edge

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Uh uh, uh, uh
Ayo, Mac 10's and fake friends
Lawyers little game homicide 25 with the fuckin' nigga face 'em
But I'm still trill, still holdin'
Rollin' gully until I'm froze, close in a box with a bomb in fluid
Veins pumpin' ice
First some 15 keep that kin' pumpin' right
Hard white, cold cash
Hold fast, fold fast, through the city so gas, no ass
Straight head bitch, I'm one from the feds
Fuck comma raps, same G and canna
All I got in this world is my fifth dick and nana
Gangsta mannerism lyrical vandalism
Niggaz be burnin' up their gums until the fuckin' hammers hit 'em
Who need help?
Well, until then I'ma take that mac off the shelf
And hold the fuckin' street hostage
Blowin' smoke out my nostril
Every breath is a step to a non-time in death
I wanna know where to go
Need a place in my mind I can rest
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up
I wanna know where to go
Need a place in my mind I can rest
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up
You know me, I don't need no introduction in this
Big gun, big dick, half of a meal on the wrist
Sittin' in my continental thinkin' about potential connects
I live in all, just pencil the best
Parts of the live of a quintessential hustler
When I pull a slide back
Motherfuckers be hoppin' their faces don't get left open
You understand?
Shirt soaking, brain smokin' left in the ocean floatin'
Shyne Po, dough, stack, y'all Rap niggaz is trash
I don't give a fuck how much records you sold
Tryin' to be me, keep it real dog, you'll die to be me

You wanna know how it feel, don't you?
To have a murder charge, took gun to the American Music Awards
And live life against stars
Doin' 170 screamin', "Fuck the world"
Gangsta get outta the car
I wanna know where to go
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Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up
Where the fuck them niggaz at? We gonna handle this beef
Turn your mic off bitch, see me in the street
Fuck peace 'til I'm rest in the dried up flesh is finish
I don't know how to tell until I'm in the morgue
Dysfunctional, highly uncomfortable paranoid
Without the extra clip, bitch, try me I'll puncture you
Had niggaz wakin' up with wings in their backs
Halos in their head like, "Ayo I'm dead"
Can a knight fuckin' princess Diana type
Vane wives, vane light, pen I write cold, hand of ice
They said too much for the motor mind to comprehend
Walk wit me, pause take a breath
Things ain't just the same for gangstas
Sleepin' in diamond, it's fuckin' up the game for gangstas
While charges tryin' to rin a gangsta
Through it all I maintain my gangsta
I need to know where to go
Need a place in my mind I can rest
'Cause this time is runnin' out for my flesh
Dried up, sittin' in a chair fried up
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