

L.G. Wise

"Da Weight Is Over"

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Verse 1

We here son
I'm tellin you thugs and fake ones
Don't blaze one
Just eat the bread that I break son

Trying to stop me
Leavin stuck on phase one
We here son
Ain't goin nowhere until we done

Take a track from Jay-Z
And flip back like crazy
Claimin you God
But look more like Patrick Swayze

Believe it you gonna lie
Believe it you gonna ride
By the words that we speak
You gonna live or die

Like it's time for the real ones to step it up
Like it's time for the killaz son to shut it up

It's been along time
No longer the wait
Don't won't no food for the thought
Get away from the plate

Blasphemy dog
You a no name god
Heaven is gonna frown
On your whole lame squad

Roc-a-fella crew frontin like you hard
Can't even step up on the streets without your
bodyguard

So listen up Hova
The wait is over
You losin all your luck
Like a 3 leaf clover

(D.C.P.)

Bandanna head rockers
Hell's most wanted
Biblical heat busters
Raw beef you don't want it
It's bad for your blood
C-walk all over your whole crew
Christ walk with cats like us come thru
You got a prob
Take it up with Elohiem
Think you stoppin us
Then playa wak up out your dream
We got bodyguards bigger than your whole team
Snatchin souls out of ya'll
My click be unseen
Better turn your life around like a U'ie
Cuz you headin straight to the fire
Like a fat dubie
Getting chocked up in the back of the club
Marijuana, liquor souls snatchin you thugs
Not even knowin what the bartender be pourin
Drunker
I ain't goin
Hittin the gates
I'm talkin about the pearly ones
Not runnin from feds
Hittin gates
We heaven bound

Gold streets
Dubs clean
No bullet proofs Lacs
Devil's bustin at me
Dirty south scene
I seen it all
Baller blow up
Baller must fall

Chorus

Wanna live your life
So
Go ahead and get high
No
Before you lose your life
Boy
The weight is over
The world waiting on us
Got the whole world son waiting on us
So when we step up on this game
Don't be hatin on us

I see you all grilled up like you ready to bust
We tired of this crap
They waitin on us

Verse 2

W I S E seekin for souls
I come to snatch em up out the fire
Son hit em and roll
I know that you thug livin
The way that you drug dealin
you say that you God fearin
I know that you love women
Comin thru the hood like you rougher than rough
But in the presence of my God
You just a speckle of dust
And it's time to bow down
Confess it to God
Cuz you always grillin up
Frontin thinkin you hard
Bullets ricashay on you hundred grand dream car
Ego trippin like the whole world know who you are
You ain't ready for it
But don't mean that you won't get it
Like you talk about God
Don't mean that you gonna live it
Everybody wanna thug
nobody walkin in love
Homie Christ shed His blood
While you lettin off slugs
Eminem I know you claim to be thug
You wanna talk about Britney Spears
But won't talk about Suge
Cuz if you do son
Be on the next hit list
And when he come up out the joint
Get your whole wig split
Wanna keep it gangsta
Then baby boy keep it real
Knowin you sayin anything
So the people will think you real
Know that you Slim Shady
Time to switch it up
It's time for the real one to please stand up

Chorus

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