

Slimm Cutta Calhoun

"Well"

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Y'all playin' with this game
And it's a damn shame
Yeah

This game real, boy, you can get scarred and barred in
it
If your heart ain't in it, caught up in this world spinnin'
Before you started you was finished, dehydrated and
depleted
Niggaz is all washed up without a swallow in they cup
'Cuz every time a chicken cluck, you trickin' a buck
You pressed your luck and got stuck, fuckin' up the re-
up

That's the ones with big talk and no game
Spendin' chips but no change
All the dope and no caine, war stories but no pain
The same ones that pop lip then flag ship
Then gotta hip skip before real niggaz pop clips
You better hop hip

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well

Niggaz slum and slimmed out
Chevy's is primed out
Hit traps and grind out
What's poppin', let's find out

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well

College Park
To Adams ville
Calhoun
And Killa Kill
Got 'dro and plenty pills
Cuttin' blows, hoes and dip

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well

In God, I trust and in the crowds I bust
Smokin' weed to calm down, I'm so blown off dust
It's harder to feel pain when my brains is mush
I know it's fucked up, how fathers turn they back on us

And our sick sad mamas smoking crack on up
Slime-ass po-po right in the back of us
Connected muthafuckas got better crack than us
But rich muthafuckas ain't gon' mash like us
Hear sirens coming and continue to bust

Lustful ways, livin' in these mistrustful days
Who said crime don't pay, niggaz out here cockin' K's
Don't drop, they spray, one shot, you lay, toxic waste
One pine box, one case, I'll block yo place

I beat niggaz senseless for Jordans and sixty dollars
Pinned hoes' toes to the earlobes and collars
In the back of a Impala, all to deliver pain
Twist her frame and hear her holler
So savage that it's gettin' harder

For me to see redemption in tomorrow
So far from God that I'm finding righteous paths hard
to follow
I'm gulping vodka, I'm killin' sorrow in the bottom of a
sky bottle
So depressed and sick and Slimm young and gifted
I'm just sick and twisted

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well

Corner-clockin', in the backroom work-choppin'
From Biscayne to Boat rockin', one-stop shoppin'
Guarded by glock and cash, ain't no stoppin'
They party pill-droppin' till all the drawers droppin'
'Droed up, my niggaz stay poured up, sho nuff

Hold up, big bank we fold up, so who wanna roll up?
We got that heat, so you better drop that beef
Before they pop and sweep your whole block in one
heap
Stay at the gun show in a Range cockin' new thangs
Like we out west, playa, down to whoo-bang
Come on

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well

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