

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, I Go To Work

I'm the dead body creepin' through the streets on the East side

Took about 3 shots, victim of a homicide

Do a drive by in a second

Leave ya all bloody, and tattered lying on the pavement

Nothing can save ya, when I'm in a homicidal rage

Nut up, and then start unloading the 12 gauge

Sawed off pump in your ass bitch

Say your prayers bitch

Cause your headed to the casket

Then to the graveyard

A lil advice, never perpetrate and act hard

Cause when you are dead, muthaf**ka aint shit to lose

Still gettin my hustle on, and payin helly dues
Aint got shit to prove to you marks and you bustas

Always stay strapped cause you know I cant trust ya

Lights out, before I put ya in the dirt

It's ya dead homie Blaze, bitch I go to work

I go to work everyday
Baggin up yag

Clockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll

I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides

Doin hella drive bys just another homicide

I go to work everyday

Baggin up yag

Clockin' major chedda loke
I'm all about my paper roll

I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides
Doin hella drive bys just another homicide

I go to work in my neighborhood

Puffin' on blunts, baggin up yag and always up to no good

Cause I'm a gansta, been to the grave and back

So stop on my corner, and get your f**kin' car jacked

Cause I don't play like my homies always say
We runnin' with a hatchet Psychopathic ay yag

Every day ya homie Blaze, is on the streets
Bouncin' downtown, brandishing heat

Until just the other day when I was walkin on my own
A sucka tried to hit me for my stack and my cell phone
Tried to play me G, till he got a peek of my pitch black eyes
Right before I shattered his teeth, and broke his jaw
Then watched him fall, lifeless
You should have seen his face it was priceless
Just another lesson hoe, with disgression hoe

Cause through the streets I lurk, I go to work

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Clockin' major chedda loke

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I go to work on the East side jackin sucka bitches rides

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Now I'm rollin in the jacked up bucket

Bumpin' Twiztid, puffin herb like f**k it

Make a left on the one way, thats when the boys in blue

Got behing me with they lights and sirens
30 seconds of silence, then I unloaded the clip

Pumpin' on pigs wit the hollow point tips
So don't trip, I still gots to get my grip

Rollin down the street, leavin em bleedin' by the scene

Then a right, left then a right, to a chop shop

Sold the bucket and a rock

To a smoked out bitch in a '92 Ranger

That's the way it is in the life of a gangsta

Or a hustla, quick to dust ya

I could lose an arm, and still murder 40 of ya

Watch ya back when Blaze get his smirk on
You could be the next muthaf**ka I go to work on

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