

Gza "Smothered Mate"

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Guns, guns, guns, guns, guns

His autobiography had came to an end
With the final chapter written in blood upon a skin
From snakes, that was dirty as rodents
Therefore to a starving one, the call for hunger is potent

Some kids at a young age, their skull is fractured
Their mind store the sickest images ever captured
They draw pistols to resolve issues
To give 'em a sense of closure to expose the brain tissue

The shells was evidence of a violent event
That left a young dealer bent from a hundred rounds spent
The lifestyle is a thousand miles from a minister
A small con game with something far more sinister

Peer pressure got him moving faster
A paradise of mutation open the gates of disaster
And murder is not the only cold blooded crime
You got fiends that'll torture the teens to get a dime

Empty ya pockets nigga and don't move
You react any other way and they'll prove
'Cuz they ain't got a problem with laying ya ass out
Or putting in work so you can see what it's about

Money got the flow, nigga and don't stop
Whether drugs or a hoe, nigga, stay on top
'Cuz they don't have a problem with running up in ya house
And burning it to the ground after the shit is doused

I told him to save his breathe
'Cuz he hovered on the brink of death
He wasn't living right before he left
His life took an unexpected turn
For those who walked that path, here's a lesson to learn

Coming from a nesting ground of those on the growl
In a state of darkness, menacing on the prowl
Local rivals and known competitors
Who try to stay clear from the spying eyes of predators

On the hunt, they constantly taught persistence
Those with less heart keep a respectful distance
The prey know it's too hot to lay in the street
They find shaded areas a few feet from the heat

'Cuz if not, then, it will be costing one
Who will soon evaporate under a scorching sun
'Cuz when the drought is on, it's little left
Then what lies ahead, dehydration and eventual death

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We doing music from the heart
And not from the charts

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