

# Calboy, U Turn

Seen a familiar face, I bust a U-turn

(6lement)

Hey

When them tears fall, know the path darker

I pray to the Lord, hear me out, Father (ooh, ooh)

I remember times felt I had to rob 'em

Been a shooter, you don't want these problems, ayy

I'ma shoot first, I'ma shoot first (shoot first)

Seen a familiar face, I bust a U-turn (a U-turn)

Mama say, "You runnin' wild, when will you learn?" (You learn)

Better not let them catch you slippin', 'cause they do burn

The oppositions know what's up with me, they gon' respect it, ayy

I think I showed too much love, I feel neglected

How the fuck my blood gon' cross me like an intersection?

Fuck it, he gon' catch a bullet like an interterception (boom)

All these drugs got me 'noid, I ride with a lethal weapons, ayy

Yeah, we ride with FN's, no Smith and Wesson's, ayy

Got him with his FN, best hit the exit, ayy

Heard he killed my best friend, best hit his head in, ayy

Yeah, it's been awhile, still break it down like Bam Bam

'Posed to gun me down, when niggas wild to catch him

My lil' bro was down, they took him out, man down, ayy

Fuck a friend, I risk my life for my fam

I pray to God to wash away the blood on my hands

Still fightin' demons, yeah, it's evil all in my head, ayy

I was young, the friends was monsters under my bed, ayy

Most of these people greedy, I agree, amen

I come from the trenches, ravioli, ramen

I was shorty with the .40, shawty got a hot head

Type to pull up on your block and turn the bitch to rockband

Squeeze the trigger, I'ma pull it 'til a nigga drop dead

Choppa make a lot of noise, show them boys we not playin'

Wonder how I got so rich, lil' bitch, I stuck to my plan

Wonder where I stand? Right on the porch with Roxanne

147 Wildboy, we got all the opps scared

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Tried to take from the gang, he ended up with no hands

Fuck what they talkin' 'bout, we in the trap with Lohan, ayy

I just talked to mama, said your boy a grown man

I'm still off them Percocets, she startin' to notice, ayy

I'm still mixin' Xanny bars with my emotions

Might show you some love, darling, but we can't hold hands

We kept spinnin' blocks, I heard the opps goin' in

Mama and my papa, say I'm fried from both ends

Boy, you best be strapped, you can't get tired, it won't end

I talked to the Lord, he said, "How many times you gon' sin?"

I just said, I'm solid, I won't fold, I won't bend

It ain't been to hard to cross that line, it's so thin

They wouldn't open doors, so Cal The Wild done broke in

This shit on my mind, I rap it out, ain't no pen  
I'm too real to be around the fake, it won't blend  
And you know it's facts, fuck with the jacks you won't win  
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