everytime you give me five, I wash my handsWhat nigga, M E G A bitch tell the D.A. bricks
I move in three days not including the grindin'
What polluted ya mind, was it alluded time

My words are exulted yours ruin livesYou a disgrace to ya race, I'm true to mine
All my doggs doing time, no before I side with the law
I rather ride with the fours and deprive you of your, coward existence
You probably send ya momma to prison to beat a sentence, bitchThere's a thin line between love and hate and you crossed it
You had respect around the way and you lost it
If a coward dies a thousand deaths how you gon' live?
Nigga, you get no love

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