Emotionless

Divine Sin

Cold sweats from bad dreams
I hope the Feds don't grab the team
'Cause we been labeled as the trouble makers
We sell whole pies so you ain't got to cut the cake up
Tell no lies, so the Lord come and take us
Praise to Allah, hope the Lord He forsake us
And outlaws is what it made us
We live the fast life and so we ball out major
Until I see a ribbon in the sky
Cop plush cars put ribbons on the ride
And due to my political ties
I can't roll around without the drip in the ride
And if my gun boys ain't hear of ya
You're lightweight I get the young boys to murder ya
You're looking at a cracker's worst nightmare
Young, black, rich and with a fresh pair Nike
Boy, you talk about my life here
Fuck wit OG's that put dice in the mirror
And they tell me that life's but a gamble
The media will turn your whole life into a scandal
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive
I'm a ride and don't cry
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug
And if I'm standing in front of the judge
And guess what? He can never take me alive
I'm a ride and don't cry
'Cause momma raised hell of a thug
And if I'm standing in front of the judge
Poured off Bentley, looking like steroids
Jetson car, I'm looking like Elroy
Maserati lookin' like a shark on land
Neiman Marcus edition, contraband
Neiman Marcus I'm in it, shopping and
Five thousand spent on pants, man
Bitches love it, niggas want it
So bad they wanna take it but I kill 'em for it
Believe me, I'm like a bear that ain't get his porridge
You better stay out the forest, warning
It's Santana he fucks

Money man, make you do a handstand for the bucks
I see you clear, my antennas is up
And that hand-scale is still in my pocket
What you want? Dough boys in the trap, where ya at?
Coke dealer's in the hood, what's good?
Boy getting them bricks with the stamp on the shit
Well, come meet the man that's stamping them bricks
Fly wit' the Byrds or lie wit' the dirt
Your corpse, flies will emerge
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive
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And if I'm standing in front of the judge
They say your enemies is close, your friends even closer
Listening to 'Pac up ten in the roaster
And now do you wanna ride or die?
Blowin' smoke in the air, getting high as the sky
I'm drunk staring B, I need therapy
The paranoia got me thinking conspiracy
Paper on the brain, the brain on the yayo
I make it off the plane I'm a land to a payroll
My right hand to God, put my right hand in the jar
And it'll all come back, like grams of the hard
You heard of us, the murders, the most shady
Been on the low lately, the Feds hate me
They try to put cuffs on me and my assailants
When I push fees through the streets, they be tailing
They try to catch me out of bounds
They know I got pistols if you catch me outta town
A thug changes and love changes
And since 9 11, the price of the drugs changes
Put my emotions aside 'cause they can never take my alive
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'Cause momma raised hell of a thug
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