

# The Otherside

## The Roots

I come, they go, I run, they slow  
I aint ashamed that I did what I did  
I just live how I live, you don't like it, say so  
Ain't a singer on my payrollIm platinum, theyre probably that gold  
Buckhead bouncing, move a little ounces  
Talking out loud, but I ain't low  
Wait for the day that Bubba can't blowAnd get them foshos, bitch cant blow  
S.V. style, you know what Im talking about  
Mofucking bank account, you say Os  
These hoes better stay on their toesThe big play threat, I just may go  
87 yards in the blink of an eye  
It really dont matter what you think of the guy  
Cuz Im eager to try this style, and that styleAnd stack piles of cash, while sayin' something  
Dudes agile, hear that? Wow, a bad child that turned good  
Now, Ive earned good, but Ive burned better  
That cush, please just sush, wuss, Im the team captain  
Get your first letter, bitch  
(Pussy)You thinking, you dead, boy?  
Know where Im at, boy?  
Im on the other side of the room, your lady feel frisky  
Tell her come get me, Im on the other side of the roomIf you came to party, lets go get it started  
Im on the other side on the room  
Whether you with me or youre against me  
Im on the other side of the roomI remember when we used to carry them things  
Back in the days  
Hot as a flame and Im setting through the blaze  
Homey, full of hateDollar bill full of cane  
Its the mister motherfucker with a hundred different names  
Aint fuck with nobody  
Cant roll no problem, diamondNever could quite understand a man that never talked how to  
Stay to himself, quiet as kept  
With a coldness in his eyes that will scare you to death  
I was on my way, man I had one foot in the graveMotherfucker, I stayed contemplating about my last and final  
day  
Im supposed to be nothing, they were supposed to give me life in prison  
Last pick, misfit, probably did a full twenty, hey, Im right here, head up  
Got the whole world shaking for me, I saidYou thinking, you dead, boy?  
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Im on the other side of the room  
Maybe death and taxes aint the only thing certain  
To come unnerved from out behind the closed curtain, bubba skirting  
Whats the word? You must have heard a lot of BS was asserted  
Since none of us is perfect, wonder who it was unnerving  
Not me, not you, grin and bear it? Got to  
If they aint worried about you, then they aint worried about you  
Hear, hear, get it clear, disappear from out my hemisphere  
If indeed youve got some business here, then state it crystal clear  
All this fake innuendo from little minnows  
Is gonna make the big goldfish unload on the fish hole  
Fuck Cane and Nate, baby tell me that it is so  
Id rather watch my momma get low than quit this, fo sho, yo  
You thinking, you dead, boy?  
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