

Cleopatra Stratan

"Dirty Dirty"

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Yo, SPM's in the house
Puttin' it down with my homeboy, young Happy P on the
track
I want y'all to look how we do this, mayne

What path should I travel
Whites and a hot gravel
Up the creek with no paddle
Laughin' at the
Bitches that wish us the worst of luck
Bust a slug in his back, and now, it hurts to fuck
I'm on a must-do system
Fuck-you mission
Everybody knows I belong in prison
Tryin' to listen to my elders
While this freaky bitch is
Swallowing my Elmer's
Gangsta nights
Sticky pants and a T-shirt
I jumped in the dope game
But my feet first
I relax in a
World, a pandemonium
Trust his friend
Just as far as I can throw 'em (Hun)
You tryin' to stay alive for my baby girl
With a chrome.44, but the handle's pearl
Y'all got a choice
If you wanna test my testicles
You can live like
Fruits or fuckin' vegetables
Uh

Now it's that dirty, dirty
Wild, wild south west shit
Mex and Cali
New Mexico thug shit
Federali
Speculatin' and we do shit
But biotch
This ain't nothin' but some music

That dirty, dirty
Wild, wild south west shit
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I said, "Record this"
But I guess they must have missed it
According to statistics, you be dead or in prison
I feel reincarnated
Life after death, I've risen
Must be oppression, I was lost within the system
Gone for a hot one, a second, never too long
The unforgiven make a reckon, time for me to move on
Finally got my mind right, then time for the spotlight
I bust a rhyme about my lifestyle, it's how I rock mines
I came a long way from the block to (?), loaded crack
pipes
Still smoke
Trees and hope
Heat
For to act right
The streets, told, me
Take a homey for my past life
Memories
Won't let me go, I hope this ain't my last night
Hoes, to
Homeys still
Tryin' to get the cash right
If not, they might get me, if they catch me slip in this
fast life
The Federalis try to set me with some drug shit
Lock me up for like
It's that Mexicali thug shit

I got a letter from my road dawg, written in blood
He told me, "Keep doing your thang, dawg, never give
up
I hear your music and your voice brings hope to the
hood
We might have made some bad choices, slangin' dope
in the hood
They got me locked down and stretched out for federal
time
Them motherfuckers don't care if I'm dead or alive
My hoe lady got popped
Tried to sneak me a clavo in
She had a Keyster, but fuck, I couldn't swallow it
So now they cancelled all my visitations

I'm an incarcerated Scarface, rehabilitatin'
I use your music as my inspiration
It's sounds for liberatin'
So keep doing what you're doin' with no limitations
One day, I'll get out
I'm a get my life together
I'm a get it quick and get it fast, cause nothin' last
forever
Don't let no one never knock you, God gave you that
gift
Because your music is life, " it's that New Mexico thug
shit

I let the smoke in my
Air pass
It's just to stimulate the mind
Let me rest, from the stress, for a second, in time
My homey just did a bid
I wonder if I'm next
The possibilities of penitentiary's on my chest
But I'm a mash, though
And keep away from the system
Put my music down, hopin' they listen, I'm no different
From the rest of the bald heads, tryin' to survive
In this city where these skinny niggas ridin' with nines
And everybody's diein'
It's like the world went crazy
But Lord, who made this lady kill her own two babies
And when I heard it was a baseball bat
I she'd a tear
Cause I couldn't ever picture that
God damn
And then you wonder why I chief the dro
Just lost
Another homey couple agos
Streets know me
In the dirty, dirty
The wild, wild southwest
Where everyday, a nigga gotta pack his heat with a
vest

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