

# Tomorrow

Amy Allen

Uhh, Killa, yo  
You got to wonder man, what is all this shit really worth?  
Y'knahmean? Uhh, uhh, you ain't got ya man here to share  
It wit, yo, fucked up man, yo  
I've been on both sides of burglaries, guns out and choked up  
Man, this shit'll get you choked up  
I'da been shot at, got at, backed stabbed, coked up  
Almost doped up but had no guts  
So I pimp all these hoe sluts  
When they period come, it get slow but so what?  
I got big plans to blow up  
I'ma love this year but blood ain't here  
We would puff grass, plus hash, cut class  
To fuck ass, dough, we had enough cash  
Little cats, he would see our dreams  
Eighteen wit the three eighteen, that's blood, y'all  
He had hot gear, rock yeah  
Now that he's not here, I feel that it's not fair  
Fuck, see 'em at the crossroads  
Wanna see 'em drive across roads  
Poor, stole, then floss mo', had to tell a few niggaz  
My man was a hell of a nigga, [Incomprehensible] wit the triggers  
Whatever ethnic problem, dawg, better check it  
Little Cam, it's just bloodshed resurrected  
Death to [Incomprehensible], "Logic", I said  
Four months, got 'em some head right in the bed  
Listen dawg, I'm beyond dead  
This ain't even me spittin', this Derek Wright and Armstead  
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up  
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my promise  
To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your ground  
Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's my promise

Yo, yo, I never had fights in rings  
I just had fights for rings, ice and bling  
I done spent nights in bings now I realized Christ the King  
Ain't no righteous thing but how I get the right to sing?  
And the streets be talkin' like Donahue  
Clowns, they belong on Comic View

That's why they Fed's onto you when they form they assembly's  
You stuck on the block like the ave got parenthesis  
Course everybody gotta war story  
I swear to God, I hear more and more stories  
I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories  
Add a fifth one in case the fourth one bore me  
I done ran through the NBC's, CBS's, 3GS's, VVS's  
Baggetteses, princess cuts, diamond layers  
And I never said, I'ma player  
But I been down wit messy action  
Similar to Jessie Jackson, the threat would happen  
Ma kept resistin', I had to bounce wit my shit, man  
I'm scared of commitment  
I'm a hustler, work in the closet, work in the kitchen  
Outside, workin' and pitchin', work on the block  
Even put the work with a glock  
Work on the toilet, I'ma workaholic  
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up  
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