

# Y?

## 2nd II None

I wasn't sleepin' I was creepin' slidin' hidin'  
I would love the girl behind me roll up a fat time  
Thinkin' mentally sinkin'  
(precociously) brinkin'  
Two decades n a half  
Waitin' for the path of mine to follow  
The world is hollow yet it's full of crap prepared to gamble  
I give you half of (gizm tencil)  
What's the come up cried a ton of beers  
Drunk a ton of beers that's fun at first  
But learned in person  
Fear throughout the years  
Kept my ears open eyes scoping my block  
Don't rock the boat if you can't swim  
Nobody may be there with the (lim) to lend  
This is the end, still I can't explain the fact  
Why the fuck shit gotta be like that?

Know what, I said  
Hear me clearin' over so so weaved n dreaded  
That they need to be bi-headed  
Why? I'm readily, steadily stimulin' and utilatin'  
All sloppily copied imitations, cause they irritatin'  
So I'm a intimidate them (and them are for the snare)  
With the (syfliest) stare  
Bringin' 'em turbulent terror  
N they know this cause they can feel it  
He knew it was mines still the sucker tried to steal it  
So I had to reveal it , through provin' their eye  
Am I startin' (chinin') fly  
N by just blinkin' my eye  
In a flash I flush out the face, layin' low-key  
Trained eyes locate to focus on the phony  
Mister sometime-homey, why he act like that  
I thought he had my back  
I thought he had our backs  
But it was him that I should've never trusted  
And not at least till he got his attitude adjusted  
I'm out busted for acting all dusted, but bust this

Now when I'm out, I see n store out the whole scene  
For all types sneakes that scheme  
They come into my face, I send them (tight men) home  
When they're sufferin' from the double-agent syndrome

Sometimes this world means everything to me  
The inside is lovely to these eyes I see  
'n sometimes in my mind all I wanna do is cry  
(hollie) off seven of them drops from my eye  
Those drain out my skin cause I'm pissed from within  
I see a situation now n all I do is grin  
People think I'm high but I'm mentally traveling  
Agin' is your times cause life's a raveling  
While I'm stravelling (moors)  
Up this fuckin' mike I hate to be a pilot  
Crashin' in a flight  
People need to know about this thing called life  
Cause if you see the light then life's alright

I jumps inside the jeep as I embark on my darkness  
Bopped in my freestyle tapes n started (reminiscing) about my  
Little homie who was raised in Wyoming wanted to be famous  
So he came to Californey on the microphony  
He was super bad n whatnot  
But he was the kinda fella to follow paths that was hot  
He became too fascinated with that gang related flavor  
That he modiflicated rearranged his behavior  
He hooked up quick with the influential slang  
Gangsta-strow corn rolls the whole shabbang  
Braggin' n boastin' poststandin' n 'braggin' how we 'posed to be  
Hangin' with baby gees I was baggin  
Like why you tryin' hoo-ride up on the bandwagon  
Hopin' they'd hit him in the head  
But he steady saggin' like he a hog  
Creepin' through the smog  
Smokin' on some indo sippin' on a cup of O-Dog  
Like most who come to this West Coast society  
Tryin' to be because they think it's fly to be a menace  
So what a relic way to end this  
Got rolled up when he was strolling  
On a (Sundae upper)  
Some niggas never listen they gotta learn their lesson  
The hard way I'm guessin' yessin'  
B-D as I hit the B n make a right on Wesson  
Pops in my head (beperpiou) question

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