Melting Pot

Boris Gardner

I'm not a thug, no, no, no, no, I'm not a gangsta
But I won't hesitate to cock back, bust and point blank ya
Lord thank ya, I'm like that coke and weed
When it burn slow, motherfucker I'll stank ya
That's what I been taught on these streets
Ain't a goddamn thing that can't be bought on these streets
You want a life gone, that could be done
I'm like a nigga that did ten years, I'm eager to come
In the game and do more than entertain
I'm loco in the brain, I'm that man with the methods
And I always bring the pain, they know me out here
I call these bitches cocaine 'cause they blow me out here
I'm always out here, y'all keep it real
But I keep it realer, I'ma make my first mill off the deal
But I'm still gon' be labeled a Cuban dope dealer
I'm just statin' the facts motherfucker
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em
I got that really foul Kung flo flow
I'm tryna get that really foul Kung do doe
But you don't know me homie, so don't judge me
I rep the real Miami, that's why the city loves me
The feds wanna bug me, haters wanna slug me
I thank God 'cause He's the only thing that's above me
Above me, y'all gon' feel me till it hurts like
Losin' your family over someone else's work
Or losin' your case 'cause your co-defendant chirped
Or losin' your brain 'cause them thangs done burped
It gets worse, this is for those that'll never see the sun again
That'll pick through shit for a balloon just to get it in
This is what was fed to him, this is why
The game let him in here, being me, being Pit
Being it, Pitbull and Trick, both from the down south
Bitch we from the bottom, shit
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers

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Lord, Your Son got problems and I know that You know
'Cause You made this all possible
I live a dangerous ass life, You know
So, I thank You for Your doctors and Your hospitals
Thank God for the thugs too
He understand what these drugs do
He wanna see us all pull through
But only if niggaz in the hood knew
Hell, prayin' ain't wrong but the squeezin' trigger
Could you go kill an innocent man
While these weak niggaz grillin' his end?
They tellin' ya dawg, reducin' they business
If I wasn't doin' this then I'd go do him in
'Cause if he was dead he couldn't say he knew me then
For them niggaz who lie when they pull me in
It's in the same older cell that they threw me in
And I just pray for 'em
I hang with Puerto Ricans and Haitian killers
And Cuban dope dealers and these here my niggaz
I ride for 'em and goddamn it, I'd die for 'em
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