Driver's Seat

Peter Blegvad

Killer B, yeah, rest in peace, I'm sayin' son
Ain't no room in this game for everybody, you know?
But uh, we gon' do our thing baby, we gon' do our thing
Yo, I man T.H.U.G. something stunnin', rappers get done in
I migrate, Queens Jamaica, Brooklyn gets sunning
All feelings though, we all grow wit' this buckle
I recognized life is a deal, cards and a shuffle
Everything revolves around me, I couldn't see that
25 to Life and hip-hop, you got the feedback
Who need that, hundred gram stashed up in the cheese stack
We fo' black, want more trip, we get that old back
And keep this world high, yearly raw supply
These fuckin' tracks have a nigga feelin' wide inside
Any bottle tip high smokin' lah in the rye
It's on you, if you wanna take heed the hidden treasure
Recognize it's I man T.H.U.G. wit' Noreaga
Recognize that 2-5 shine will last forever
Embedded in your mind like the seams in butter leathers
Butter leathers, check it yo, yo, yo
I keep it real wit' a nigga keep it real wit' me
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat
I keep it real wit' a nigga keep it real wit' me
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat
I keep it real wit' a bitch that keep it real wit' me
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin' steal from me
CNN be that bomb diggy bomb you see
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin' driver's seat
Yo I shot rapid, burn weed inside a back quick
Iraq embassy need a straitjacket
Yo let's rachateer this, while most niggas will fear this
Turn my shit down every time they hear it
P H D me, rapidly right in back of me
Tackle me, them niggas make loot but only half of me
My faculty, blow holes in your Mos chinos and tuxedos
While all y'all niggas free load, reload

Explode on, roll on, fold on, Ghengis Khan
Dusk till dawn Art of War
Still time to score, yo we kid we poly for
Yo Victoria's Secret bitches that suck dick raw
The freak, Rick James type, I got the long pipe
Kick doors in, snake four fours in
Yo escape the Nor-van, swervin', TV's inside Suburban
Iraq dishieke, diamond cut pinky
Listen to Trag shit wit' Noyd and Chinky
Network like the Internet, wit' Henny wet
Nine, oh be my set, so whatever be next
Nashiem, he laced this beat on some east coast shit
I keep it real wit' a bitch that keep it real wit' me
Cut the hand off a chicken tryin' steal from me
CNN be that bomb diggy bomb you see
Now it's Nore now in the fuckin' driver's seat
We overdose this, high class wit' one E-Class
Shorty came through, she iced out and dressed in blue
Said she move from Brooklyn, reside in section two
Know how we do out here hoe, a two for square
Get high and disappear play the projects on super low
Plus she feelin' my style, Too Hot like Coolio
Plus her cooty though, bangin' just like the studio
From Iraq to Inglewood, it all good
From hood to hood, regulate like a thug should
Yo we in too deep, losin' sleep and can't call it
The game is still fresh until the jake try to spoil it
Even people I was loyal wit', give my life to
Be the first who turn around and try to spike
Now they don't like you, sendin' ten dogs to bite you
I keep it real wit' a nigga, keep it real wit' me
(Yo, yo, we keep it real nigga)
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me
(Cut ya hand off, fuck)
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat
(What, what)
(We keeps it real wit' niggas who keep it real wit' us)
I keep it real wit a nigga keep it real wit me
(Fuck, cut ya hand off)
I cut the hand off a nigga tryin' steal from me
2-5 be that bomb diggy bomb you see
(What)
Black juice in the Yukon driver's seat
(What)

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