

Jin, The Good, The Bad & The Ugly

[Verse 1]

About they never talked about the guns or the drugs
'Till I saw the guns and the drugs
There is tons in the hood
I'll admit, I never sold a sack in my life
Watchin' "Scarface" thinkin' that was a life
Slingin' dope or coke, respect, money and power
But what happen when things start to go sour
Everybody wanna see more cash
But ego's clashin', that's when egos crash
See the two of them started when they was in dimes
Graduated, now they movin' bricks at a time
Down to do whatever even wet up cops
Tryin' to build an empire so they shut up shop
They got themselves a connect ready to tie it down
A buster went from Philly straight to China town
Now there is dough poorin' heads thinkin' it's the same
All of a sudden there is weak link in the chain
He's a "2, brawler cat -- nickname Bolo
Caught beef with his man so he had to go dolo
But that was a no no
You know the code of the streets; everybody gotta eat
And that's how shit in the hood be
Ain't sayin' it's a true story, but it could be
For the next three months Bolo is nowhere to be found
They say 'cause of the beef that's why he left town
And everybody knows why they don't get along
He's a greedy bastard - stole half a meal from Fom
Fom is the quiet type, silent and deadly
You play with his money now he's violent and ready
They was partners - betrayed by his own man
So he really gotta take actions into his own hands
Father forgive me for the sins I commit
But when I see that thief again, that's it

[Hook]

The good, the bad, things can get ugly
Every hustler over this money thinkin' what it should be
Never know who, when, where, what could be
If you still alive then you'll probably understood me

[Verse 2]

Meanwhile across town in a two bedroom apartment
Bolo's going through it, baby mama through it
All that dumb shit he be puttin' her through
Disappear for three months plus he hittin' her too
Now she got her bags pack then she ready to bounce
Didn't leave a thing - not even the keys to the house
Let her leave, he ain't talk with her at all
Went straight for the safe behind the portrait on the wall
He's back for his jewels, that in the cash
Plus the sale of last few bricks he had in his stash
Get his money right then he leavin' again
Off to find a new life and start breathin' again
So the deal was made and the buyers agreed
And exchanged - they bring what the suppliers would need
Pick a spot in China Town uncle Lenny used to own
Dollar bills on the wall respectfully known
Bolo went by himself even though it seem risky
Wanted the whole cake - somethin' smell fishy
Back in the kitchen the money was waitin'
Deep in his heart he knew he was dancin' with Satan
Dress in all back with gats - this ain't part of the deal
Had a me set a mouth for the kill
Startin' lettin' off shots now just a few here
Sounded like firecrackers durin' Chinese new years

Bolo's big as a truck I don't know how they miss him
But they got so close the bullet stay there and kissed 'em
Grab the suitcase threw a table at the goons
Jump out a shattered window not a moment too soon
The thugs follow and he sprayed up his ride
Cut up from the glass but he made it alive
Now he's back at the crib frankly they say at least
He was just being chased by thugs and the police
Countin' his dough sittin' on the couch' in
Two shots to the back of the head now he slouch' in
Fom tried to get him at the spot, couldn't then
So he paid his baby ma' 50 Gs' to let him in
Damn
[Hook 2X]