

## Brad Martin

### "I Pity You"

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damn, this shit is cold  
no matter how hard you try to come up  
there's always a motherfucker who got their foot in  
your back  
these days a few motherfuckers  
i mean there's more haters than soldiers and playas  
trying to understand whats going on  
niggas trippin, white folks slithering around  
I pitty all them sad motherfuckers

who you trying to see bitch  
acting like you know me  
you don't even wanta run up on this biggest mama  
don-es  
push the bomber shit out the back door  
crack, china and herb headed straight to the suburb  
ain't nothin changed but the route my Legend takes  
to shake the crooks that's out to to stick me for my  
papes  
I hate to make my hollow tips follow the red beam  
but I can't let you hatas steal my dreams  
I'm duckin sireens, daily  
cause crooked officers is known to take your  
cheddar cheese right up off of you  
I'm warning ya  
flamboyant niggas and bitches, high-sidin them illicit  
riches  
I bear witness to the way they kicked in the front door  
slam me on the floor, steel up against my temple  
beatin on my man and callin us outloud names  
this type of shit ain't gonna never change  
it's all in the game  
ghetto thang got my name ringin way in your hood  
I'm paranoid but at the same time wishing you would  
test me  
cause you gonna get handled  
your corpse will dangle from a magnolia tree  
as an example, I trample the many in my life time  
I aints boastin, but if you cross me  
me and my niggas will be posted up, to tear shit up  
straight casket stuff

nonstop cause we aint trying to hear the word enough

I pity you and your whole crew  
trying to see me and the T-R-U gorilla squad  
I don't give a fuck how many  
bet every penny  
the tank won't leave any to tell about it  
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ya'll heard of No Limit  
so ya'll know I'm about the power moves we pullin  
dping the type of shit  
that you Uncle Tom's wouldn't even think about  
so nigga stay in your place  
before these Down South Hustlers invade your space  
and take it  
we know you're hatin on us and wanta see us at the  
bottom  
plottin at the same time the fedz is watchin  
trying to catch something, but they can't  
why ya'll trying to bring a jeep to war against the tank  
just paint a cleaner picture about this family and you  
will see  
mama on the throne and soldiers kissin my finky ice  
nothin nice, full blown connects  
seen alot of blood spilled behind my family's respect  
check the rap sheets, they ain't hard to find  
attempt convictions but nothin stickin  
against this click  
and the tru mission's almost complete  
we about to have this industry at our feet  
slaughter the week and shine on all you envious hoes  
I'm gettin mine while you knuckleheads is chasin fools  
those who got the nerve to spit viscious  
yea I heard ya  
but abortion is the only type of murder  
you bitches can tell them niggas stop rightin your  
wrongs  
cause real bitches speak their own mind  
I pity you and don't come unless you slangin some  
mine  
cause we trying to dead your whole crew  
I pity

pitty is from the bottom of my heart  
annialation is a promise  
if you stop to mama Mia

No Limit, my TRU family  
you better know this

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