

# Wildside

## Scott H. Biram

Smoking weed, riding chrome  
Only thing I've ever known  
Is walk on the wild side  
Welcome to our life

Slangin' keys, spraying K's  
Every day we getting paid  
To walk on the wild side  
Welcome to our life

Come take a little walk with me through my neighbourhood  
And come spend a day in my trap  
Get your paper right and that yay some good  
But just keep a tool in your lap  
My lil' patna holding that work  
Nigga want weight then keep around back  
Betta not violate on my turf  
Nigga yesterday just died like that  
Ain't no investigation, no statements  
And no witnesses, we ain't seen shit  
Pull up after dark with that jewellery on  
To come see a bitch, that what he get it  
We on dark roads with no street lights  
That pistol play after fist fights  
And them geek monsters walk all night  
With they crack pipes tryna get right  
Midnight we shoot dice  
The whole house smelling like cooked crack  
You beat me, and you talk shit  
You get shot bitch, and I took that  
Hood rats on deck, that loud is all I blow  
This shit to you it might sound wild  
But this life is all I know

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Can you picture me back in '93  
Bumpin' Dr. Dre while I hit some weed  
Cut school, made ten G  
Thirteen, trying to get keys  
At fifteen, I was full-grown  
Get wrong, get bust on  
My uncle gave me a bunch of work  
And that shit was gone by the next morning  
Young wild nigga runnin' with me  
Homicide wasn't nothing to us  
Dead body wasn't nothin' to see  
That pistol play was just fun to us  
I was 19 with two felonies  
One of my best friend had a life sentence  
How my uncle friend was just like me  
And had a bunch of partners no longer living  
All about that cocaine dealing  
No education, no pot to piss in  
Old school, on chrome wheel  
Window tinted, pistol hidden  
That's the shit that I come from  
In my heart, fear ain't none  
Stand tall, I can't run from  
That wild side, that I walk on

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All I ever did was put on  
All my old friends tryna get on  
Shorty fell out, making diss songs  
Never talk down when I get home  
Ain't the type of nigga you can shit on  
Hundred spokes, brick, chrome

God body, big bone  
That's hard body, Jim Jones  
Niggas know the sound of how we switch on him  
Finna wild out on a Tip song  
Better make a toast, nigga, Tip home  
First get the bread, then get going  
From the land of the lead where they spit chrome  
Where most kids never get to live long  
They get pissed off, get pissed on  
Pistol whipped and stripped, homie  
Left for a minute and they switched on me  
Caught them talking down, tryna bitch on me  
And they snitch on me, ain't got shit on me  
So my guess is death is what they wish on me  
So I'm blowing on them candles  
Closed lids and dark eyes  
Cause hate's never part time when you on that wild side

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