

King Tee, Stay Down

Yo

Sup

Dedicated to my homie Lil' Terry

Rest in peace

Front Hood Crip

That nigga DJ [Name] a/k/a Lex Diamond

151 Piru, knowmsayin?

[VERSE 1]

Not long back when I had this cool friend who got paid
And I'ma change the names to protect who's afraid
Let's call him Butch, he was superior to crooks
He ran the books and killed niggas for they looks
But peep it, this nigga told me secrets bout life
The struggles of the black and the luxuries of white
The shit was trife, my nigga's game was ass-tight
And eh, really the only older nigga that I liked
I took heed while this boss player took the lead
As he explained why niggas was addicted to greed
He looked tipsy, mashin in his black 850
"I hit a lick T, now all my niggas out to get me
And this is us, you the only nigga I trust
Cause when it's on, we the only niggas to bust"
No diggity, I know how niggas be around town
But when they talkin bout mashin on a homie, I gots to stay down

[CHORUS]

God please shine your light cause my people are sightless
And nothing's positive when you're far from righteous
We're born in a world of negative and greed
And every day for somethin dumb I watch a young black bleed
Our kids that sell drugs, was raised to be thugs
Raised to love hate, raised to hate love
And in the years to come I hope my people get hip
Stop killin off each other, let's get this grip

[VERSE 2]

And everywhere we went, man, we was strapped like goodfellas
With fresh Karl Kanis I floss Armani sweaters
While Butch, he bragged about Colombian connections
Fuckin with the Mexicans who dress like Texans
A veteran, and although I seemed mesmerized
I glanced and saw the look of fear in his eyes
He taught me: "Sometimes you can't trust your own people
They turn on ya, and all this shit's illegal
I gave up dances, bullshit type romances
Dress the fanciest, takin penitentiary chances
Now the baby gees wanna drop me to my knees
Damn, niggas tryina stick me for my ki's
Well good luck cause loc, I don't give a fuck
I put that on the set, I leave these young fools touched
With hollow point slugs through your mug young clown
You're speakin on dippin in my riches, you best to stay down"

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

And as years went by, my nigga kept his game in gear
He moved to Atlanta, I pursued my career
Sometimes I reminisce the ways we did dirt
Cookin up chemicals, shippin out work
He kept in touch, he said he bought a five on dubs
"And when you get a chance nigga, come rock my club
These hoes get tossed when I floss on my boat

Don't sweat no hotels, I bought a crib by Too \$hort
It don't stop till the wheels break loose
I heard they tripped out and killed my nigga Big Bruce
It's all good, he's seein things much greater
Them niggas involved laugh now, cry later"
I know what's happenin, my nigga always spoke wise
Some people gotta grind, get the loot and organize
He closed the conversation, would I always be around?
"You need somethin, hit me, God bless loc, stay down"

[CHORUS]