

Nineteeneighty7 (feat. ScHoolboy Q)

Stalley

Midwest nigga in the West
Red Corvette speeding down sunset
Ski mask, black Tec pulling through the set
Gang signs and palm trees, bomb weed and [?]
Mentality complex, conscious but get vexed
Over gangster instrumentals, instrumental to the rap game
Yeah the aim simple, target the lame and stay in the lane
As I dip through the ghetto with metal rings and coke gets peddled
The sun gon' shine 'em all after the smoke settles
My mom's blood levels is high
Her son high ridin' 'round with the devils so she pray to Allah
Hoping the demons gon' let go
I hustle for these C-notes, tuck drugs in my pea coat
Dipping from the RICO watching people through the peephole
A wolf in sheep's clothes, hear no evil and I speak no
Word to dangerous minds, spend no time with a weak soul
Spiritual and lethal a deadly combination
Pulling on the joint trying not to break my concentration
They say the game is locked, I'm tryna bust the combination
They want me to tell the story but I ain't for the conversation
So I'm contemplating, quit this rap ish or be blatant
And they all hating so I might just well stop faking
Like, I'm like them or I like them while I'm riding around with it
I guess I'mma pipe 'em
Murder one man down, I'm the man hands down
Ain't nobody like him, that's why I'm this way
It's me against this world and I'm down for the play
Had the banger with 30 shots, nigga at 19
Had them cookies [?] more fiends
Had a dream at 26, get it by all means
2013 green
Couple O's, couple K's, couple Glocks
Bodies lay, [?] couple yawks
A lot of homicide, Chevy slide on Pirellis
Full fur diamond blur, a young Jim Kelly
Million dollar phone calls on a black celly
Black power trying to escape Jack Bauer and the Federales
Rally stripe Monte
'03 going back to Cali in my dopemans
Starch tan khakis and my Raybans
Fly gangster, dirty niggas hate him
Fly chicks wanna date him cause I stay gold
Rubberband bankroll, load the Mac 11, let's roll!
We gotta take mo', they got me on my mobbing ish
'99 stick-up kids, niggas came to rob

So lay down or get hit with these metal sticks
My niggas chop ten and shave bricks tryna escape Satan and housing bricks
So for freedom I'm Malcolm in the Middle, I'm Malcolm Little with a ink pen
A long way from Malcolm-Jamal Warner living
No Theo Huxtable I hustle for my living
Never had to fit in in the survival of the fittest
A hustler told me if you riding, then you get in
No time to be a scary nigga today
If you out in these streets, you gotta be down for the play

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>