

Quasi OG

Shyne

No no no more troubles No more troubles We ain't the problem nigga We don't need no more trouble, no more
trouble I ain't the problem
Solve me, if I am ever solved motherfuckers
Solve the shit
I insist I ain't goin' nowhere
I hear ya'all motherfuckers talking complainin
It's too this It's too dogg It's too valid yea yea
See what the fuck happens when the CIA conspired?
Distribute crack in my environment, the roosters crow
Man, black people don't own no ports or boats
So tell me how the fuck we gettin' all this coke?
Offa knowledge I choke
Spitting up truths hopin'
The young youth a soldier hear me dearly
GW Bush fear me
They know I know, they want to sweep us under rugs
Hopin' we just keep killin', shootin' each other with slugs
Look up above and pray to god he protect me
From these cold jurors and the heartless judge
Imagine, grow'n up and never have'n;
Faggot ass pops actin like you never happened
Fucked up!
Watching the tears stream down yo mammas cheek
She helpless in the kitchen looking for eats
Peace! Yea nigga, I'm here what the fuck y'all gonna do about it? huh?
Do somethin' about me
Call my source, ya hear me? feel me? Stop talkin' bout stop talkin' bout how fucked up I am
Get me right, save me nigga, huh? I'm a snort away from an overdose
A couple a drug deals from death and too far from hope
I never asked to be here In this maze to an early grave
Jail cells, guns fights and crack sales
Trying to post bond on this oversized bail
Hopin' my vest don't give as the bullets come in hail pop pop
How dare ya'all point the finger at me
'cause I'm a straight g ain't that what it's supposed to be?
Shit I'm just following the tradition of ?Joe Kenny?
Bootlegging ties with the mob n shit
Capitalism money and power
Catch me in the trump tower with a honey and powder

I feel the shadows death is comin' to an end
My lifes slippin from me, y'all niggas is funny
Tell me shyne po, he can't get that money
Fuck! Am I supposed to do, nigga starve and go hungry?
Right! I'm here We here Ain't goin' nowhere
Problems is startin' to happen
And we was at fault?
Nigga this shit has been goin' on nigga
300 years motherfuckers
Shh,
Close ya eyes, listen hear my heart beatin'?
Po's racing, I can't take it
The futures too dark and hopeless for me to face it
Only god knows if I make it
Walking through the depths of hell
It's hard for me to smile
When I'm innocent and still, I'm facing trial
God! Save me
Secret societies manipulating the dumb def and blind
And yet they want to blame it on shyne
Like I'm responsible for the countries murder rate
Responsible for babies born high off base
This shits is bigger than me, I told y'all I'm just a pawn
So is Boy George sippin' Nick Bawns
I hope my babies havin' babies pushin' rhymes
It's a brighter day if you just let it beyond
To my moms I'm sorry for the pain I've caused
Your baby boys dying of a broken heart
Got ties to my own blood walking to the eternal fire
Crack money in the dryer

Songwriters

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