

Bryson Peabo

"Decisions, Decisions"

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Atlanta: Gateway to the South

Verse 1: Big Gipp

It's a stray man, living in these veins man
Suckin on a piece of sugar pain, chucking chains
Take the wind out thru
We never wash away the pain, so let the stain soak
Who's in the wave? I did's fingertips
carry language computer, Ray had Dad removed
Swimsuits with green bags
I'm on the corner with my butt up, sellin you product
Women puttin theyself in positions to get cut up

Hook:

Up out'cha guts, fear, up for what?
Nothin but them Goodie

Verse 2: T-Bu

Osmosis, with that thang up under the pillow crush
Caught in the crossfire between Yankees and 49ers
Rivals, but the South remain calm
Neutral but we see blood that make homeboys hate at
each other's lives
Over colours and thangs, that they can bring
To the next plain, but the toots in blue, badges
Who are the biggest gangs?
In Babylon, dyin slowly but surely
Malicious drivers with hairpin triggers
On the loose like juice
And white America couldn't stand it
LAPD plannin incriminatin evidence
Jurors under jag order
But we talkin outside the courtrooms
Shootin birds at the judges
Fuck Teks and go and plug us out on racial slurs
Destroyin documents or complaints from black workers

Chorus:

The battles no longer physical, it's from within
You live to die and you die to live again
But you can't win for losing, what sides are you
choosin?
Decisions, Decisions to make
Decisions, Decisions to make

Verse 3: Khujo, Cee-Lo

Legalise the dope and make paper
Think it's time to pull another caper
outta my bag of tricks
These niggas ain't recognisin how they usin us to get
rich
Niggas dyin and shit
I putta, broke my back for the *?scress?*That's what I did when I was a kid
Always had the thought of doin a bid
In the back of my mind, a life of crime
was the last resort, I knew that goin to court drama
wasn't likely
I nicked scrimis like a chemist
Cookin up a pan like the Witch Doctor
Stroll beside cha like a thousand volts
Over the edge pf the Hope with the CIA sellin coke
To make them bloat, float up the river Key Louie
Liquor sipper as I strategise a plan to infiltrate the
crooked
new, what?, ways to live a life
Who we got to fight?
Kid, it bite, are you dyin tonight?

Relentless realism regardless represents
South West goes out, possess the manifest that's
heaven sent
What's said is meant to the fullest extent
No nonsense because my conscience wouldn't be
content
But just a little wealth, a little fame
But your mind-frame will keep you living the same
And it's a shame that niggas would settle with the
ghetto
Huh, hoes have some clothes that ain't makin what you
suppose
Let your eyes close to what your contract shows
and fine print, they gotta get back every cent you spent
You content cuz, you do what everybody does
The industry that change you from the person you was
Knee-deep in the struggle
Two part-time jobs to juggle

Gotta lady and a c that you can't hardly feed
Any day your life could end so you depend
on the reciting and the writing when you got the spare
time to spend
To keep you stable, hopin one day you'll be able
To be a commodity on somebody's record label
Got your chance, twenty thousand dollar advance
and a car and all of a sudden you a star at the bar
ballin, callin the waiter to bring one of they finest wines
Then you started snortin lines, your life defines
the misconception of stayin down
You can't be influenced by everybody you hang round
You shoulda been more appreciative
of the life that you were blessed to live
A hundred percent is what you got to give
Cos ain't no tellin, yo' bullshit start smellin
And you wonder why your record ain't sellin
no more, endin up with no dough
and no respect back in the projects
and building 23, right next door to me, heheheh

Chorus

Hook

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