

# EDGE

## SOUL'd OUT

Uh uh, uh, uh  
Ayo, Mac 10's and fake friends  
Lawyers little game homicide 25 with the fuckin' nigga face 'em  
But I'm still trill, still holdin'  
Rollin' gully until I'm froze, close in a box with a bomb in fluid  
Veins pumpin' ice  
First some 15 keep that kin' pumpin' right  
Hard white, cold cash  
Hold fast, fold fast, through the city so gas, no ass  
Straight head bitch, I'm one from the feds  
Fuck comma raps, same G and canna  
All I got in this world is my fifth dick and nana  
Gangsta mannerism lyrical vandalism  
Niggaz be burnin' up their gums until the fuckin' hammers hit 'em  
Who need help?  
Well, until then I'ma take that mac off the shelf  
And hold the fuckin' street hostage  
Blowin' smoke out my nostril  
Every breath is a step to a non-time in death  
I wanna know where to go  
Need a place in my mind I can rest  
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh  
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up  
I wanna know where to go  
Need a place in my mind I can rest  
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh  
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up  
You know me, I don't need no introduction in this  
Big gun, big dick, half of a meal on the wrist  
Sittin' in my continental thinkin' about potential connects  
I live in all, just pencil the best  
Parts of the live of a quintessential hustler  
When I pull a slide back  
Motherfuckers be hoppin' their faces don't get left open  
You understand?  
Shirt soaking, brain smokin' left in the ocean floatin'  
Shyne Po, dough, stack, y'all Rap niggaz is trash  
I don't give a fuck how much records you sold  
Tryin' to be me, keep it real dog, you'll die to be me

You wanna know how it feel, don't you?  
To have a murder charge, took gun to the American Music Awards  
And live life against stars  
Doin' 170 screamin', "Fuck the world"  
Gangsta get outta the car  
I wanna know where to go  
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Where the fuck them niggaz at? We gonna handle this beef  
Turn your mic off bitch, see me in the street  
Fuck peace 'til I'm rest in the dried up flesh is finish  
I don't know how to tell until I'm in the morgue  
Dysfunctional, highly uncomfortable paranoid  
Without the extra clip, bitch, try me I'll puncture you  
Had niggaz wakin' up with wings in their backs  
Halos in their head like, "Ayo I'm dead"  
Can a knight fuckin' princess Diana type  
Vane wives, vane light, pen I write cold, hand of ice  
They said too much for the motor mind to comprehend  
Walk wit me, pause take a breath  
Things ain't just the same for gangstas  
Sleepin' in diamond, it's fuckin' up the game for gangstas  
While charges tryin' to rin a gangsta  
Through it all I maintain my gangsta  
I need to know where to go  
Need a place in my mind I can rest  
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh  
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up

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