

Sammy Kershaw F/ George Jones**"Immortal 2K"**

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Intro:

(Gunshots)

5th Ward and Outlawz x6

Verse 1:

[007 of the 5th Ward Boyz]

I'm a little lost

Me and you, knowin' nothin' but the hustler

Mafia life and mob musta

What the loss, 5th Ward Boyz and Outlawz

Don't give a fuck who you is

Bitch, I kill your kids

You a B, get at your kid you can

Fuck the pen

A Nigga baptized the sin

Shots are here, blows of weed and high speed

Paddy deep, immortal Niggas ride with me

Verse 2:

[E.D.I of the Outlawz]

Is it politics or paper

Ghetto taxes to enslave us

Babies die, mommas cry

Ain't nobody come and save us

Better hate and I hate you then

Now hate me cause you can't change

Now hate me cause you blame me of stoppin' this

fuckin' thing

High sign and high tappin' phone, rappin'

motherfuckers

It's Rap-A-Lot Mafia and we at you motherfuckers

Blast at you motherfuckers, we the most T-lawz

And the 5th Ward Boyz join the mob and see the mob

Verse 3:

[Young Noble of the Outlawz]

Bein' talent than an average jab

More balanced than an average cat

Slappin' leg, last for my stack

I stab with the track

Call me low ends on the (?)

Oh you wanna hurt me, or blow a controversy
I'm the motherfuckin' best Nigga, after Pac
After stuck at Rap-A-Lot,
I can't wait till we drop
I'm takin' yours with 8-ball
Bringin' you all,
in the 5th Ward with them Boyz, fuck it up
And when we fuckin' it up it ain't FUNNY
Niggas gotta eat, motherfucker take MONEY

Chorus:

[All]

You live the life of crime
Blind mine
Still find time to gettin' high
We still ride and we still die
We die even though we try to change in this game
Still 5th Ward and Outlawz stay remain the same
Some aim to get with them
Put your guns in the sky
(Put your guns in the sky)
One time we all ride
Outlawz we multiply
Bye, bye

Verse 4:

[E-Rock of the 5th Ward Boyz]

Livin' that mob life, that's sheist fly
But it's real life
I put my faith in God, hope I don't die tonight
It's critical look in these streets
Fuckin' with me
Tried for that Nigga Pac, screamin' M.O.B
Cause it's the mob bitch
5th Ward and Outlawz
We can't be stopped
Rap-A-Lot blowin' up your whole block
Rollin' bad, beamin' red dots on your head
Cockin', squeezin',
to your Fubu (gunshot) like you bleed so
Coward guys, when you see E-Rock
Fuckin' these bitch Niggas, bustin' nuts with my Glock

Verse 5:

[Kastro of the Outlawz]

Gettin' punch-drunk, motherfuckin' hoes in my
underwear
>From out the gutter, life stink like hootie-hair
I been there, that's why I survive anywhere
Fried any tear, don't believe this here
Yeah, these Niggas is lame, tamed as Puff Daddy

Scared shots out they Glock when they caught at me
Hard scratched me, even harder to relax me
You a bitch, boy and 5th Ward be body on the bags

Verse 6:

[Lo-Life of the 5th Ward Boyz]
This shit's comin' from a mile away
Don't make me shit a style a day
Lend of shots to your block,
till the corners throw their ride away
Ain't weezin up, we heatin' up
Ready for rush hour
Throwin' up gas and powder
Screamin' money and the power die
Motherfucker, go try your luck up and fuck up
Don't let your smooth chase
Fool your ass, what you gonna hush us
We did it out the car man
Put your ass in the ride
When Niggas die of homicide
(?) fuckin' sky

Chorus x1,5

(Gunshots)

5th Ward Boyz and Outlawz x3

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