

Fiend, The Rock Show

Verse one:

36 ounces of thousand in grams
I ain't never had shit, now I plot to piss or a stick
Ain't nothing in my jeans but some lint and some dick
Who wanna hunger young rick
Thinking I can't get, out the situation
I'm 'bout to make these bitches sick
Since a little nigga, started to vision nigga
Now when dophines' surely come, I know how much to give her
Single bags to dimes, dimes, tens to twhomp twhumps
Catch me in the set and I'ma have what'cha want want
Playing it raw, I ain't out here for my health
And tell the Temp service, ain't blood myself
Enjoyed myself, blocks away from the melt
And proving thy self from cream that don't melt

Chorus:

(Nigga why) Before real nigga's kiss up to the man (whomp)
36 ounces of thousand in grams
If it ain't legal and from Uncle Sam
36 ounces of thousand in grams
How I get them cars, houses, and land
36 ounces of thousand in grams
You ain't seeing shit till money in hand
36 ounces of thousand in grams

Verse two:

My brother and cousin got a plan
Look, that dope ain't got touch my hands
But yet this bad and I'm the one with the life sands
A ten millimeter for protection
For any jacker or badge that run up in my section, and ah
I cost to cigars from being broke
And this ain't lemonheads or no bar of soap, and ah
To old for McDonalds, that killed hope
And all the hustla's around my way got cars with no notes, so ah
Penetentries chance's here I come
That nigga move to fast I'ma pop his ass one (pop)
Drop his ass one (pop)
Bringing home the brick
What 'ya know when the Fiend got his own started up git

Chorus