

Fiend, If They Don't Know

You ain't never been to my city where niggas my age don't like coppers
Who rifles there could divide ya or call choppers
Where dopeheads look like you and me
But usually the habit of some ? easy to get your three
Trapped from free world money woman your missin
You can smell it from can taste or poppys chicken
The police snitch when they think its there ass
Should've thought about that when you was flashin your badge
All turfs are wars your blunts are our cause
Young ghetto bitches only they want ghetto stars
Bet your real ward if you fuckin hears people
Sensitive dicks make the game so lethal
Sequels ain't never heard ain't no sequels on the streets
Oh yes my people it can happen in a week
Peep my location or when the dope casin
And hoes that don't like me work with the police station