# Survival

## Incendiary

So you say you a gangsta, right?
Are you really a rider, yeah?
You don't take shit from no one, no
And got your mind on your muthafuckin' dough, let's go
I'll be a South Side nigga till I rot
Even though I got the yacht in the million dollar bot
Superman armor on the 69 drop
Out of every 70 rappers 69 flop
I blowed a buck in the corner just to get the feel
So my head light smooth when I move the steering wheel
I ain't clubbing from nothing, its top dollar to chill
I pop bottles for real with pop artists that kill
I move to mill, my backyard is a field
I ain't tough for the tube, I'll smack y'all for real
Go head hate on me now, you'll miss a nigga later
I'm hood like butter holes and pissy elevators
I went from playing the same block to Bangkok
So I can get money between raindrops
And my piece so heavy I pop a chain a week
And get so much pussy I cant sleep
Poppa was a rollin' stone
Never came back home now I'm on my own
So I had to learn a few things 'bout survival
Like the ice pick done off the bottom
If you scared don't come around here
Guns ammunition don't run out here
As soon you get the paper to try it
A nigga try me, he won't see tomorrow
I ain't even got a license yet and got 7 cars, yep
TV the same size as Kevin Garnett
A brand new buzz, Mac 10 and a chopper
White fan base 'cause Eminem is my partner
I'm a Ferrari and Jag copper, you a glass shopper
I blow marijuana the color of grass hopper
I ain't a regular nigga, all the promoters pay 100 more
To bring your boy to Singapore
My dress code got the best hoes jumping on 'em
Elvis's and Red Monkey with the monkey on 'em
Shelves'll leave a niggaz food stamps blue

Like a full tube of acid in your shampoo
We don't tolerate the cock blocking out the bricks
We got fif's with the cop stoppers in the clips
Watch your mouth bitch there's rocks popping out the wrists
And my outfits, a eye stopper for the chicks
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A nigga try me, he won't see tomorrow
A nigga throw his hands up at me, I send a dummy harmed
And had money wrong shoot him in his underarm
Then pick up a shell, that'll be his lucky charm
I got a chunky arm, I'm a fucking Don
I burn big everyday, nothing but the bong
I don't cuddle, as soon as I get the nut I'm gone
I'm in a class all by myself
I'll whoop your ass all by myself
I got white gold, rose gold, yellow gold, platinum
Young hoes, old hoes, yellow ones and black ones
I've been patiently waiting to get on my shit again
So this is for the corner they cornered a nigga in
I wish you would try jump me, I'll wave the gat by you
And burn your eyelashes off like a crack lighter
Nigga you stupid riding by trying to blast me
'Cause my window got the glass from a taxi
Poppa was a rollin' stone
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