

Fiend

"This For My"

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[Fiend]

Look alive, recognize, my man Shocker
Money, power, fame, ya know I'm saying, whatever
But listen, who you really do this for Shocker?
Tell em what you really do this for

[Silkk]

This for my thug niggas (huh), what, my drug dealers
From the pound to mix around, hard to give you a hug
niggas
For my key and a half niggas
Facing 10 but took a plea for 3 and a half niggas
For niggas who look the four corners, sit in the dark
Ghetto shit, ghetto niggas, the ones that spit when they
talk
Shit, nigga put shots, better believe they be hitting your
heart
I can't stop, everything that I drop
what they doing?, hitting the charts
This for the real, the fake I just can't respect y'all
This for the one with the 3 hearts in the cut
only use the phone to make collect calls
This for my real niggas that be holding they ground
In the middle of the projects, still holding it down
For my Thurston House niggas
The triple beam niggas
The ones that scheme niggas
To get the cream niggas
I mean the ones by any mean niggas
The ones that keep it real, that keep the steel
Always survive, gotta ride nigga, creep to chill
To all my East niggas, my West niggas
my South niggas, my North niggas
The ones with no heart niggas
the ones that set it off from start niggas
The ones like me, that's popping in the game
If you tell em once, they ain't listening
I come back, and I'm popping them things
The ones who put lies in they names, so hit the block
See that biggest nigga, tell that, yo, nigga you gotta
raise up off the spot

You got til 12 o'clock to raise up
good bye or I'm coming back with the gauge up
For all my niggas that be like Silkk's my dawg

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