

Decisions, Decisions

DJ Muggs

It's a stray man, living in these veins, man
Suckin' on a piece of sugar pain, chucking chains
Take the wind out through, we never wash away the pain
So, let the stain soak, who's in the wave? I didd fingertips, carry language computer
Ray had dad removed swimsuits with green bags
I'm on the corner with my butt up, sellin' you product
Women puttin' they're self in positions to get cut up Up out'cha guts, fear, up for what?
Nothin' but them goodie Osmosis, with that thang up under the pillow crush
Caught in the crossfire between Yankees and 49ers
Rivals, but the south remain calm, neutral
But we see blood that make homeboys, hate at each other's lives Over colors and thangs, that they can bring
To the next plain, but the toots in blue, badges
Who are the biggest gangs?
In Babylon, dyin' slowly but surely Malicious drivers with hairpin triggers
On the loose like juice
And white America couldn't stand it
LAPD plannin' incriminatin' evidence Jurors under jag order but we talkin' outside the courtrooms
Shootin' birds at the judges
Fuck teks and go and plug us out on racial slurs
Destroyin' documents or complaints from black workers The battles no longer physical, it's from within
You live to die and you die to live again
But you can't win for losing, what sides are you choosin'?
Decisions, decisions to make
Decisions, decisions to make Legalize the dope and make paper
Think it's time to pull another caper
Outta my bag of tricks, these niggas ain't recognisin'
How they usin' us to get rich, niggas dyin' and shit I putta, broke my back for the [unverified]
That's what I did when I was a kid
Always had the thought of doin' a bid
In the back of my mind, a life of crime was the last resort I knew that goin' to court drama wasn't likely
I nicked scimeys like a chemist
Cookin' up a pan like the witch doctor
Stroll beside 'cha like a thousand volts Over the edge of the hope with the CIA sellin' coke
To make them bloat, float up the river Key Louie
Liquor sipper as I strategize a plan to infiltrate the crooked
New, what?, ways to live a life, who we got to fight?
Kid, it bite, are you dyin' tonight? Relentless realism regardless, represents
South west goes out, possess the manifest that's heaven sent
What's said, is meant to the fullest extent

No nonsense because my conscience wouldn't be content
But just a little wealth, a little fame
But your mind-frame will keep you living the same
And it's a shame that niggas would settle with the ghetto
Huh, hoes have some clothes that ain't makin' what you suppose
Let your eyes close to what your contract shows
And fine print, they gotta get back every cent you spent
You content 'cause you do what everybody does
The industry that change you from the person you was
Knee-deep in the struggle, two part-time jobs to juggle
Gotta lady and A, C that you can't hardly feed
Any day your life could end, so you depend
On the reciting and the writing when you got the spare time to spend
To keep you stable, hopin' one day you'll
be able
To be a commodity on somebody's record label
Got your chance, twenty thousand dollar advance and a car
And all of a sudden you a star at the bar
Ballin', callin' the waiter to bring one of they finest wines
Then you started snortin' lines, your life defines
The misconception of stayin' down
You can't be influenced by everybody you hang 'round
You should'a been more appreciative
Of the life that you were blessed to live
A hundred percent is what you got to give
'Cause ain't no tellin, yo' bullshit start smellin
And you wonder why your record ain't sellin
No more, endin' up with no dough
And no respect back in the projects
And building 23, right next door to me, heheheh
The battles no longer physical, it's from within
You live to die and you die to live again
But you can't win for losing, what sides are you choosin'?
Decisions, decisions to make
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Up out'cha guts, fear, up for what?
Nothin' but them goodie

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