

Yukmouth, New Testament (Outro)

[Chorus - Kokane]

If you lived my life
You would straight commit suicide
If you look into my eyes of my life
You would straight commit suicide

[Yukmouth]

Lord I sacrifice my life
Just to bring my mama back to life
Just to bring my father back to life
Just to bring my potnas back to life
My father hustled slangin' slabs at night
That got my mama addicted to crack and pipe
Raised in the motherfuckin' 6-5 Village with no gas, no lights
Hungry as fuck sleepin' on the floor with an appetite
Me and my sister awake to buckshots and flashin' lights
My father been in jail half his life
Became a black geurrilla family soulja
taught me how to slang flast and fight
Considered me a bastard right
Family be the back stabbin' type
My cousin's tried to have me blasted twice
Y'all niggas live the average life
Raised in the hills with a wife, then turn gangsta when ya grab the mic
Nigga I only spit the facts of life
From bein' homeless to sleepin' on them mats at nights
To prayin' for my parents in the afterlife
I still hear whispers, still shiver
Still remember bein' a filthy ass Ville nigga
Payless shoes, rocked clothes from Goodwill nigga
Salvation Army just to eat my next meal nigga
Where they slang to pay the bills nigga
Y'all playin' doorbell ditch, I'm dodgin' bullets with them real killas
Drug dealers with wild figgas, all the makin's of a foul nigga
Lived off food stamps and medicare stickers
The first and fifthtenth was like like Thanksgivin and Christmas
Cause that's the only time we fitted with food up in the kitchen
Little boys and girls listen
I got so many homies in this world missin' for tryna twirl chickens
Where they taught to pack berattas, stack cheddar
When the Village was termed the Felix Mitchell, D and Black era
Real goodfellas, the whole Village was down for whatever
Protected by three letters, crazy like Micheal Shellers
Fool I been round since niggas was screamin' rollers
Comin' down finham
When Felix Mitchell shut the block didown
I'm from the block were niggas get killed and shot
While the neighbors sit in the window and watch, don't call the cops
I'm from the block were the twelve year old is gotta play pops
To support my mama and sister, gotta slang rocks
Aim glocks, dodge stray shots, runnin' from cops hoppin' fences
Relentless dreams of havin' a mansion mobbin' Benzes
I used to have visions until I copped my first sentence
For a eleven, three, fifty tossed me a year I straight pimped it
An I lost several ramps, doin' time at camp
Rollin' dice for stamps, Y-A commitment if I bamp
Got out with a plan, call Garick my man
They whole time I was locked I wrote shit like Ice Cream Man
An that's a rigga I call Knumskull my nigga
Lets call the group the Lunitoonz nigga lets make this scrilla
Hooked up with Chris Hicks and Dru Down my nigga
Dropped this album I'm still slangin' pounds and zippers
Then dropped the first underground album around niggas
Like Teddy Bohana and Supa Side them down niggas
Around the same time my mama died so tragic

I'm in traffic with gats up under the mats, cracked wrapped in plastic
Triple beam, b-12, and seran wrap, money rubberband wrapped
Second album goes gold they can't stand that
In 95 the year my pops died
Start ballin' in 96 when Pac died
Bought me a Lexus, start catchin' hawkeyes
Now my family members tryna Suge Knight me
The whole Ville sheisty but now them mothafuckas don't like me
When I was broke it was all good
When I was smokin' and havin' tampers to the wood it was all good
I been around the world and back fuck this small hood
I'm tryna ball and have it all playa we all should
I started off broke as fuck, nigga ain't no way to go but up
Now I'm in a Rover truck, smokin' dro, never sobered up
Drinkin' X-O until I throw it up, nobody can flow like Yuk
Hooked up with Rap-A-Lot nigga blow shit up
80 Thousand the first week nigga put them posters up
Tha first nigga with platinum teeth on the west coast is Yuk
Niggas probaly get smoked just for standin' close to Yuk
I'm blessed with a son and daughter
It's like the reincarnation of my mother and father continue the saga
My wife be like a gift from heaven
I would have been slit my wrist and jumped off a cliff
From stressin' maldepression
Life is like a big ass lesson we all go through
Friends you was close to all of a sudden want to smoke you
They all deceitful; I got shot up by a nigga I knew since pre-school
His mama and my mama used to be cool
We from the same street too
That's why I don't creep through
Niggas who rob you and try to kill you ain't yo peoples
Niggas who beat you with desert eagles ain't yo peoples
Niggas who jack you for them kilos that ain't yo peoples
But ain't gonna be no sequel cause next time I'm gonna show em somethin'
Make it out the hood, niggas act like you owe em somethin'
Niggas want you to throw em somethin'
I've been robbed, stuffed in a trunk then
Dumped in a fuckin' alleyway head lookin' like a pumpkin'
To funkkin' with my own cousins
I ask the lord why I'm the worlds most hated
Like Pac they want a nigga assassinated
Judges give me hundred G bonds for fake ass cases
Bail out, can't be faded, rock platinum bracelets
Hair braided, jewelry like Sammie Davis in Vegas
Smellin' like acres of sticky shit rolled in vegas
Havin' paper comes with a shit load of haters
That's why my only friend is my lord and savior
Fuck them haters
[Chorus]