Outlawz, Real Talk

Now you dun heard a lot of talk about me and my niggaz
Them outlaw world-wide my figures.
From triumph to tragedy,
To right back on top the niggaz still mad at me.
For pushin that big truck on 24's a square feat in ATL game lock draw
Man dats what my nigga got shot for,
bein to motha f**kin raw for these f**k boys.
See the darkness see the light he wanna feel it
Misery loves company
And that's the real shit
But in 2005 im on some kill shit
Four niggaz sneak upon my and peel this.
I'm takin a stand with a mac in hand all killa, like them niggaz in pakistan
It's simple, gotta git em fore' i die like the old west see how we low tex da ride.

[Chorus:]
I know mama, you did your best at raisin' me.
Now your baby dun became a G.
When i'm out in them streets
the only one that got me is me.
I keep my hand upon my heat.
Cause you know mama,
you didn't raise no bitch
so if a nigga wanna get at me
I be out in them streets, my thang cocked
Cause really all I got in the game everyday is me
Real talk.

Everyday is a new challenge
I'm a savage in my new balance
A lot of rappers but not enough raw talent
Blame the machine but f**k it i'm a hustla bitch
So we start our own label sellin' bricks lajit
Power to the people
A lot of power in my pencil
We da hope for the hopeless
The voice for the voiceless
Outlaw soliers, we still in the game
Years later last members f**kin feelin the same.
Straight from the heart
makin em walk
Live for the day dont wait for tomorrow
Hatas gettin they wrong
I seen tha streets rap
Rounda tough with some niggaz
I seen prison put religion in the roughs of some niggaz.
They say gansgtaz dont live that long
Too many turn-coals

Thats f**ked up puttin cuffs on your folks
Coincidental the outlawz instrumental
And raisin a thug nation we influential

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Yea, My mother aint made no suppa
Raised in the gutta
I'm a made mutha f**ka.
All I know is get paid motha f**ka
All day motha f**ka
One way or anotha
And aint no body no where that can stop me
Call me cachy you tennis im hockey
Mix a little bit of pocky-ocky with black rocky in my pocks you got me.
Real tall I never took a shall unless it was support
Im stressin aint my thought
And I walk these dogs im a soldier
dontcha wanna be like me when you grow up?
A man of honor commer
Good calma
Niggaz wants drama I got the problem solva
Big ass Cig, Thats that shit
plus the bully that a fully automatic.

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