

Things Happen

Shyheim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Sup, how was your ride"
"It was long, but I'm aight"
"True, true"
"So, you takin' care of yourself in here?"
"No question, I gets down for mines"
"Yeah I know, I heard a lot about you"
"Word? I'm sayin' tho-"
"Anyway, if you don't mind me askin', how'd you get into all'a this?"
"Yo, it's a long story" I started off light, knockin' off y'all packs for this kid Pat
He told me to take 30 and bring him the rest back
It didn't take long for my clientle to swell
Snitches started to tell Broke niggas was jail
'Cause they couldn't out hustle me
So, they tried to muscle me
But I ain't pussy y'all, I leave 'em dead like a Kennedy Took a half a year to get a half a brick
My own shit, now I make profit on every flip
No more hand to hands, I'm the big man now
Push a black Land Cruiser, pack a chrome trey pound now I'm smellin' all the animos in the air
Pat spreadin' rumors that he gonna take me outta here
What the fuck the blood clot thinkin'
My plan's to roll up in an old black Lincoln
And leave him dead and stinkin' And I'm a man of my word, word
I seen him on the curb smokin' herb
I made the Continental swerve and hopped out
And started lettin' off shots
And didn't stop until I seen his body drop Then a nigga like me just skated
I know he was packin' steel
That made it drug-related
You know I'm sayin' Things happen, so keep your eyes open
Sheisty ones be scopin'
That's why, guns we be totin'
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Sheisty ones be scopin' I'm on the run from po-po, some crab niggas pulled the bitch move
My blood pressure's high but I play it calm and smooth
Everybody's my enemy, can't trust no one
The last time I trust a trust I almost got done So, keep your eyes open and beware of the ruckus
'Cause life ain't nothin' but thirsty, gritty motherfuckers
I ran with niggas that will kill ya warm dead
Keep it real is who, I pumped into them niggas little heads My granddad, he used to call me killer now I am
Everybody where I used to chill, fuck them
My mind was playin' tricks on me shorty
Once I was like "Turn yourself in and do the time"
(Yo fuck that) The pigs wanted five, tell my moms I love her
And stay strong and don't fall
I'm in the hands of the Lord Things happen, so keep your eyes open
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