

**Slimm Cutta Calhoun****"The Skinny"**

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If I give you an inch, will you try for the yard?  
Yeah, if all my eyes see it  
Well, he's laughin' right now but I know that he cries  
It's ever changin', goes round and round, just like the  
wind

I was born with the mission, supposed to be impossible  
All my life I've heard plenty of shit, lots of bull  
Like you just a nigga, you'll never get a job  
So your best resort is either sell dope or rob

Learn how to shoot a nine before I come around  
Stay down on the grind, stackin' every dime  
Know a nigga seein' hard time  
Tryin' to skip these lines so everythin' I knew was big  
time

Before you slip slide through the dirt, great crime  
'Til the church bail time, niggaz on the block like  
?I gotta get mine and get serious when I'm focused?  
Call the curtain, you're misplaced, lost and searchin'

I got partner servin' life, jackin' for small change  
Or 'cause they found the habit or couldn't maintain  
We're all lookin' for better things  
It's amazin' the evil that cheddar bring  
And I heard it in my dream, as she sings

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Situation haters, tryin' to super soak me and my cousin  
Look like a dirty half a dozen was bustin' and caught  
duckin'  
Slippin' with mine on safety, God, don't let 'em take me

He's bucks shake, too late for Pammy  
She had to get goes like an escapee

It was like a dream, but I was awake, see  
Thank the Lord for savin' me  
Took one for the real trip, too greedy

I tell you y'all niggaz is shady, so packed out  
Y'all play yeh, write me with interest  
Niggaz that sick and senseless, I'm tired of all these  
kids  
Pullin' the trigger to show what they did  
See the world is so fucked up

Little Joey thought he had to make a kill to be cool  
And his best friend dropped out of school  
Now where could he be?  
Somewhere in the streets slangin' ki?s

I don't know  
But it's to me you motherfuckers  
In the dope hangin' just as many  
Tryin' to rap and I heard her sayin' in my dream

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Currently events, niggaz is still doin' the same shit  
Drive-bys, out with them 44?s to birth  
[Incomprehensible] Puttin' in work  
Now who ain't gonna get hurt?

Bystanders, innocents, gettin' caught in the  
firecrossin'  
And lives bein' lost in  
The mix of ammo blastin', cars crashin', gas mashin',  
guns stashin'  
While mothers cry, the fool's laughin', get shit happen

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