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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