

Denver Harbor

"Loosifa"

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[Brewin]

What y'all know about them wild niggas
Devil child niggas
Have-you-kick-the-bucket-say-fuck-it-and-smile-niggas
The type to catch the Buddha buzz, slide up to the fuzz
Sayin "Officer, run your shotty before I catch this body"
I knew this nigga Smokey, sorta like his pistol
Barrel when you're in peril and shit like that was wanted
But later that would die down,
Sorta like many abandoned that he ran with
His block felt sorta haunted
His only solitude was wifey, word to life, G it seemed
They was together forever and now the womb had
been seeded
He needed a job and the robbin wouldn't do it
He wasn't tryin to go out like Diquan in Strapped
Her mother was a nurse, her purse was chubby
From the hospital she found Smokey some work and
shit was lovely
With some cream in here, feed a patient there, he had
loot
And not a nigga on the street would have to get that
pocket tapped
He's workin in maternity and learnin
Seein much about the infant children
To be skilled in fatherhood
Stealin baby stuff home for self
And he didn't have to pull the Mac-20 off the shelf and
get...

Chorus:

Loose if a brotha can't take no more
Loose if a brotha can't swing it
Loose if a brotha can't break once more
Loose if a brotha.....

[Brewin]

In Maternity, Smokey saw stuff, raw stuff,
Make-you-drop-your-jaw-stuff, hospitals get sorta wild
He saw some babies shakin, awakin if they were
fortunate

His soul was scorchin, it would have thinkin of his child
Later there would be no "Honey, I'm home,"
Strictly "Woman if you jeopardize my seed, dead up, I
leave you wet up"
On the block, a flock of zombies entranced
By the peddlers of temporary ghetto heaven had him
fed up
His job was gettin hard to fuck with
They had even had him stuck with the disposal of the
stillborn
Poisoned by the nourishment, the ill torn soul from
flesh
From the womb to tomb
Seein shit like that'll have you crazy
That night he had a dream
And it was a child nursin upon the semen of the glass
genetalia
Clouded nut after clouded nut
He woke and shouted "What the FUCK is goin on?"
Smokey was swayze, it's time to get...

Chorus

[Brewin]

He figured there was only one way
As he rushed the runway lookin wild deranged
This was common, without any qualm inside he was
tookin
Lookin at fiends of the pebble adored praised,
Devil for lord raised from the crystallized tombs
Through fumes from the floor
Blazed the sole sacrificial altar
He chose now to halt the worship dealin that ultimate
headrush...

The lead crushed, buyer or seller decoratin hell a
flame
With the choir of the firearms to blame
In the mornin by the time the smoke cleared,
Everybody seen the massacre, the local folk cheered
"Oh, thank the Lord Almighty," the pharmacy was out
of business
On the L a chubby widow cries alone because her man
had gotten...

Chorus (2x)

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