

# Emotionless

## Pro Era

Cold sweats from bad dreams  
I hope the Feds don't grab the team  
'Cause we been labeled as the trouble makers  
We sell whole pies so you ain't got to cut the cake up  
Tell no lies, so the Lord come and take us  
Praise to Allah, hope the Lord He forsake us  
And outlaws is what it made us  
We live the fast life and so we ball out major  
Until I see a ribbon in the sky  
Cop plush cars put ribbons on the ride  
And due to my political ties  
I can't roll around without the drip in the ride  
And if my gun boys ain't hear of ya  
You're lightweight I get the young boys to murder ya  
You're looking at a cracker's worst nightmare  
Young, black, rich and with a fresh pair Nike  
Boy, you talk about my life here  
Fuck wit OG's that put dice in the mirror  
And they tell me that life's but a gamble  
The media will turn your whole life into a scandal  
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive  
I'm a ride and don't cry  
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge  
And guess what? He can never take me alive  
I'm a ride and don't cry  
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge  
Poured off Bentley, looking like steroids  
Jetson car, I'm looking like Elroy  
Maserati lookin' like a shark on land  
Neiman Marcus edition, contraband  
Neiman Marcus I'm in it, shopping and  
Five thousand spent on pants, man  
Bitches love it, niggas want it  
So bad they wanna take it but I kill 'em for it  
Believe me, I'm like a bear that ain't get his porridge  
You better stay out the forest, warning  
It's Santana he fucks

Money man, make you do a handstand for the bucks  
I see you clear, my antennas is up  
And that hand-scale is still in my pocket  
What you want? Dough boys in the trap, where ya at?  
Coke dealer's in the hood, what's good?  
Boy getting them bricks with the stamp on the shit  
Well, come meet the man that's stamping them bricks  
Fly wit' the Byrds or lie wit' the dirt  
Your corpse, flies will emerge  
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive  
I'm a ride and don't cry  
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge  
And guess what? He can never take me alive  
I'm a ride and don't cry  
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge  
They say your enemies is close, your friends even closer  
Listening to 'Pac up ten in the roaster  
And now do you wanna ride or die?  
Blowin' smoke in the air, getting high as the sky  
I'm drunk staring B, I need therapy  
The paranoia got me thinking conspiracy  
Paper on the brain, the brain on the yayo  
I make it off the plane I'm a land to a payroll  
My right hand to God, put my right hand in the jar  
And it'll all come back, like grams of the hard  
You heard of us, the murders, the most shady  
Been on the low lately, the Feds hate me  
They try to put cuffs on me and my assailants  
When I push fees through the streets, they be tailing  
They try to catch me out of bounds  
They know I got pistols if you catch me outta town  
A thug changes and love changes  
And since 9 11, the price of the drugs changes  
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive  
I'm a ride and don't cry  
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge  
And guess what? He can never take me alive  
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