

Gurd

"Never Ending Saga"

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F/ Lae-D Trigga, Bless

Yeah... ain't nuttin sweet in these streets...
Everyday it's a never-ending saga...

[Chorus: Guru] - 2X

It's a never-ending saga, the drama, the block's hotter
than lava
See the stress in the eyes of my mama
She don't wanna hear about me gettin put in a cage
Still I keep so much heat, have you shook and amazed

[Guru]

It's like this everyday hustle got me stifled
It's like all I think about is cocking pistols and rifles
All I do all day is smoke weed and drink
Look at my icy grill in the mirror and then I spit in the
sink
Got to flip more dough, got to pull another heist
May not have the biggest rep, but you could say this
brother's nice
Twice the cops came by my crib, askin questions
About some shit that happened, that nobody wants to
mention
I'd rather take my own life then live as a snitch
I pray to God but sometimes, he don't grant my wish
I wanna get out of here, and lace my chick with some
Prada gear
Push a fat whip and own a big house somewhere
I can't sleep, I'm thinkin about my next caper
I gotta figure out a way that I can make the best paper
I got a son, and yo I'm still mad young
Everyday I'm on the Ave. with my niggaz totin mad
guns

[Lae-D Trigga]

Everyday's a different struggle, different sets and tecs
Tryna make my dollars double, so who's next to flex
Hollow points wet like sets, got the Ill-X connect
Niggaz be hatin when you takin, tryna hold ya breath
They wanna mold ya death and lay you where the seas

rest

For a chain and ya watch, you bound to get yourself
popped

Have ya brains lookin "Sloppy" like "Joe"

Runnin and breathin like whoa

This game the illest if ya know when to fold

Dramatic incidence, keep the witnesses, bickerin

Chickens is sickenin, fuckin cats that own businesses

Voices and visions leave a stain in my mind

So I explain it in rhymes

Bullets and slums keep this dame in her prime

Undercovers wanna lock me up, niggaz wanna knock
me up

Spend my cheddar like they got me stuck

I change ya frame from weak to dust, after I heat ya up

Automatics, skee that meat and trucks

Livin is crazy if you got no luck, worse if you got no
bucks

You gotta take, all you can or get fucked

You gotta space all ya mans and get buck

The hood you live in is tough

Feels like the whole damn world gone corrupt

That's why I drink the veins, anything to ease the fuckin
pain

Let it reign in my heart on this dirt stain, it hurt mayne

[Guru] Ghetto dreams... callin mad schemes... that's
right

[Chorus] - 2X

[Bless]

I heard life was a test, learned life was a mess

Ya blaze cess, escape stress from one day to the next

Right or left, in this maze that ends in death

I'm alive but need rest, progress in three steps

With every step or breath, I seem to digest so much
shit

To get off my chest, born and restless

I, sit at my desk, 9 to 5 at best

The rest collect checks to waste on lotto bets

Forty bottles wet and cigarettes, adress to ad-ress

Places, faces with sadness, cats depressed

Through all the madness, I managed

To be blessed with a sense to know dough don't
measure success

Cuz even though money is power, it ain't always
respect

Live my life with no regrets, all these heads know the
deal

I re-fuse to move, unless I'm doin what I feel

The true meaning of real, not the gat that you conceal
Cracks ya sell, bitches ya mack, and caps ya peel
Try to match my skill, attack ya grill, perhaps I will
Sit back and chill, you shoulda known that I'm ill...

[Chorus] - 2X

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