

Coda 3

"Bling Leading the Blind"

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hey yo, check dis dope ass beat out
willie back in da muthafuckin house and i got my
niggas
da menace clan on dis one to help me out
and we representin our god damn selves
cuz how da fuck
you gona tell me how to get to where i'm goin
when you dont know where da fuck you goin
man das da blind leadin da muthafuckin blind

I could've been a leader not a follower a coach not a
balla
I could've had progress
i could've lived wit less stress
but i took it upon myself and played da card i wuz delt
thought about my self
fuck everyone else
and they said fuck me too
but it was cool like that
see my mission was paper chasin and puttin da hood
aon da map
now i've done been there
done that
took one step and dew back
for da life i wuz takin
wut da fuck wuz i thinkin
should've slowed it down but i wuz speedin
and i wuz stuck with a code
and niggas waitin around to see if i wuz gonna come
up befo
but i can fold like a bitch
seen da chance to switch
but i wuz brought up yo make it
seen da chance to take it
find a rule and break it
take a badge and shake it
and against all odds
get da fuck outta dodge
but i'm a nigga wit records dat da state can't file
young, blind, and wild
an uncontrollable child in da ghetto

but seddling fo mo everyday
and when i make up my mind i'm gonna get back in line
but now i'm
chorus 2x

blind leadin da blind
in a world of wars i search for peace of mind my
stabillity
fo my niggas and me said da way life wuz supposed to
be in da ghetto

I looked out my window wut did i see
it wuz a crack head nigga starin dead at me
he said can i get a muthafuckin nickle for three
i told his ass to da better in his rorock swetta
he got a daughter he aint fed her
he'd rather get high
in his eye i see da demon
i can hear babies screamin
feenin
it demeaning to see him
to be in the ghetto
but this is where i settle
now wut would you do wit a strap in yo hand
gangstas do wut dey wunt to
suckas do wut dey can
my role modle sips on a forty bottle
in his footsteps i follow grab da brew and take a
swallow
i've been livin on da streets since da age of thirteen
cuz i wuz sick of being raised by a dope fiend i so seen
babies need similac money dat wuz meant for similac
wuz spent on crack
now do you wanna
no i dont and its a liquor sto on every cona
and niggas aint da owna
now listen, we cant afford to send our kids to school
but dey got da
knowledge
to spend dey money on da chaps when we could send
our kids to college
now here we are: hoes, dopes, dealers, and bums
at da white man's table still beggin fo crumbs but its da
chorus 2x

niggas shoot ball
(niggas shoot da logs)
nigas shoot da doves
(niggas shoot to love)
niggas shoot up
(niggas shoot pool)

but watch out cuz niggas shoot niggas too
so wut da fuck am i to do when niggas fallin down like
flies
and dis muthafuckin money starin me in da eyes
and my brother sayin come on in stop buggin
but we done already lost 3 uncles and 5 cousins
to da streets niggas shit deep
no room fo da maple leafs
cuz muthafuckas play fo keep
i wunt respect when i step on da field
saw a nigga dat killed i gotta kill befo deez niggas get
sum bright ideals
and start thinkin we hoes or sumthin
so when i see dat muthafucka nigga nigga staight
dumpin
chorus 2x

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