

He Lay

Twista

He lay, he lay, he lay, he lay
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L E G I T Ballaz
Screamin' stop killin' for dollars
From G I, from the South to the West side
From the D I and where I love, Darkside, I forever got my pride
Forever guide my guys to a better mind state or phase
To replace all the wicked ideas erased
All the fears about the payroll, what you say Lo about Sko
We representin' the Chi, do or die for real
Niggaz caps gettin' twist off, they tops for real
The conflict's in the hearts of many men for real
The convicts in the Pen holdin' plenty steel
Niggaz know they house bigger but they play in the field
Tabasco ain't gon' let it ride though, let my brother fat folk
I thrill for the kill, smoke me a [unverfied]
Never runnin' from the mill, boy, I'm runnin' the field
It's the eternal, Lord, feel cemeteries revealed
Prophecies, propheticized stuff bein' fulfilled
And to another man I'll never kneel
Until I see Allah, fate's comin' from the wheel
And baby girl, you can check it, you can dig it here
If yo nigga try to test it, you can bet it
He'll be in a grave, he lay, he lay
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It's Liffy Stokes with the sticky smoke
Quick to shoot a muthafucka down if he choke
Never see me in yo city broke, in the club spendin' 50 notes
Leave with 50 girls and 50 folks and we all tote scopes
Guarded like the Pope 'cuz we got that bomb on the dope
G-stacks in our coat, niggaz ask, we ain't hoes
Just to afloat with me, I'm livin' lovely
Baby, come on and relax with a folk
All my mackateers know why we ride down
Cliques-up, pick the bitch up bumpin' sounds
Hurtin' the whole town with raw pound all around me ya dig
The sounds off like a live 'round
22's on Fleet, peep my shine now
I got a whole fuckin' nation that'll ride out
And put yo lights out in a matter of minutes young nigga
So it's best for you to be closin' yo fuckin' mouth
Before I pull out and bust slugs in yo ass
You lucky yo bitch here, that's why I'm givin' you a pass
Nigga haul ass before I up and blast with no mask
And blow off you bit of mustache with yo tough ass
Shit everybody's bustin' down, my niggaz fallin' off all around
Before I go, I got my 50-rounds
To blaze a nigga before I hit the ground, he lay
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It's really gettin' hot on the block
Niggaz got they glocks, niggaz, sellin' they rocks
But my mind prepared to get this muthafuckin' knot
So a nigga ain't scared to put a nigga in the box
If I gotta drop him down in the grave, in the grave he gon' lay, he
'Cuz this shit don't stop, I shut 'me down everyday
Everyday anyway he, anyway he
If he grown or not, wrong or not
Niggaz better shake the spot and praise Allah
Don't let me see yo face nowhere by the peace, Allah
A laundry mat, niggaz better have they glocks cocked off
Ready to blast off and get yo ass popped off
With 10 hot ones when I draw from [unverified]
When I smash off over there

It's blood on the curb over there
And them niggaz that be actin' like nerds over there
And my niggaz that be flippin' plenty birds over there
For them niggaz that be gettin' on my nerves over there
For my brothers that be gettin' plenty dirt over there
For them [unverfied] broads with all that weave in they hair
Who ain't got no walls, pussy like bees in the air
She dropped them draws and then I zoomed outta there
'Cuz I got my laws, I'ma stay strong to myself
And I thought about y'all, that's why I ball by myself
I don't need no mob to make me feel like myself
I don't need no job, I'll make these G's by myself
I'ma be aight, breakin' my hands to the left
I can see aight, I smell death on yo breath
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