

RinÃ'Ã§Ã©rÃ'se

Yo, yo, I never had fights in rings
I just had fights for rings, ice and bling
I done spent nights in bings now I realized Christ the King
Ain't no righteous thing but how I get the right to sing?
And the streets be talkin' like Donahue
Clowns, they belong on Comic View

That's why they Feds onto you when they form they assembly's
You stuck on the block like the ave got parenthesis
Course everybody gotta war story
I swear to God, I hear more and more stories
I'm in Jersey, the crib, four stories
Add a fifth one in case the fourth one bore me
I done ran through the NBC's, CBS's, 3GS's, VVS's
Baggetteses, princess cuts, diamond layers
And I never said, I'ma player
But I been down wit messy action
Similar to Jessie Jackson, the threat would happen
Ma kept resistin', I had to bounce wit my shit, man
I'm scared of commitment
I'm a hustler, work in the closet, work in the kitchen
Outside, workin' and pitchin', work on the block
Even put the work with a glock
Work on the toilet, I'ma workaholic
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my promise
To my streets, hold it down, all these hoes, hold your ground
Let's act brave, get it now, tomorrow's my promise
For my fam, keep it up, those that fell, pick 'em up
They been here, that's whassup, tomorrow's my promise
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