

# Big Pokey, Good With The Bad

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, get it how we live, don't stop  
Don't stop, let em know, ha

[Hook - 2x]

Take the good with the bad, the bitter with the sweet  
The up's with the downs, on ass we on feet  
We mash on concrete, everyday is the same  
Get it how we live think it's a game, the gutter

[Mr. 3-2]

Through up's and downs, bad times and good  
Most things never change, it's all the same in the hood  
Boys get wiped out, and do time in the Penn  
Never get to see twenty, cause they life'll end  
Drama again, it's hard to stay on ten toes  
So pardon the plex, and all of these fake ass hoes  
The ending is sweet, sweet turned into sour  
In less than a hour, real G's turned to cowards  
Money and power, control what's around the state  
Penitentiaries, holding the finest  
But to find us, the good times always get ugly  
Fucked up situations, can always turn lovely  
The gutter, hopefully one day I could raise  
See my life getting better, and hope my pockets get paid  
Mashing on concrete, trying to see something better  
On my hunt to go get it, on a chase for cheddar

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Take the bitter with the sweet, the norm with the pain  
The nights with the days, sunshine with the rain  
I'm at the bottom of the bucket, trying to dodge these crabs  
This game got me scarred up, I'm trying to or these scabs  
I run up tabs like Sprint minutes, stay on the floss  
Heart of a hustler, pride won't let me lay on a loss  
In the water I'm a shark, but on land I'm a boss  
A bunch of money later, when the chip land in the sauce  
Say I'm not the nigga to cross, I ain't that dude  
I'm laid back, but I hate it banging a fool  
Remember this, never bite the hand that feeds you  
Cause the hand that you bite, might be the hand that bleeds you  
Don't let niggas mislead you, try to lead the pack  
I feed my workers, my workers feed fiends to crabs  
I got circles, hard, soft, half's and packs  
Better put that in a stash in stacks, for real

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Taking the good with the bad, happy done turned sad  
The troubles of my life, make a nigga go back  
With all that I had, got nothing to show for it  
Get up off my ass, go get it and I enjoy it

[Big Pokey]

It's a lot of niggas, stuck in this game  
Same niggas that's stuck, that's the same niggas think it's a game  
We got dirty needles, aiming for veins  
Sharp shooters aiming for brains, young niggas stinging for change

[Mr. 3-2]

Mash don't look back, go forward and get ahead

Staying on top of all, maintaining the big heads  
The game'll never stop, and time won't quit ticking  
For nobody at all, it was already written

[Big Pokey]

I heard Peruvian way but flays, move better upstate  
I'll be out here longing, while niggas asleep I'm up late  
It's on I'm from the Stone, I'm all out here by tough gate  
Teflon chest gear, hard hat and a Tre 8

[Hook - 2x]