

## Eager

### "If I Could Then I Would"

Visit "[If I Could Then I Would](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, nigga gangsta shit  
See what a nigga gotta realize is  
That a nigga, really don't like doing what he do  
But fast cash, is more addictive than crack itself, you  
feel me

[Hook]

If I could then I would, stop slanging caine  
Cause I know, that I should  
But everytime I try, it's like I'm back in the hood  
And everytime I sleep, I dream my Lac's fill with wood  
I can't help it, nigga I'm a gangsta

[Lil' O]

All I do is gangsta shit  
Go to work grab the four, spank the brick  
All I do is hit stangs and licks, push cocaine and whip  
I'm off the chain, like a dangerous pit  
So you know the Fat Rat, gon stuff his face  
Bleed the block nonstop, till I bust my safe  
All these rappers telling lies mayn, fuck these fakes  
You can tell by my style, I done touched some weight  
Ask these boys from the Brae', I made my bread from  
butter  
And I'm married to the streets, like I wed the gutter  
Hit I-10, with a hem and a muffler  
Make a nigga drop dead, if he ever say that I ain't no  
hustler  
Dear Lord, have mercy  
I'm a greedy motherfucker, and I'm thirsty  
I got the devil on my back, and he done cursed me  
I'm addicted to this cash and it hurts me, somebody  
help me

[Hook: Lil' O]

[Hook: Mack Biggers]

[Mack Biggers]

Even can't slipping on my hoochie, sleeping at fo' in the

morn'

Cause my dog, need four of them zones  
Hit the stash, lock the door and I'm gone  
Make way, cause Mack Biggers bout to go in the zone  
Knowing his own my competition, see they puzzled and  
lost  
I paid the cost baby, now I just be juggling salt  
Talk down you better muzzle your mouth, 'fore I run in  
your house  
And fuck around, and put a gun in your mouth  
What are stones about, ki's and waters who can run a  
quick route  
And feed em the rock, and let em know what money's  
about  
Cause all I know is getting cash, and then flash  
Piss me off, I get a Mack and a mask  
Knock a nigga do' down, and tell that nigga put his  
stacks in the bag  
And don't flinch, my reactions are bad  
I'm attracted to cash, but if I could then I would throw  
my crack in the bag  
My Mack in the trash, but everytime I try it's like I  
couldn't have

[Hook]

[Hook: Scrilla]

[Scrilla]

It's the gangsta shooter out the gutter, way ahead of  
my time  
With the heart of a hustler, and I predator mine  
I spit that shit that leaves blood in my mouth, I'm the  
vill' of the South  
Stepping on work, like a rug in your house  
My fans scream as I dream, of having sold out shows  
But I way cook paying bills, out my po' out bowl  
Where I'm from the dust ain't dirty, determine niggaz  
fluff they turkey's  
And if you burn, nigga your trust ain't worthy  
What you know bout getting your mail, with a digital  
scale  
And dropping one and drowning one, or you shitting in  
jail  
I'm just to satisfy mo' cabbage, puffing pounds of  
lettuce  
Cause our life, is rough around the edges  
That's why I peep game, through the frames on the  
bridge of my nose  
I'm whipping up quick on my stove, in my slippers and  
robe

And my last zone's gone, before I slip on my clothes  
If I could then I would stick my dick in a globe, fuck the  
world

[Hook: Scrilla]

[Hook: Lil' O]

(\*talking\*)

I can't help it, I'm a Brae' block motherfucking gangsta  
I can't help it, I'm a Southwest motherfucking gangsta  
I can't help it, I'm a H-Town motherfucking gangsta  
We can't help it, we some bar none motherfucking  
gangstas

Visit [Eager](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.