

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Dayz Of My Neighborhood

(Blaze)

G's up hoe's down
I don't give a f**k if you's a nation-wide baller or rapper from my town
You need to bow down, out of respect or fear
I ain't asking, I'm demanding, make sure the message is clear
Hey now player, it's all right, stop speaking my name
Unless you're looking to fight
I ain't looking to battle rap, with you
I'm looking to unload my gat, and bust a cap in you

(Chorus)

These bitches never learn, these bitches talking shit
Why a man turn a bitch? that shit I'll never get
If my name falling out your mouth (Stop that!)
If my name falling out your mouth (I pop gats!)
In the dayz of my neighborhood
Do you remember what it was like when G's was real, and thug was life
Sands through the hourglass, and the time change
All bitches still act the same, you ain't thug

Do you remember when G's was real, like stainless steel?
Gats they tote, catch a bullet in your throat
Bitches nowadays, need to get sprayed
Tricks ain't on the game, and the ghetto serenade
My name keeps falling from out your mouth
Which causes me and my homies, to pull the heaters out
Find a bitch up in you, and we beat her out
Put the barrel in yo' mouth, pull the trigger, and we out

(Chorus)

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"Damn the game's f**ked up
Rappers want to be actors
Actors want to be thugs
And some of ya'll thugs is falling in love
What's up, you need a hug?"

Back in the day respect was earned from blasting shots
The game changed, ya'll got earnings by getting shot
People getting over, by sleeping with bitches on tracks
And others looking for them, so they labeled wack
And the media quick to jump on the nuts, of who's on top
They turn on you, as soon as someone else calls you a flop
It's some f**ked up shit, but it happens all the same
But tell me do you recall, or remember them dayz?

(Chorus)

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(Repeats over)
You ain't thug!