

Bleach

"Betrayed"

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[TWIN LOC]

Geah..

I feel betrayed

[TWIN LOC]

Now I had this lil' homie that I thought was real

Had flows in his game and I'll never forget him

Used to be down for the hood thang

Quick to cook and breakin' caine

Straight runnin thangs around the way

Havin his money man

A rider from the hood understood by many sets

With the hood tatted on his backarm and neck

Givin a fuck about a robbery steady dippin and ready
for trippin

Let the good times roll when my nigga put that clip in

The type of homie you can depend on

When some shit got crazy or relict went dead wrong

Respected by G's, lil' locs and ghetto queens

Stripes from late night creepin with infra-red beams

He seemed to be a soldier who thought he would
switch

And start talkin like a lil' old punk bitch

When the Feds got on him

He ran his mouth like a two dollar hoe

Even brought that muthafucca to my door

I feel

[chorus]

Betrayed

Can't trust nobody cause people nowadays act crazy

Betrayed

Can't trust nobody cause people nowadays act shady

[TWIN LOC]

Now I had this fly bitch that was on my team

Big titts, brown ass fallin out them jeans

Used to be down to suck a fat dick

Quick to turn a bitch trick

Brang the scrilla home to me

Kept my pockets fat

Should've stopped me on the block sellin coochie for
big leaf
With the cold dippin the pocket while she on her knees
Givin a fuck about a murder, give her a strap watch it
now
Breakin a nigga a bid
When it comes down to the snaps
That type of hoe you can rely on
When the chips get low
This hoe gon' get a grand O
Laced on the team I guess that's why she call me
daddy
Never thought this funky bitch will run her twist and try
to have it
For the ki's I got this hoe tried to set me up
And the folks out side waitin' to tie a nigga up
But I'm sure I do this funky hoe was up to something
So I grabbed the .9 nina and started dumpin

[chorus]

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[TWIN LOC]

Now I got this crazy uncle kept a badass hoe
Runnin games, havin thangs, steady stackin the dough
Used to be down for the hoo-ride, quick to do a
homicide
If you owed him chips you better pay him or you for
sure to die
Soldier from that old school, ready for combat
With a left hook down to put a youngster on his back
Really not care where you come from, what set you
claim
See it's all about that scrilla, when the .9 take game
(that's right)
That type of uncle you respected
Hit a lick for the chips, bump a bitch and get naked
He used to lounge in my house when the things got
crazy
Never thought he'd crossed the line and be fuckin my
lady
But it goes for sure then my uncle was a cold nigga
Played to find a weakness in my bitch and he went up in
her

Hit the stash, get some cash and a quarter key
Wanna kill his ass but I can't smoke my own family

[chorus]

Betrayed

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