

# ATF

## Speakeasy

Got me on the run  
Uhh, uhh  
Boom, boom, boom, open the door, ATF  
Too late to send my girl downstairs to say he left  
To the basement, go through the replacement door  
Come up in my neighbor's yard, with a taste for war  
You know I laced the four, with the hallows  
Crack the safe, got the bottles  
(Whatchu want me to do?)  
Beep Carlos  
Two houses over by the tall black fence  
I keep the hooptie parked for situations like this  
(Please tell me)  
(Yeah)  
There go a Priest, yo, get in, you drive  
(Tell me if you've reached)  
(Can you?)  
(What the fuck you doin' nigga?)  
Tryin' to stay alive  
(Yeah)  
Cops on every corner, I lay back and try to cruise by  
Who the fuck coulda snitched? Musta been a new guy  
Damn, in back on our ass  
Put your foot back on the gas  
(Uhh)  
Step on it fast  
Tryin' to pull up on the side, but I'm packin' to blast  
Tryin' to take the niggaz heads off, fuck crackin' the glass  
Hey look out bark  
Damn, came so close, you almost hit that bitch  
Like you said, "Nigga, almost"  
Shit, the cops hit her and I know they ain't gon' leave her  
Go up here, make this left, pull it over, take a breather  
Haa haa  
(Drop it on the floor)  
Boom  
Got it through the door, peddle to the floor, the office line  
Death is in the air, now know it's mine  
But I know if it's time, it'll be what it is

And all I can think of is what about my kids  
Shit, they on the corner, hit the sidewalk, quick  
    One two three four, fire more clips  
    Hit the fire hydrant, get low for the shootout  
Run through the fire, pull a gun from my boot out  
    Caught me in the shoulder, the neck, the ear  
    I'm goin' out fast and the last thing I hear  
    Boom boom boom, open the door ATF

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