

Andre Nickatina, Situations Critical

Situation critical cause shit ain't nothin nice
Motherf**kers play for keeps so niggaz lose they life
Money comes in different ways, the dope game's kinda slow
Niggaz used to havin money are lookin kinda po'
Dank or dope, there ain't no hope this niggaz peelin caps
Gangstas pullin major leagues and brag about the jack
Situation critical this chewy got me stuck
Indo calm a nigga down but keeps a nigga pumped
My partners mamas smokin rocks and turns into a hoe
And since they f**k with that right nigga the gat will snort and blow
Killas move in silence and the jokers run they mouth
Fightin fools that don't exist take that nigga out
Cause his love is murder, two jack burgers takin your respect
Coke and dank sex then baked your homies in the set
So flash yo cash and whoop your ass if you've got more than me
And whatever you got is more than mine so nigga let me see
Cause jealousy's reality when it comes to niggaz bread
And snitches go from rags to riches bitin to the feds
Cause coke is green and money is king and niggaz want the crown
So all you niggaz goin up you f**kers goin down
The situations critical with stories on the streets
Kill em dead and get yo bread but make sure that you eat
But I ain't done yet
The situations critical

My baby's momas trippin, got my son and I can't keep him
Wanna cry to hear him on the phone, but she won't let me see him
This chewy got me paranoid and goin kinda scared
Niggaz startin to know my face so I had to cut my hair
Cause nigga, shit is gettin thick from here to Alabama
Cause every nigga's tryin ta like Tony "Face" Montana
Some niggaz talk about they'll kill, but nigga no you won't
Some niggaz that dream of playin hoop but end up sellin dope
Cause 3, 6, 5 like everyday man dolja takes it toll
And motherf**kas live to be a G Original
Cause kill groups, its keys the juke, and rubber band they G's
Money shows this ain't no joke, well bow down to your knees
Situation critical, f**k a 9 to 5
Chewy got these niggaz amped and they ain't scared to die
So mix me with that bullshit and hit me with that bank
Make me with that bammer bitch and rush me with that dank
Time is runnin out partna, time ain't runnin in
My freedom is the only life, so f**k the f**kin pen
So as I chew my juicy fruit and think about the dead
And all my niggaz that had died because they had some bread
My mind is on another level nigga this is typical
Check my eyes I'm dyin inside, situations critical
Situations critical

Niggaz dressin rich, knowin they broke without a doubt
Born and raised in the same hood in a roach infested house
Situation critical I think I'm bout to die
The enemy is creepin up and f**kin off my high
A nigga hit the 5th and makes it home in desperation
Wipe the sweat, hold my chest, and then I plot retaliation
Now before you clown you best calm down cause I read you like a book
Now must you stare cause I don't care, cause I won't even look
Thangs ain't what they used to be a motherf**ka told ya
Niggaz got the mind to kill and that includes the rollers
Cause 2, 4, 7 like everyday niggaz servin cluckers
Beatin up the bustas, f**kin Tommy Tuckers
Some niggaz say they gangstas and they love when money folds
But mosta the time these niggaz be beefin over hoes
Cause pussy comes a savage beast and it also makes you broke

Especially when that sexy freak is snortin all your coke
So check my situation fool and check my state of mind
No matter how you makin paper nigga, thats a grind
My indo have an increase this week from eighth up to a half
And nothin funny motherf**ka, nigga why you laugh?
So f**k this fame and f**k these records, motherf**k these raps
My mother's broke there ain't no hope, her son ain't got no snaps
Its the same old song I'm doin wrong, fool this is typical
F**k the f**kin world mama, situations critical
Situations critical