

# Safe

## Sons Of The Pioneers

I got the new face tape I'm about to  
Pop in the deck for you niggaz  
Turn up your radios You're down and out, money funny, you hustle and die  
On the verge of pawnin' your jewelry and sellin' your ride  
Somebody shoulda told him ain't no life in these streets  
You only out here till you touch it, when you touch it you eat  
Niggaz done took too many chances shovelin' snow  
And ended up facin' a lifetime for tryin' to sco'  
I'm givin livin' definitions on the subject of dope  
One week he back on his feet, the next he's whoa  
I was a seventies baby, raised in the eighties  
I was barely touchin sixteen when shit got crazy  
I remember in the eighties, me and pop would ride  
Now we conversate on acres, he's about to buy  
He had already been what I'm about to go through  
Told me ain't no sense in gamblin' if you gamble to lose  
If you made twelve dollars, you put seven away  
And lived off the five, and never ever fuck with ya safe  
But when When he hustle and he robbin'  
That's when niggaz start plottin'  
And when you niggaz start plottin'  
Us country niggaz start mobbin', mobbin' I'm 'bout my paper, these other niggaz slang for the sport  
Like unaware tomorrow ain't promised, the game is too short  
I've witnessed niggaz get it all and give it away  
Gettin' back was out of the question, they lived for today  
Then the hunger pains start up, then the murderous plots  
To set up, they fuckin' homeboy to get what he got  
I mean the ones he broke the bread with, the ones you don't want  
To be the ones fuckin' your girlfriend, the moment you out  
I know the street game backwards, forwards, sideways  
It used to be an honest hustle back then but nowadays  
It's cut throat, that's fucked up, niggaz want they come up  
So bad they'll take the three fifty seven and smoke they brother  
A damn shame but that's the way the game go  
A chance niggaz is takin' especially if they slang dope  
I've been in that position, back in the day  
And feel my homey, hittin' my head to crack in my safe  
And that's when When ya hustle ain't evolv'in'  
That's when niggaz start starvin'

And when you niggaz start starvin'  
That's when you niggaz start robbin'  
When these niggaz got problems  
That's when niggaz start plottin'  
And when you niggaz start plottin'  
Us country niggaz start mobbin', mobbin'  
So listen up my niggaz, and I ain't tryin' to preach  
I'm just tellin' it from my side 'cause I'm in the streets  
I done been there, done that, seen a whole neighborhood  
Destroyed by the government bein' tipped off by one rat  
He caught a dope case and they threatened him with time  
He get his own fuckin' people jammed and he take the five  
That's the shit there, they ain't even catch him with dope  
But they gave him thirty five years 'cause the nigga didn't spoke  
Snitchin', that's a motherfucker, watch what you say  
You don't know no motherfuckin' body, nigga, you lame  
Watch your so called homeboys, keep to yourself  
Stay away from niggaz gettin' caught then get out of jail  
Don't talk about your business, keep your thoughts in your head  
And this game it got a paper trail, watch where you spend  
Don't write down names and numbers, it's a memory thang  
Never shit where you sleep, keep the crib out of range  
And plus you never let these niggaz know where you stay  
'Cause when the push turns to a shove, they hit and you say  
True motherfuckin' game, true motherfuckin' game  
When ya hustle ain't evolvin'  
That's when niggaz start starvin'  
And when you niggaz start starvin'  
That's when you niggaz start robbin'  
When these niggaz got problems  
That's when niggaz start plottin'  
And when you niggaz start plottin'  
Us country niggaz start mobbin', mobbin'

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