

# Crucial Conflict, I'm Bout To Explode

hook

I'm bout to explode

I don't know when I'm gonna go, I got so much been on my mind  
Every time I look around, I try to prevent going down  
From locked up or even dying

I can dig the problem

I can see whats going on, its a fucking warzone  
With the thieves in the hood don't look good  
Never ever thought she could jump off like that now  
O.G.'s done backed down, you eased a step down  
Everybody wanna have the crown  
Every breath you benefit the sin  
We gonna have to keep fighting them mugs within  
Now it is killing before whats killing you niggas that started out friends  
You win, the wrong for what you doing  
You need to start snatching, kick out the mob  
Can't show no love at all, don't even turn back  
Anyway homie wasn't all that  
If he was real he wouldn't even have caused him that  
I hum to Allah, I'm wanted by far, and he disinfected that  
So long I been known, don't think its the law in the loves of loves  
In a positive demonstration  
That we could never conquer shit and defend no more

hook

High-Tech young niggas with a little scratch, could be richer  
Hustling to make enough to buy the shit I need  
Like a bag of weed, I was blind now a nigga see everything  
Brothers strapping up on this thang, timing's off, feel the pain  
Let the hood done laid out, shits way out, no way out  
Murder to the lunatics, them the tricks that was talking that shit  
Took the test to the brain, rip em' off, vest off, pull the mask off  
Smoke that bitch, what a mess  
I suggest, we suggest, fuck each other up  
Look into the mind of a Flic' born westside  
Mount Sainai in the flesh bless my  
Niggas with the bottle, get the top  
Then pour out the back door when its war  
Armor to your brothers stay clean  
Watch your back young brothers I mean

My hood is burned up, and burned up is my hood  
We ?kicked bout' a foot?, don't own a hood  
I took too much then too much, now I don't know where to turn  
Or who it may concern, life and death all I've learned  
I've earned my respect in the hood, but the shiesty still pulling moves  
You a man for the man, thats another point he was trying to prove  
Got your own mind, might as well use it for yourself  
Cause you'se your own man to the right, to the left, all is well  
And it's one thing I believe in, don't ever leave and retrieve  
Killers jumping off by the evenings now  
97' just another hunting season  
Niggas in it 6 feet deep and no reason dying freely  
Why?

hook

Back in the days on Chicago Avenue, (?)  
Niggas used to bang for the kicks to slang cain  
Hustle and rain pain niggas  
Once there was a little brother who ruled across the street with his crew

Fast pacing everyday, facing murder situations  
Gang affiliation makes you kill a nation  
Take another life a day, smoking, hoping just to get away  
Put it in the raw, I'm 'bout to go boom  
Y'all can't help but to talk, it's us against the law  
That shit backing people off from the gator alley in the whole  
I don't know where the hell to go  
Cause my life is like a pack of (?)  
Having brothers capping, it's a free for all in my motherfucking hood  
And it ain't good, if I got to die for my Flic' then I would  
Every day is numbing  
If you didn't count your blessings boy then you really should  
Until the final tic 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 out

hook

So much shit on my mind  
I can't find the time to free myself from going down  
Best to antici-pains and pressure, no lesser than human situations  
Erasing, ruin doing time in the mind  
Like to wild em' down, bullets flying, mommas crying, niggas lying  
Reason for the rhyme let the spirit climb  
You thinking different, defending for the real of it  
Flic' in this forever, finally letting in Chicago, tear a little  
Never on a pedastool, want to jump up off it then let it go  
Easy it's about to blow, like how much longer can I go  
How many situations before I just go below, catch up with my funeral  
Caught up and brought up in it into dimensions  
The feeling like I can't take it no more  
The mission is dealing with pressure  
Pressure is the death certificate and that will get cha'  
Wet cha', leave you on a stretcher, I bet cha'  
He shook off and looking for shelter  
Help a man and give a helping hand, stand by the plan  
Struggle the daily double, double trouble the mold  
I redoubled the O in the roll, let it go then explode

hook