

Outlawz, 2nd Hand Smoke

[Chorus: Kastro]

You gon' croak
Suckin' up that smoke
Fuckin with them folks
You gon' choke
Dog trust me
It ain't no joke
You know a million people die everyday
Breathin' in second hand smoke
You gon' croak
Suckin' up that smoke
Fuckin with them folks
You gon' choke
Dog trust me
It ain't no joke
Did you know a million people die everyday
Breathin' second hand smoke

[Young Noble]

I'm like a ball of smoke
Blown from a crackpipe
Into the hands of the street
My.. father to be since the age of 5
Real cold you gotta be just to stay alive
We the second hand smoke of a fiend generation
Swear we will
But they know we won't make it
Smoking a ciggarete
Breathin' ya last breath
Tasting my own death
Rest on my home steps
And just vision all the karma and all the drama
Inherited the pain of a lost father
Heavy black raining
With no umbrella
Life's like a dice game
You can throw whatever
And it might not be in your favor
And now ya worst enemy becomes ya neighbor
And that's life
Everything happens twice
Breathin' second hand smoke from my ancestors' pipes
(God help us)

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[Napoleon]

The streets dog gave birth
Another nutty baby

Plus the son of a ghetto widow might make him crazy
On his own since he 16
Turning the block out
Sleep in the crack house
Making his cash routes
Fiendin' on the side
This nigga scheming on the side
This nigga....
Cream is always on his mind
Ain't been the same since he bought that .9
Promised him a life of crime
But he ain't been the same since he bought that .9
He was once a child of god
But he ain't been the same since he bought that .9
Listen to me closely
I'ma tell you how it roast me
He's a victim of second hand smoke and choking
It's only cause he lonely cause his father ain't home
Became a victim of the gunsmoke..... he gone (damn)
Second hand smoke

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[Kastro]

I'm all the way real
And you could see it in my grill
And I can't chill
Too much my blood don' spilled
I give you the deal
Just to see if you can feel
I grind for mines
I don't cheat and I don't steal
I'm about a half a mil from a half a mil
And I'd still be this real without a rapper deal
And thus.... I fight a truck for a pot of luck
And bite dust so my kids don't hurt this much
We come a long way
Still we got lots to learn
We.... toss and turn like a roster burn
So I'm concerned
Youngster, I'm still amongst ya
We grew up in the sewer
Raised up in the dumpsters
It's like we all suffer for somebody other
Born from my daddy to my baby mother
All my folks
All born with high hopes
Crying.... dying from second hand smoke

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