

Bg Knocc Out & Dresta "50-50 Luv"

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[Gangster Dresta]

Yeah, for 19 ninty muthafukin 5
Gangster Dresta just stepped through tha doors once
again
Dedicating this one to all my niggas all across tha land
We need a 50/50 luv back in tha hood loc
Check this out

[Verse 1]

I walked through tha turf, me and smurf jibajabaing
about tha old day's
Smokin on a joint
Listening to tha old jay's
Fucks up my mind to see how times changed
It's all kinda strange
Ain't a damn thang the same
Back when it's was all about packing swiss blade
Half of us down, now is running round bitch made
Didn't wanna fight brothas grown that was known
But now it's on, if one of the homies come at me wrong
Back then things were like hyped
Even if tha homies fight
Shit kept tha hood tight
Down with each other to the last bit
Now we got homies puttin each others into caskets
Used to roll in chevies
Now niggas wanna benzee
Money and dope dem brought jealousy and envy
Nigga's got greedy
And tha needy got left back
Now your own homie is tha victim of your next jack
Serving nigga with tha gat
Stuffed in your mouth
Used to sleep on your couch
Spendin night's at your house
And it's a damn shame that tha hood ain't like it was
Imm talkin about a 50/50 luv

[Chorus x2]

I Aint talkin about 73'rd
(A 50/50)
Not 64 eah
(A 50/50)
Imm talkin about 50/50 luv
Yeah

[Verse 2]

Tha homie's used to take us to tha liquor store to steel
beer
That was when my cosin gigalo was still here
Body gave a party like almost every weekend
I've been trynna sneak in
Trynna put my freak in
See how time's changed, one of the sets we used to
fight with
But that set now
Is one of tha sets that we tight with
Time's still changing coz brotha's turning into snitches
Can't seperate tha real nigga's from tha bitch'es
Even in the jail house, nigga's being foney
You really don't know
Who to treat like a homie
Back in the day's we used to claim we was brotha's
And cosin's and shit
And now we can't trust eachother
Gotta watch my back
Not just coz a brotha gaze for niggaz that
Bang for tha same thang that I claim
Homie's locked down doing time in a chamber
We talkin bout em a lot but yet we treatim em like a
stranger
I recollect tha day's when I was back in like tha sixth
grade
Tuckin about behind tha O-G's
Learning how tha trick's played
Damn a nigga really kinda miss how the day's was
Gee coz it was 50/50 luv

[Chorus x2]

I Aint talkin about 73'rd
(A 50/50)
Not 64 eah
(A 50/50)
Imm talkin about 50/50 luv
Yeah

[B.G knocc outt]

For tha homie's that's restin
A fo a little drink right
Behind many other's we go visit dem at there grave
stake
Forget tha bullshit
Pass tha hat around tha room home's
Let's go and visit tha homie's and put some flower's on
dem tomb stones
Yeah coz that's tha least we can do you know
Be in tha hood that they died fo
And loved one's cryin fo
I missed dem wit a passion fo wat it's worth
I hope I meet dem again when I leave from this earth
And? lost many of em
And it's a shame that we let dem go
Without lettin dem know we love dem
But now imma let tha homie's rest in peace
And all tha homie's that's sleepin wit eachother
Lo That god aseecce's
Can't speak about know body else
Can't be street wit no body else until
We be peace wit ourselves
Homie's ain't homie's like dem was
I really don't know who want's to fill me wit slug's
Without tha backstabbin
Every thing would probably fun
That's how it is in tha hood that I come from
Damn a nigga really kinda miss how dem day's was
Cuzz, coz it was 50/50 luv

[Chorus x3]

I Aint talkin about 73'rd
(A 50/50)
Not 64 eah
(A 50/50)
I'm talkin about 50/50 luv
Yeah

Luv Ohh.

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