

5150 (feat. Shock G)

Luniz

Behold, your highness, the Luniz are here
Bring them in
Man where the fuck we at who the fuck are you??
It is I, Jesus, Shock Jesus
And what brings you brothers to such an early fate?
Man, no what the fuck man
Niggaz just shot me man, what the fuck man
How dare you use such language in the face of the almighty
Fuck you
You shall perish (beitch!!)
It is my judgement that you shall burn in hell
Man, noo
for eternity
Nooo (the Luniz are here)
Ahhh5150, feel me
Psycho disco just go Luni
5150, feel me
Psycho disco just go Luni I wish I had cot (what?) I wish I had some cot (why?)
So I could sky and have a place to lay my head and plot
A broke nigga boney
Quick to lick but I could never steal shit from my homies
I play acts and make scratch from table scraps
and always end up fucked watchin other niggaz backs
I broke hamps wit my folks and get pounds
but in the mist of funk
would they really bust rounds?
I get woozie when I inhale all the badness
I swear to the Lord when I was young I never had this problem
I stressed the fuck out gotta doubt my own niggaz
I try to solve my problems wit hamps and liquor
I used to swig a 22, graduated to a 64
and now I don't smoke weed no mo'
And I ain't knowin where I'm headin
Most likely it's the scene of creamery
I'm petrified of the whole scenery
The game is some shit ya either roll wit
Or give up because the game is quick to make a nigga stroke it
For less is what I was wishin for it never came true
So it came to plannin missions damn near shittin in my drawers

I gotta play my part though and take what I can
from the niggaz I don't got Scarface nigga I feel ya
By any means nescescary
That's why they find scary niggaz buried
Carried to a whole 'nother place
If youse a hard nigga die with a smirk on your face
So much drama, I put my best in it
Peace, I'd rather live than rather rest in it
Where I'm from or where I'm headed, it ain't no love
I give thanx that I'm alive to the man up above
I'm still takin shit day by day
Survivin off a nifty, that's why I'm goin 5150Ripley's won't believe I'm shot, limpin down the block
Tryin to scoot out, carry the bloody glock
Cause niggaz they plot, it was a shoot out
Tryin to take the loot out my pocket
But I'm quick to let the glock spit at his 350 rocket
Then I split runnin down the block
No sense of dick made them bitch made niggaz whip out a gauge
Then blaze my ribcage, I'm dazed
on the ground hella bleedin ass out
I remember seein somebody put me in a glass house, I passed out
Then my spirit arose up out my flesh, I'm old
No more bullet holes in my chest
A gold vest when I awaken for Mista Go-Tec-9 is awaitin
The Lord has no love for playa hatin
I'm facin Shock Jesus cause I'm the G-ist nigga to do the job right
Because I'm trained up in that mob life
Come back tonite strapped tonite
He said if I succeed he'll bring my family and dead homies back to life
A big ass eagle scooped me up then we bails out
Flyin through the cuts goin the secret hill route
The whole scene was a disaster
Friday the 13th the final chapter
Lookin niggaz wit casper the ghost
But I float until I smoked the big man
Slipped in quick sand
He's gonna kill me but my spirit slipped in my body
I yelled watch out he's gonna get me
They didn't get me, huh, they labelled my ass 5150

Songwriters

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