

# I'll Take You There

## Jane Laverne Powell

Now how can one get up off the spot  
God damn raise a family get up off the block  
Where the city don't love and they don't care  
But I will take you there

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Tell the sister like blood, little brother a thug  
And how to survive the cracks in the middle of the mud  
I'm the OG gangsta VL in the truth  
Every nigga, in my city know how to tussle and shoot  
My lil' homey got killed over a key and a pound  
So when I pump, pump blood I'm a hold it down  
His sister and his moms when I come around  
Showin' love to the family when ya' lose your ground  
Wassup lil' man had to write you a rap  
Just to let you know this nigga, still got yo' back  
Ain't too much change still doin' my shows  
Stayin' away from fake niggas, and busta ass hoes  
But enough about me and everything in my world  
Congrats lil' dad heard you had a lil' girl  
If theres anything they need and they ever in a jam  
Don't hesitate to ask y'all call ya' Fam  
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But can you see life roomin' with no crack and pipe  
And no weed to smoke no Gs in sight  
And no cris to bust no wheels on bikes  
And no pussy to fuck nobody to like  
But can you see life roomin' with no money and goods  
Big money heavy weights with nobody to cook  
Nobody to book nobody to look

Tryin' to get back what motherfuckers they took

    All you see is that platinum shit

    A ghetto nigga, on stage grabbin' his dick

    But you don't know what I have seen

From the bitches to the riches, to the triple beams

    The project bricks the old school kicks

    The early mornin' capers and the late night flicks

    But since I moved on things ain't the same

    I chose rap you chose the game

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See your mom still strugglin' you up in the pen

But mom just wonderin when the end gon end

When the guns gon stop from spinnin' the bin

Or when the hood gon block the dope in the pen

Or when the light shot out you up in the park

The white trunk out your homey got marked

    Or every nigga, that talk or rat in his heart

Or every nigga, that talk should die in the dark

    I never forgot you and what we did

    And how we came up and where we lived

    I'm seven forever turn coke to never

Hard head 'til I'm dead until I'm 'bout my cheddar

    Gotta get my ends wanna push a Benz

    Eat steak live great and raise my twins

I can't believe I'm talkin' to ya' now that ya' gone

    I luv ya' bruh and this is my song

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