

fools

Hell-O-Hill

And I told him, "Don't fuck with me, don't fuck with me"

Yo, yo, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody

Yo, come on

Everybody plays a fool, sometimes

There's no exceptions to the rules

Get your nines

Digi Digi, Shaolin Shaolin

But in Brownsville

Check it out

Niggas was psyched out, Beretta brought the dirt bike out

Everlast, just came home, it was his first night out

He was arguin' with these bitches how they don't mind their business

When he was locked the fuck down, no one came to visit

He was snuffed, black, his little cousin Moe stuck Cap

That's Miss. Sommers on the bike with the gat like, "Fuck that"

But finessin' over here, he could've wished he had ten more years

Cracked a cold beer then bust a shot in the air

Everlast, ego went full blast, didn't splash

He'd act like his head was too big for the casket

I told him, "Slow down God, you ain't wild

You ain't been in these projects in a while

Runnin' 'round with that old school style"

Don't think these young bucks won't lay you down like tile

A hard head makes a soft ass, these New York lads

Chopped faces, you talk fast, they bust off fast

And chase you out the hood, in a bloody hood

Yo, son, you seen that kid was actin' Hollywood?

Yeah, I mean that nigga, clap happy Cali, clap when he 'tack

Most get astounded by surrounded sound effects in the back

Adidas shoe, phat laces, packin' budge in his jacket

Head nappy, black and nasty, but he nasty for gats

He nas', passed me, bumped me and laughed

Then flashed me his Mac

Said, "I got sixteen for you, we could bang on the track"

So strap this, nah, this bar's a bullet, par pull it

In fact, blast me bastard, I done came to far for this

Boulevard life, remember late nights?

Mama stomach touchin' a bed, two bids

Cats sacky in Com stack, retire from the crack

I'm askin' Allah that the warm Hennessey help me
I ain't chose the struggle, the struggle chose me
Lord forgive me for I have stolen from my brothers
Snaked my brothers, even killed my brothers
Familiar fish scale, everybody plays the fool
The older God's givin' me jewels
The younger God's givin' me tools
Solomon Allah, I feel I was jerked
To the drug dealers, my baby mother's a flirt
Holey socks, one fatigue suit, what you feel it don't hurt?
That's my problem now, I ain't afraid to talk
Still cop coke from the well Willy
When I was young I got robbed from the neighborhood bully
'Til he forced me to hit him with the nine milli'
Now him and his click know that I'm a thug fully
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