Ambulance

Institute

Yeah papoose in the building
I got the city locked
Thugga up in the building
They got the semis cocked
Man we always on fire
Niggas ain?t really hot
Culture Power Homie, 4 ,5
You fuckin with the wrong guy
In the back of that ambulance it?s
A long ride
In the back of that ambulance truck
I put your ass in the back of that
Ambulance truck
You dying slow you actin like
You gonna pop soon as you think you hot
In the back of that ambulance truck nigga you shot
In the back of that ambulance truck
I put yo ass in the back of that
Ambulance truck
You betta watch who you call or hold you down
You aint neva know when you gonna have to blow em down
Friends be yo worst enemies
I know it sounds crazy but it?s real homeboy
I show you how
Callin on the real niggas you know in town
Talking about meet me at the club I know ya style
You don?t callup no one but time
You rollin foul, You just be callin him because
You know he be towin clown
What if you and him catch drama it?s goin down
You don?t tote yo hammer like that and you know it now
You got yo red monkeys on you fly my nigga
Ambulance come they cut yo jeans with scissors
You talking like you gully got in yo ass
now you talking like a mummy through that oxygen mask
You man coulda dropped you off left you in the streets
He ain?t wanna get you blood in his car seats
Now they askin you ya name ya age ya address
But you can?t give an answer you breathin ya last breath

?Bout to panic under pressure and fold you mad stressed
see yo future faddin you past tense
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I put your ass in the back of that
Ambulance truck
You a coward in the streets in you bars you tough
But I don?t believe you I don?t care how hard you bluff
Niggas comin through with hoodies like they hard to touch
I pull that hoodie over you head and wash you up
Yall supporting these lost artists like they the Godfather
That?s word to my Aunt Margaret None of they bars honest
Talking about you New York?s hardest you spit
Hard garbage . You aint a hard artist, You a Con artist
Get it on yall cowards avoid it when it?s on
Scream like a bitch and make noises when it?s on
My man right or wrong
That aint the point the point I pointing crawns
So I point if he right I point it if he wrong
These little rappers being putting poison in they song
You paranoid man you annoying when it?s on
I came up hard ain?t have a choice to get it on
Told this little nigga stop topyin when it?s on
You man died I?m disappointed that he gone
But the way you movin you about to join him in the morgue
You getting older now you voice is getting strong
If you make it past eighteen then boy you
Livin long
This is thugga thugga we enjoy to get it on
I keep it Brooklyn like Hoyt ans Schimmerhorn
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In the back of that ambulance truck

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