

# Maintain (feat. Mil & Supreme C)

## Outlawz

[EDI - Talking]

Uh, time done came, maintain

This for all them niggaz in the game, you know? hustlin, street life  
Gettin that money, niggaz gotta maintain, you know? Holla! (yeah)[Napolean - Verse 1]

The streets is a mother fucker, and I done said it before

Drive-bys, crack heads knockin at your front door

All them race for the money at the end of the road

Fully-loaded by my waist, I'm bout to explode

I'm on a mission for the money, ain't shit funny

Put a hole in your tummy, leave you smellin like a mummy

You crossed the game that the streets don't like

And fuckin with the Outlawz will get you killed tonight

I guzzle my pipe and think about the shit I ain't never had (uh-huh)

Just write my frustrations on my notepad

And life ain't nothin but a toe-tag

When I was three years old, I done known that[Supreme C - Verse 2]

And yo the game got a nigga fucked up

I don't know who to trust, but I know just who to bust (bow)

Change your main form to ashes to dust

Minds stay corrupt, I'm a killa in the cut

I crush any competitor, writin back his editor

Leave your body leakin, it's Supreme C speakin

Pledge you then a edge you on, yo you just a pawn

You're runnin with the big boys, one move you're gone

I'm explosive when my rap over-doses

Label me ferocious on 'Wanted' signs posted

See me on the screen like blood on murder scenes

Midnight screams, sharp-shooter team

The williest, silliest, but yet I'm dead serious

Hate me with a passion up in the club mashin

Foul minds, I'm in your ears like a loud nine

Holdin off screamin, yeah niggaz it's about time

It's on again, got a brother feelin born again

I swore to win then, naturally my order's in

Recorded and stated, let the record show I made it

This dated when we blewin, and how you mother fuckers traded

Outlawz![Chorus - Napolean & EDI]

Gettin that money it ain't no tellin man (ain't no tellin)

You hustlin and strugglin and niggaz say you changed (huh)

One time, knockin they hotter with change (with change)  
They eyes was watchin, but still we maintain (maintain)  
Your baby momma gone say she want some change (ain't that a bitch)  
Niggaz used to know, since you rollin game (oh)  
Fuckin with that money now your brain tame  
You fuckin the game and yo we maintain! [Young Noble - Verse 3]  
And you ain't never had a nigga that'll die for you  
And you ain't never had a nigga that'll cry for you  
And you ain't never had a nigga that'll pay your rent  
And you ain't never know niggaz that was truly legit  
And you ain't never had soldiers that'll hold you down  
And you ain't never know killers that loan you pounds  
And you ain't never had bitches that'll fuck the clan  
Better yet, have bitches that'll fuck your man  
And you ain't never had soldiers to floss the week  
You couldn't hustle down the way nor walk the beat  
And you ain't never had a clique that was thorough and tough  
And you ain't never know Yak and Pac so give it up! [Kastro - Verse 4]  
I love bitches and all types of fast cars (hahaha...me too)  
Loud guns, money-runs, and those strip bars  
We watch the sun turn to stars, back to sun again  
I put a box under rocks to dump a body in  
And I swin in sin, couldn't pretend it's all well  
My world is a jail cell, I can't seem to find bail  
We gas up, trouble, bubble in my belly (uh)  
Every body knew it but ain't nobody try to tell me  
We maintain! Chorus [Mil - Verse 5]  
I'm a hell-raisin nigga and I'll burn the place up (Mil)  
The streets made me, look at me now and I'm straighten up  
When I rolled on your block, all I see is your pump  
When you roll through my hood, niggaz'll fuck you up  
You're weak, won't live long, niggaz rely on luck  
Speak it cheap-goin nigga, I got the heart of a thug  
Leave your pillow like a puddle of a blood  
And I'm gonna show you how it is to stomp and never been love at all [EDI - Verse 6]  
Every day I'm stuck in this game so I got to play it  
Yeah I made up my bed so I got to lay in it  
There's only one way out, limo, window tinted  
My momma prayin daily for my spirit  
Fuck that! I'm here to stay nigga deal with it  
And I'm one of the real niggaz that's actually real with it  
Meals, I'm gonna get it, but it's about what happens when I get it  
Will these niggaz come clackin for my trinkets? Think it's a joke?  
Part it out while I kick it and smoke  
We live on the ropes, triple-beam hopes

Simple schemes broke, two minutes to go alone  
Fall or come up, fuck it, stack ones up  
I keep my guns up, for these killers  
My eyes on these bitches  
And when it's me and the law, shit I'm the first to draw  
Maintain, till the end of the game  
Maintain, till the end of the game, you hear me man? Chorus x 2 [Kastro - talking over second chorus]  
Fuck that! Fuck that!  
Fuck you too baby! Fuck all y'all niggaz  
I'm on some maintain shit  
All my money gettin niggaz maintain  
Most of the time, niggaz get money and only last for like a year  
I'm tryin to have money for twenty years, thirty years, forty years  
It's called a general,  
It's easy to get money in your pocket nigga, but can you keep it?  
Can you maintain?

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