

# 25 To Life (explicit album version w/o sample)

P\$C

It's got to be grand, nigga, it's got to be the hustle, nigga  
It's got to be the muscle, nigga  
Who else they gonna goddamn call to talk this shit, nigga? You already know who run them goddamn bricks  
down  
Fo' real nigga, all that flexin' ain't 'bout nothin', nigga  
This Mac Boney, nigga, cocaine champion, nigga  
Ya already know I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
A bad ass brick cookin' bitch named Betty  
I'm talkin' dope game ready, pot game ready  
Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
A bad ass brick cookin' bitch named Betty  
I'm talkin' dope game ready, pot game ready  
Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready Get your pots out, I got some new dope for ya  
They say the rap game dead, I got some hope for ya  
Who said the work slow? I'll bring the boat for ya  
A big ass rifle, two of your partners gotta tote for ya Stay on this live shit, the worm that the bird chase  
Slide through the hole, call me clean get away  
I'm real and it shows, nigga, ain't notha way  
But sell these 30 o's, I'll die another day My bitch stay on them toes, she send the bullets right away  
I feel it my soul, and I ain't sold a block today  
I keep a bank roll, so I ain't gotta make a play  
I take it to them hoes and let them niggas see my face This is how it goes, this is pure this is oil based  
This is what you owe, give me meat, keep the business straight  
I ball a ounce, 10 grams I demonstrate  
Take ya pound money, why you think they call me gutta, nig? I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
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Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
A bad ass brick cookin' bitch named Betty  
I'm talkin' dope game ready, pot game ready  
Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready Cocaine bought a nigga everything  
That's why you can find me ridin' heavy, mayne  
Choppa half down, put it in the microwave  
Let my bitch do it, she'll hard a nigga right away Million dollar trap house, trap star, that be me  
I control the streets, I could show you how to tame the beasts  
And beat up the block like an 808 in the beat  
I'm the heart and the soul when it comes to movin' D Treat it like some pussy when you run it through 100 ki's  
Everything is digital, no mo' triple Beams  
Class of '96, dope boys yeah, that's evidence

Up for the battery acid, just to drain the evidence  
Just in case a rookie cop run up in my residence  
I'll tell the young prick go and stick yo hand in it  
Naked hoes, Glock's, AK's, and a ski mask  
It's Kuntry Kane, bottom line I'm out to get that cash  
I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
A bad ass brick cookin' bitch named Betty  
I'm talkin' dope game ready, pot game ready  
Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready  
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Talkin' block game ready, Glock game ready  
I'm in the all white caravan, similar to the postal man  
The Eagle on the side, except my Eagle in my lap man  
I'm on the slab with all the plans of takin' over foreign lands  
With plenty crack and plenty straps, how it feels to be the man  
I cooked it up and put it down, served the heart to  
hook the town  
Now everybody callin' me 'cause I supply the hardest rounds  
So shop with me or I'll lay ya down, I want it all 'cause I'm a hound  
Break me off or take a loss or find your ass in lost and found  
Praise a chop, raise a chop, I love breakin' down  
the dope  
Put it in a bad make it look more than you paid for  
Finally came up, rich drugs, big plugs  
Spit hollow tip slugs and the trigger fit snug  
Buy from me or kick ducks 'cause the dope gonna sell it self  
And I, good enough to play hard and invest the rest  
Powder white, double S, yes, with the dual set  
AC gonna make the game look like no sweat  
I'm talkin' cocaine heaven, cocaine Chevy  
A bad ass brick cookin' bitch named Betty  
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