

# The Return

Blu

Ayo I never banged, and through it all, never changed my name  
They used to call me Young Blu, before the fame  
Like my cousin Smurf, heard about a OG who used to run the turf  
Then he got merc'd  
Puttin' in work with the Blacks when the Browns was beefin'  
I got my grief in after school with the chicks grievin'  
Like "Blu, thank god that wasn't you", ayo  
One week later, they got my homeboy too, ayo  
Dang, my cousin used to tell me, "Boy watch for them colors.  
Other than that, you be the illest mothafucka"  
So I pushed to the streets, I pushed to the beach  
End up pushin' more raps than I ever pushed trees  
I had beats from the best  
Just to make it known, I was a beast from the West  
Tryna get put on with the Snoops and the Games  
The Cubes and the Pacs  
Next thing you know they bangin' Blu on the block  
My nigga, bang, bang!  
When the times get hard in the streets, niggas bang  
When them right bars sit up on the beat, niggas bang  
When niggas sling cocaine all day to make change  
Niggas bang, niggas bang, niggas bang-bang  
Tryna tell ahk, "Watch where you walk", niggas bang  
When that spark set fire to that heart, niggas bang  
From the rollers to the lames, ain't a damn thing change  
My niggas bang, niggas bang, bang-bang Now back up on the block, rap shit locked  
Pocket full of money, no crack in my socks  
Shouts to the homies in jail with no bail  
And props to the homies that blow but don't sell  
They be like "Oh well, more room for the real"  
Popped a fake in the face for actin' like I can't tell  
Yeah it feels off but in the hood, I know it ain't  
Should be smellin' all good, but, I know it stank  
Tell the homie hold the shank while I blow that dank  
Roll the streets with that cannon like we rollin' tanks  
Unh, gold plates ho, I know they gon' hate  
Might as well get the gold plaques, and the platinum chains  
See me when you see me, 'til then, kiss the genie  
Spell G, me, you could never be me, believe me  
Put the CD on smoke, fuck P's and the hoes  
And them niggas talkin' 'bout they shit bang when it don't  
My nigga, bang, bang When the sun is here you realize you go fly and tryna see her [?]

Screaming try as you lose your voice just tryna be her [?]  
No stranger to the game, but you can't seem to relieve her  
You'll see her, when the morning comes  
When the times get hard in the streets, niggas bang  
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From the rollers to the lames, ain't a damn thing change  
My niggas bang, niggas bang, bang-bang  
Ayo, next thing you know, I'm in the county  
With a whole bunch of real OG's surroundin' me  
What you do when your name's Blu  
And you run into a Crip, a Cholo, a Piru?  
And everybody wanna know on the coast, what set you claim  
All my life I had that name, but never banged  
I'm from the Bridge, my folk from the 4th  
East side to the dro, and all the way back home, let it be known  
I got love for my block, love for my color  
Love for my streets, and love for my brother  
But a nigga put his hands on me, we catch fades  
Fuck I look like? 30, gettin' jumped in a gang  
And my peeps say, "How you keep peace these days  
If you ain't got a piece by your reach these days?"  
I say, my nigga, when you victim to the system  
It don't matter what you do, they always fuckin' with you  
So just bang, bang  
When the sun is here you realize you go fly and tryna see her [?]  
Screaming try as you lose your voice just tryna be her [?]  
No stranger to the game, but you can't seem to relieve her  
You'll see her, when the morning comes

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