Open Fire

Any Trouble

Alright now, here we go
Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk
Until these jealous motherfuckers kill me
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero
I'm 165 and staying high till I die
My competion's zero
'Cause I could give a fuck about you
Better duck or I'll be forced to hit yo ass up
I give a fuck, I'm sick inside my mind
Why you sweatin' me? It's gonna take an army full of
Crooked ass cops to come and get me
Niggaz know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born
I don't want no shit but niggaz trip and yo it's on
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried
It's a man's world, niggaz get played, another stray
Hope I live to see another day
Hey, I'm getting sweated by these undercovers, who can I trust?
Got my mama stressin' thinkin' it's a drug bust
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached
We living a drug life, thug life, each day could be my last
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask
That's the consequences when ya livin', fast
Six bricks of tricks for my niggaz, I gotta come up and recoup
You keep the dope just bring me six figures is it a bust?
I hear the sirens, run for cover over the fence and open fire
Alright now, here we go
These motherfuckers on my ass, I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?
I'm comin' 'round the corner like I'm magic
Doin' ninety on the freeway and hittin' switches
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up 'cause they don't worry me
Pussy ass bitches better bury me
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot, we in the hood
How the fuck they gon' catch a crook?
I got away, 'cause I'm clever

Went to my neighbors for a favor
Now you know players stick together
I watch the scene from the rooftop
Spittin' loogies at the coppers
That pursue me, beotch
I be a hustler till it's over, motherfucker
Open fire on you bustas
Alright now, here we go
Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight
Change my plates, pick up my nigga and now we rollin'
Droppin' keys like they stolen
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town
Till the coast is clear, enough dope to last a year
They got me running from the police, nowhere to go
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict
I'd rather fire on my target
I hit the corner doin' ninety, oh, shit
Them bitches right behind me
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka
Thug Life

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