

Guerilla Maab

"Nothin Left 2 Live 4"

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[Trae]

Reminiscing bout everything, that hurt me inside
Gotta let my pride go the day, you left it felt like I died
I wonder will it ever get better, through the stormy
weather
Try to get you to keep your head up, sending pictures
and letters
I'm shedding tears, cause I'm happy that you still living
But when I look at mama stressing, I know that
something's missing
I hate you living in prison, with no free time for the ride
So we gon keep it on track, and hit full speed for the
drive
You know your baby brother Trae, is going worldwide
Behind the walls you a legend, and I'ma keep your
pride
Looking at your daughter, I can see that she is just like
you
And when her mama died, the only one she wanted
was you
I know it's hard to try to maintain, when you all alone
Then again you not alone, I'ma make it when you
coming home
Reunited, and I'ma die before I let you go
Forever one, and always thinking of my bigger bro, you
know I love ya

[Chorus: Trae & (Z-Ro) - 2x]

I've been thinking bout my big bro
And I swear on my life, that we never gon let go
(I've been thinking bout my kin folk
Missing my T. Jones, thinking there ain't nothing left to
live fo')

[Dougie D]

Everyone is having complications, but lately I've been
Thinking about my kin folk, and all my niggas in they
new locations
These cemeteries and penitentiaries, got mo' from the
hood
Don't wanna be next, but if it's my time then let me go
all good

My nigga Ro done lost his T. Jones, at a tender age
You can only imagine the agony, and stress and the
pain
In the mean while, my mama live a life of cancer and I
know it

I been trying to chill on the weed, but she love it so fuck
it I blow it
I'm sipping on drank and puffing Shedemiller, high life
and puff it
Trying to act like it ain't nothing, but fuck it I can't even
try to bluff it
But it hurts inside, but I'm knowing what they going
time take your final ride
My mama, my nigga, my partna never be another
I'ma hold it down upon my rap, grind try to make it
better
Don't wanna lose my cool, gotta maintain and try to
keep my focus
Until then here go a dime bag and a twelve pack, get
ya roll on and start
Smoking

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Death ain't around the corner no mo', he up in my face
Its only natural to try to steal him, and put him back in
his place
I've been winning for a minute, but it ain't gon last
forever
Running outta time, me and my enemies might blast
each other
Niggas around me dropping like flies, murderers
bumping niggas out
Don't think that it ain't likewise, and try that running up
in my house
I'm a mad dude, no intentions on being rude
Pardon my mood, but a nigga getting sued
Got me feeling like Z-Ro Bin Loden, cause everybody
out to get me
God bless the dead, my nigga was only twenty
Its a hard life, especially when you're alone
Missing the Misses, ain't nobody gon miss me when I'm
gone
Showing T. Jones, my true love done left a nigga
hanging
Leaving nothing else to do, but hustle had a nigga
slanging
Caine or anything, I gotta grind to maintain
Missing my mama, missing my partnas cheifing on

Mary Jane

[Chorus - 4x]

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