

Devin The Dude, Some Of 'Em

(feat. Nas, Xzibit)

[Devin the Dude]

I'm kind of familiar...with this game
And man I can feel ya
Some try to get by, I get high
Well fuck it I stay blowed
Got it burnin' not concerned with what they do to they nose
I'm just tryin' to keep mine clean
And out the air and beware
There's big piles of shit all over the ground, see there
Got the pivotal moves, camel walk, pop-lock
Even hop-scotch around turds until ya top notch
Watch out for cop, for what
I ain't afraid of the fuzz
I ain't got nothin' on me but a buzz
Steady tryin' to cop something
From family, friends, and niggas I run with
All about havin' fun, shit
But it's kind of hard to laugh lookin' at a blood bath
Hearin' a loud voice sayin' "Man what happened"
Hellish whispers turn into a noise
When conversations get twisted and the truth gets lost y'all

[Chorus]

Some of em' love ya
Some of em' look up to ya
Some ya gotta watch what they tell ya
To quick to say hell yeah
To shit they'll sell ya
To set ya up for failure again

[Xzibit]

Niggas be so transparent, easy to see through
Hit you from the blindside, niggas try to defeat you
But the game is far from over
In fact it's just the first quarter
I feed millions and walk on water
All business never personal
Listen, I'm irreversible
From this life I'm livin'
Fuck facin' life in prison
Now that's a hard decision
Freedom or your respect
Hold a gauge to the back of ya neck
Reflect hard street principles
Damn near invincible
Keep it on the rise like an organized criminal
This is for the niggas with me movin' in silence
California grievance sex, money, and violence
Self-made, made to order
Tell me blood is thicker than water
Takin' turns stickin' dick to ya daughter
Just another days work to me
Spittin' the truth, the truth gonna set you free
Misery loves company

[Chorus]

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[Nas]

Life is so unpredictable, full of surprises
I could just die from natural causes, bullets, or virus
Cause latex can break quick just fuckin' some fly bitch
And AIDS hit my people hard, not many survive it
Want to be married with children blunted, happy with millions
Laughin' but lately I'm haunted by some of the saddest feelings
That remind me, I could easily end up like Shyne did
Writin' supportin' our focus and practice wisely
They wanna do me like Tyson, Jordan, Oprah, Jackson, and Cosby
Black man attacked on camera, faggot police'll ride free
So what does Nas see
Don't wanna breathe the same air my enemies breathe
Hate when they beside me
But I just keep em' close, money over hoes
Secrets and codes, lead by example
Whenever speakin' on dough
Creep but be careful
In the streets, see niggas'll dare you, taunt you
Go to jail is what they want you to do
But concentrate

[Chorus]

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To shit they'll sell ya
To set ya up for failure again....
To set ya up for failure again