

Prime Suspects

"Here I Go Again"

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featuring Mo B. Dick Mr. Serv On

[Mr. Serv On]

Whats happenin new?

[New 9]

What's happenin Serv?

[Mr. Serv On]

What you doin nigga?

[New 9]

Man I ain't doin nothin just chillin.

Layin back in this bitch.

In this cold heartless ass world.

[Mr. Serv On]

Nigga pass the weed to a nigga baby.

Chorus

This world got me heartless

That's why I hit the weed

leave my middle finger up, I give a fuck (2X)

Dear God tell me, how many times

During the course of a day for ??????

my life I gotta say a prayer for myself

Or tell me, how many nights

My mama gotta lay awake cryin
starin at my picture on the shelf
But if you ask me
Some of you niggas instead of hating
You need to be anticipating
and find the bullet that's waitin for ya
Do I feel for ya, I'm heartless
I feel for people like my girl Cheryl
who lost her brother Travis to these streets
Can you imagine, having to identify
your little brother that's laying beneath some sheets
I don't think so
Or what about this hoe
That tried to tell me about a nigga
that I came up with since diapers
Serv watch yourself he don't like ya
Or what about these niggas on my block
that know I made it out
All this dope you niggas done sold in the hood
you still ain't bought
your mama a house
But believe me niggas I love you till my dying day
But if you try to take me from my family
I'm a bang you in a fuckin heartless way
Chorus (4X)

[New 9]

I just got out last night so it's like a cycle

Even though I know shit always don't go they way you
want it to go

I proceed to be a nigga I need, it's only real

It's money making plans to demand at center field

And shit's real and right now everything is tight

I got to pack a gun but if I get caught it's my third strike

I'm strapped up, my tennis too tight, that's how I'm
living

A nigga on a mission, anything in my way, I'm killing

That's my mentality right, me and my niggas be quick
to fight

Type of niggas you don't wanna cross if you kinda
value your life

Whether wrong or right, I got a pocket full of rocks and
I'm on a block

Smokin weed with my niggas, last thing I wanna see is
a cop

On patrol, some dicksuckers roll, the heck is up

I'm heartless so I point my middle finger cause I don't
give a fuck

I'm strapped up and on parole, I gotta fight to stay out
of the penn

The same shit happened last year, here I go again

[Mr. Serv-On]

Chorus 4X

[Uzi]

Mercy mercy me, Lord forgive me for the wrong I've
done

Ghetto child with a crooked smile I had a rough one

This life full of plenty hurt, so soft and pain

Consequences of the game but I had to maintain

Step on toes, I'm ready to ride or roll over

I'm a kill for a meal, lay back and smoke some doja

But I know what go around come around good

Knock on wood and it's understood

I'm stayin young at twenty one life full of regret

Ten commandments say don't kill but I done left some
folks wet

I got the blood of a dead man on my hand

We goin clash again in soldier land

Mm hmm

[Glock]

Now am I wrong when I want to bust your motherfuckin
dome

Got that blues song stuck, scratch on you ain't coming
home

I let it ride cause I know he be fake

But fuck that he cross my family, this nigga's done took
the cake

Stop the record just start it up you can find him in the
lake

Have your people fucked up sayin I just saw him
yesterday

See that's real and I know you motherfuckers can relate

It's written down in ghetto law and taught by this ghetto
church

That's why my hollow keeps me strapped, cause it be
too late

Cause in a minute all this shit bout to be in one way

[Mo B. Dick]

Here I go again

[Mr. Serv-On]

Chorus 6X

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