

Flags

Naughty By Nature

Mama don't cry for me, Papa don't feel bad
Cold on the streets, they bang so we got to bang back
So I rep my hood, my city, my borough, thoroughly
That's all we have
Father if you still listening, we hope our prayers make it up to heaven
If we fall then we're not forgotten don't let our lil' brothers end up like we did
Let them grow up and get a job
Don't let them grow up behind bars, trying to be hard
Oh, Father can you swiffen my feet
Repping the wrong colour on the wrong street with no heat
Rocking hickies and truckers, bandannas my brothers
My haters or lovers we still got each other
We twist our hands up and pull our pants up
Walk this way throw your flag and your setup
Mama don't cry for me, Papa don't feel bad
Cold on the streets, they bang so we got to bang back
So I rep my hood, my city, my borough, my family thoroughly
That's all we have
You gotta cook the beef or you don't eat
That's why we fly our flags
I heard you mob and you're moody, you jacking for jewellery
You banging and beasting with your tats and your toolies
Banging for bounty you're too young for the nineties
Are you dumping with the G-Reps or jumping in the county
Shooting by the roof and scraping is what's happening
Niggas real and 'bout it so and they cracking
If you going out tonight get your pistol and your rifle
Pray to the father and sell your soul to the cycle
You coming nigga, listen no bouncing and no bitching
Cooking by the kitchen, flags and finger flipping
Living without growing, killing without blowing
This gang is a gun it's either given or chosen
Trying to get the trigger strapped, trying to get these niggas back
Worst part of the deal it won't help bring our nigga back
Tell your babies that you love her, kiss your mama before you leave her
Hug her like you need her, cause it might be the last time you might see her
The streets are so slick, they're greasy, as the needy feed the needy
Easy to murder if you're hungry or greedy, gang sets in grafitti
I mean, we mean like Eedie, I mean, I mean I finna' a track a treaty
Take my warrants to Tahiti
Throw up your flags like soccer, nothing but war on TV

R.I.P Appachi up in heaven in a platinum TP
Aggressive is the message, No lessons without the effort
Bang bang live by the gun, dye by the gun, it's a flag thing
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
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