

Fiend, Press Play

(*talking*)

Warning, the men you are about to hear
You shouldn't have access to, the subject matters
Individuals on this c.d., is unleashed
Into the public, may cause a nationwide in power

(Fiend)

What up, you just started up a legacy
Survival for the hopeful, chapters full of recipes
Remember this feeling, when a good nigga is mentioned
Close your mouth, if you can't help his conditions
I hustled, till the pain became funny
Muscle any damn thing, just to gain us money
Us money, how could I blame a living soul
The grind called on me, like you could be getting mo'
So I hit the slab, like Cab Shorty and Bino
Seven days, 24 like Harra's Casino
Got a daughter, on the way
Down to this last, little quarter of the yay
Hurry up, you're acting funny all day
But I never had my eggs in one batch
That's like thinking, they just made one gat
In every crew, there's at least one rat
Who, wanna bet a hundred G's on that

(*talking*)

Yeah man, I got the bootleg copy ya heard me
I listen to them niggaz man
My hustle game is just surprise, you heard me
I stopped smoking that dirt, all I smoke is that purple now
Ya heard me, can't get me none of that

(Fiend)

My love life is dust, wake up getting it
Thug what the fuss, sitting here missing it
Every moment without it, moving to an exponent
I just think on the sets, and many threats that want it
Depressed, at distance
I travel like my family, no existence
Until I get that call from my baby, like tonight
And she like I know what you doing, you in the studio right-right
Tell her I love her, jump up off the jack
To the swamps, where I could dump off this crack
I'ma make a lump sum, off of that
I call it parallel parking, it'll make you ok come on back
I might drop me a solo, I might change my name
The cops calling us polo, it's Mike of the game
Knee deep in it, where's the devotion
And remember, jealousy is a wasted emotion

(*talking*)

Yeah man look shit, we all gotta pass you know
I told my niggaz, look I'm engaged to you
But look, I'm married to these fucking streets
That's what I love, these fucking streets

(Corner Boy P)

Straight from the cracks, of Flay Street
When the sound of breaks squeak, will have you hopping gates to the next street
Addicts coming for crack, and they'll pay you on next week
Nigga I want it now, I want the coupe and the Porsche jeep
I'm dooper than when niggaz, putting balloons
The scent was too loud, I couldn't hide the drawer in the room
And I'm comfortable, so when I jab I connect

And that dirty money, kept a nigga clean so fresh

(Fiend)

And thanks I'm giving, 'fore the streets started calling O's butterballs
Vick's want a slice, but gotta wait till I cut it dog
My day and night time, gig have a gunning ball
And mostly keep heat, not turning the oven off
Hot pitching cool, some of New Orleans
With hood honorable mentions, and everyone of us balling
My threads real cost, and this a guard got still pause
And when the dial got made, I feel lost

(*talking*)

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