

La Costra Nostra

Yukmouth

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
October 18th '74, the year I was born
A young nigga ready for war
It's in my blood to get the 'fetty for sure
I was cursed since birth to get the patties slanging faggats are raw And I'm the advocate, crack head, in '86 we
started having shit
Rock it and cook it to cut the baggin' is, when crack-ages
For my cousin, making twenty off a note
But I refused to go broke, my whole family slang dope And my big sister was a little richer 'cuz she always
fucked
Around with the big pushers
I watched niggaz break keys in sinks with jackhammers and ginsus
Throw me money for tennis shoes I been a dude since high school with latest clothes and them jewels
Had me paper chasing, I didn't finish school
I bought a quarter ounce in the ooze
Got a crew, hit the block, start hustling like the real niggaz do I'm walking in the shoes of Phoenix Mitchell
And Little D, I'm balling niggaz from my projects I listened to
I keep it real with my interviews
I was broke as fuck and sleeping on the floor in the village dude I'm just a wise G, why chronic D, smoking finer
weed
Thick as quarter peak, I build a dynasty?
So a pistol whip and rob niggaz
What goes around, comes around 'cuz I end up getting shot nigga But got love not, my hope don't stop, I pop
bubbly
Like the whole block locked, I live lovely
And my father was a black gorilla family crack dealer
With the house on 'Icula, made scratch for realla That's why I say it's in my blood 'cuz my father was a thug
With the Columbian blood, flood the block with drugs nigga
We slang lots of coca with glocks up in the hosta'
La Costra Nostra nigga

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