

Famous When You're Dead

Urban Dance Squad

Yeah, ride out, they ain't got no money
I'm losin' weight, uh, ride out
Gather 'round, y'all, it's goin' down, y'all
Block work, twenty-eight for the pound, y'all
If he the king, I put a round in his crown, y'all
He just talkin', but he pussy in the town, y'all
I air 'em out, then put 'em in the ground, y'all
Hit 'em in the church if he prayin' on my downfall
It's either this or you wicked with a round ball
It's a burial whenever we sound off
Hands to the no-hander right after the round off
Peanut butter guts, chocolate brown Porsche
Word to Spanish, JosÃ©, we was movin' the most yay
Had my boys runnin' and gunnin', sound like 'Coach K'
Listen, duke, you be shoot, but you know that it's both ways
My gun splash brothers, I call 'em Curry and Klay
In a hurry to get buried ever fuckin' with J
Ah, Dave, come on, nigga, I see you ridin' the wave
Brave like the crackers that helped hire the slaves
Keep talkin', I kill you, then slide in your bae
You got a homie up top, I have him die in a cage
And you trigger-happy, you can't wait to fire the guage
Go out on your shield, though you die in a blaze
Gunfire, one liar, gon' put the truth in a maze
I got the truck off the sour, got a coupe from the haze
In the telly down south, I got me a few dames
We ain't fuckin', but we stuffin' they pussy with cocaine
Whipped out, fuck around and hop on the 2 train
Robbed the first and last car to show you some true pain
Wolf on the phone when I show you a few fangs
It's a different kind of hot, my nigga, it's blue flames
Dudes is startin' to get out of pocket; loose change
Hard part: tryin' to stay still, move things
Right before you about to murder someone, your mood change
We came up like ninety bricks
We had the city under siege since '96
Go online: you still won't find these kicks
Like Frank White when he did the Chinese hit
That's it, it's us, then everybody else after

Our part of the good books a rough chapter
Everything dead serious, enough laughter
Fronto leaves, Raw papers and Dutch Masters, yeah
You read more, you see more
They tearin' shit up on the streets in B'more
Some people don't know what it's like to be poor
The hood is a one-way, ain't no detour
You know the love course, the hate come free, y'all
Those who protect and serve will knock your seed off
The energy is negative, it's not to feed off
Shit'll cool down when we knock the heat off
Get it? R.I.P. Freddie Gray
Rest in peace homie that they shot in the back in South Carolina
Eric Garner, Mike Brown, Glennis, rest in peace, baby girl
And all y'all rappers one
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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