

Innpeach

"Lately"

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(Chorus):

[Lil' Bing]

Lately I been thinking bout a major
I gotta grind, kinda low on my paper
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[Lil' Villain]

Man looky here cuz, I'm doing bad I'm lacking paper
Dont give a damn bout to pull a major
20 G's so im living greater
I sipp the tuss dont give a fuck
Got young ass niggaz looking up to us
I set for the lick y'all bring the drugs
Know what I mean all about my green
Gotta a hit a lick with methazine
Shit nigga I need the cash
Better give it bitch before I smash your ass
I'll reach to grab and i'll start to stash
I'm running down the block with heat in the hands
I'm busting rock cause they fighting back
Mutherfucker recognize I need to jack
They saw my face now they wanna kill me
But bitch recognize im a reckless G
I'm a theif, A raw, I steal for real
Thats why they call me little Vill
So mutherfucker make the deal
Aint giving them shit I spend it here
With me and all my couple of pills
We need to eat, we got kids nigga
Why you thinking I'm grinding nigga
On the mic but staying hard
All my mutherfucking blacks on boulevard
I swear to god man shit getting hard
And I pray to you look out for my daughter
Cause one day shit might get sour
All mighty dollar work in your hour

All for the love of money and power
From the north just like a coward

(Chorus):

[Grimm]

Man I cutted me another set of ki's knocking at my door
Should I cover that or promise back 36 more
Make that twelve twenty four before my feet hit the
floor
Bubble that brought back when I see steve at the store
Coke dealer fa sho the next connecter coming through
Gotta run the dope cant let the dope run through you
One truth from the start ill leave you stuck in the end
Believe its nothin to him to see you sucking up wind
Youve been told now I kept you known go about you
business
The risk is live it to your life, and live this
The dreams oversees the world is yours to for
Take what you can get and pass that on to more people
No secrets, no second chances, no paid advances
No snatches, no ranches in Texas and Kansas
The times done got hard, years dont feel short
This games flipped apart im drifting apart but...

(Chorus):

[Ikeman]

I got the fever for a flavor, I been thinking bout a major
Stacking paper thats my nature, pull a stunt to major
capers
Big Ike im a keep it gangsta light it up and pour my
drank up
With intentions just to gank ya, take a toke till a nigga
thank ya
I'm a gangsta cock the rugger, I got killers and I got
Hoodlums
I got Mexicans that'll do ya plus some young niggaz
that'll school ya
You got pulled and im a rush ya, im that one that jacks
the hustla
I'm a gangsta motherfucker known to knock me off a
buster
And lately I been peepin I been creepin while you
sleepin
Instead of seekin like im fiend ya for the dope to even
keepin it
I'm in a Lincoln thinking throwed cause my homie gets
the throwed
Up off the dope, but with a home, sixty G's and twenty
fours

Stupid hoes to spit the game, give me the pussy then
slang
For your weed and your change and if you bleed then
we the same
So we can bust or we can spray, it aint no trust up in
this game
So im a jack and im a slang and I done tried but I cant
change, but..

(Chorus):
[Till Fades out]

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