

Escape Club

"More Trife Life"

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Yo.. knahmsayin?
Yeah she'll take you out too kid
Take this shit out

A rainy day laid up thinkin sittin gettin bent
Watchin old seventy flicks, mind's on the slouch
Back on the couch, heard the phone ring
It was a shorty from uptown I met back day, long time
no hear from

No doubt long time no see
I heard you had a seed a baby girl and now she three
Whats up wit that cat, you know who your baby pops
Slung rocks up top then heard he got knocked
He home? Fuck dat nigga I'm on my own
Matter fact got my own crib, plus I'm all alone
Word? The bitch is bad; chill son she got me tempted
Reminiscing the fatty, jumped in the ride I rented
Rest Timbs, Mecca dice well presented
Sippin E & J straight, was bent when I entered
Gave her a hug, stared her straight into her mug
She ain't she's a bitch, she back then and now its
bugged

Turned the VCR on, "Friday," my favorite flick
Its hard for me to drink Alize (no doubt) I take a sip
Got into convo, how you been over the years?
Neglected, stressed out, and living in fear
Whatchu mean, I thought you left that cat which was
true

I'm not talkin about him, another dude
Been wit him for a year and had a baby by him -- Word?
Matter fact you saw him, downstairs you walked by him
Now thinks it's a setup, could it be or maybe not
She said dont sweat it he dont got the top lock
Tried to play it cool, but in my head shorty's wildin
Using me to get the next nigga jealous called up the
fellas

Ty Nitty line was busy so I beeped Gotti, Gotti was
with Trip and two other grimees, The Twinz
Let me begin then explain
I'm at this bitch crib and I think she got me framed
Stuck without a gat, now prepared for combat

Gave the address, told my son there's more cats
Be here in a second, big gats no half steppin
They flippin on me talkin bout I never learn my lesson
I laughed an additional hit them with the math
Hung up the jack, while shorty soaked in the bath
Played the living room, dozed off for a second
When I woke up shorty was standing ass naked
Make moves stepped to the room
All this bullshit pussy better be good
Threw off my Champion hood, slow motion
All arm bent off the potion
Shorty went down and had a nigga wide open
It was over laid up in the cut
I heard a thump, jumped up threw on my boxers
Yo, what the fuck? All of a sudden
I saw this black motherfucker with this big ass gat
and two other motherfuckers with black masks (what
the fuck?)
Clutching duct tape no escape
Tied me up, smacked me all in my face
Shorty wasn't even screamin, looked up saw 'em
schemin
"Yeah, yeah, we got this nigga now, we got this"
All bloodied up, shook the fuck up
Held for ransom, they yelled, "We got the bones!"
Smiled - then started dancin, let them know they had
me hostage
Threw me on the phone said, "Son don't worry son, we
got this"
Regardless what the outcome, of this bullshit
Take a nigga word - don't never go see a bitch, word

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