Deep Down

Joey Jetson

[Brotha Lynch]Yeah I could load a 9 up everyday, but why
My locc's told me homie make them tapes
And keep that 24 block alive
But if I feel I'm in need, I got's to ride
Carry a 9 for straight business, not just a side
Man it's the night-mare, creepin up in the cut
I'm hittin dice games, barbeques, no matter what
The things I've seen'll make ya throw up
Flaunt your flag, shoot your gats, hit your dank
Where I'm from that's how ya grow up
Man it's that wicked and 9 millimeter
Carrier bein stereo-typed daily
Ya got's to feel me, foo it's that baby
Killas run around everyday that's why I'm strapped
Ya heard it I got my own back-fade
Out into the 'lac and hit the city of Sac
Them homies given me that
But you got them fools that want a foe then
They wonderin why I'm carryin me a 12 gauge pump
Man I ain't no punk
The average everyday thug that's how it sounds
I'm defendin myself, and loadin that mili
And leaving em layin
[Chorus] X 4
Deep down, there's a place for hope
[Mr. Doctor]I guess it's hard to explain why I'm feelin how I'm feelin
I guess I'm feelin sorrow cus my homies got some stealin
And foos would say that it's my fault I bet
See cus I wasn't strapped yo, but I can't fuck my set
How could I know that them foos would blast?
Later on, on my folks
It's funny how this bangin's got its different strokes
I think about my loccs and how they made it

Though I'm stressin from the fact
They gotta suffer from a bullet hole
And Mr. Doctor just don't have hope locc
It's only been a month, since my last down partner got smoked
And rivals is deep, up in my city foo

Since I'm on the underground team, I can't have no peace
My life is tore up so I guess I'm stuck
Yeah, I got my St. Ides, I'm turnin it up
To get drunk, then I post up on the street
While I say to myself, for the block
Homie rest in peace
[Chorus] X 4
[Brotha Lynch]They say that ain't the way to handle that type funk
But now I'm loadin up the strap, smokin on that blunt
Just cus the Brotha Hung is flag-up
What that mean, I can't ride?
Why G's up in my face, I'm bout to help them ride
I keep a low pro, drink the 4-0
And lounge until it's time to go
Shinin up the forty-fo
Rollin up the boogey-boo, indo
And hopin if I should die, before I'm high
That they bury me in 50 pounds of chocolate thai
I got them homies from the south-side givin it up and
Them homies from the east-side slangin that stuff and
I'm right up in the middle tryin to hang on and
Tryin not to end up like them niggas doin time in the pen
But then again
I'm down for when the homies is ready to roll em up
You know, stick in a dark-blue cut
And as I'm creepin through ya set
Trip, don't get caught up, shot up
The gardenblock locc's, man we leave em layin
[Chorus] X 4

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