

# Soulja Slim, Imagine

(feat. C-Murder, Mac)

Imagine making it big in this rap game  
And you think it's all good  
I'm here to tell you it ain't baby  
You got every eye in the world on you  
You gotta understand these people fear what they don't know

[Chorus]

Imagine life with no jails and no laws  
And no harassment on brothers in fancy cars  
Now why they wanna trap me, make me a slave  
They just mad cause a ghetto nigga break bread [x2]

[C-Murder]

I'm on the ground cuffed up like a dog  
Said my cuffs too tight, but they laugh when they see me fall  
I guess my skinss too dark for them to hear me  
I know they don't like me, for some reason I think they fear me  
Quit tripping on my chains and my rangs  
I want to hit em, but I didn't cause I maintained  
They got me FED's on the scene and they sware I got the cream  
And the stolen truck green, canine all up in my jeans  
They don't realize I'm a soldier  
I had a pissed, ask your son, I know he gotta C-Murder disc  
Number one in every record store  
Mom and pops tap my phones, but you know I aint slangin rocks  
Take me to jail but I tell em take me off the scene  
My first call go to P, he put my mind at ease  
You told me not to trip cause it's a bigger picture  
And if your tank don't put it on TRU, I'm a come and get ya

[Chorus]

[Mac]

Woah, picture life without the crooked cops and without the cell blocks  
Would you sell rocks, or would you be like me, I'm shell shocked  
And I went through stressin (why), cause I'm already strapped,  
bulletproof vesting  
Waiting to be tested by the devil on that level  
I used to sit on the porch with my uncle Ben  
And I watched the murder scene when I was 13, dad, why they come for me  
And it made me crazy, and it made me lose my mind  
And from time to time it crossed my mind  
What if there wasn't a crime  
Now Slim, would you kill for me and everything that's true for me  
If there was no law, and nobody was superstars  
No state trooper cars to follow, you wouldn't have to swallow  
Your rocks, so toss the glocks with the hollow  
I would kill a rich man and drink his blood, would it bring me riches  
Or would I just be selling my soul to them wicked witches  
We already in babylon, the world is a ghetto and God is like the don,  
nigga woaaaah

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Now we get only get one minute to pray and a second to die  
Could you picture the darkside before I let these bullets fly  
From out my 4-5 see, I know what you mean  
Is it life or that imagine living life with no breath  
My imagination's a motherfucker with a bullet stretch  
Too much killing, I won't supply the world with a vest

But that's impossible, killing its unstoppable  
As long as they got bullets and guns they got niggas thats droppin em  
Real niggas from that ????? the world that's all about  
Real niggas we won't have a reason to kill niggas, heal niggas  
My plane it runs so deep I'm a share it with yall  
While my own niggas is trying to cut throat while I'm tryin to ball  
Dog, you aint never seen what I seen what I seen