

Guerilla Maab

"How Could You Do This To Me"

Visit "[How Could You Do This To Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

[Trae]

Remember me like I was FED time

The only thing that I knew, to live my life was doing
crime

Even as a young nigga, all I ever wanted was to shine

The rude of people, kept guerillas living like we was
blind

For the cash, for the shine, for the do' we was busting
shots

And doing 85 in the hood, running from the cops

With Lil Shae and Big J, trying to bring the click to the
top

And deep inside, I knew the streets would never let us
out

I don't want no plex, but if you did then I would blast
your mind

I don't want no cell, but if I get caught up I'm gon do my
time

A real nigga forever for the good, for the bad never
happy, forever sad

Now we doing twenty acts, so I'm on my pen and my
pad

When I look at everything that I've done, trying to live
lavage

I'm sick of living life broke on the edge, and trying to
manage

You got my brother in the Penn, for three with a L

You happy thinking it was love, but a nigga could never
tell, for the money

[Hook - 8x]

How could you, do this to me

[Dougie D]

This is the situation, and everything is looking so crazy

And I can't even take it, baby mama play candle my
baby tripping

Acting shady, when she the one that fucked up the
family

But since the fact I'm a playa, Dougie slide right

through the plex
And you know what it is, put this on everything I feel
Everything that I love, and everything that I live
Making my feddy want my money, and watching on
whammies
Can't be tripping with the bullshit, because the bullshit
is plenty

I'm rocking this steady, and I deal what I do working
jelly
Always on my P's and Q's, watching out for the
federalies
Mash for my funds, Dougie D gotta try to get done
If it's hell or the highway fuck it, I'm cooking then bud
Constantly on my grind, busting my ass to feed my kid
Since them things, that I give my baby mama ain't like
a bitch
It's enough I'm dealing with the laws
And it's enough I'm dealing with the niggaz
Please don't create a mad me, fuck around and have
all y'all singing

[Hook - 8x]

[Z-Ro]
I use to wonder how and why, my life was bad
Wanted to be anything, except like my dad
My apple fell far from the tree, straight out of the yard
Raising myself among strangers, living on boulevards
Gang related, nah just for fortune or fame
Cause they know me by the Z-Ro, plus they know me by
my first name
Picture me rolling in my Dodge in traffic
I got no love for these niggaz, so keep your groupie
ass stepping
I can determine the real and the fake, don't make me
ball up a pause
And punch a motherfucker's grill off his face
Case after case but it ain't slowing me down, see y'all
Ain't know me at first, I bet y'all knowing me now
So when my trigga fly a nigga die, I ain't playing no
games
And fuck this North and South shit, cause I ain't stating
no claim
I ain't bring it with me, and I can't take it when I go
To the world, listen at what you did to me when I flow

[Hook - 16x]

