

La The Darkman

"Donnie Brasco"

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[La the Darkman] I'm nineteen, doing nothing but getting that green Lexus C, playin' the club scene Every weekend, catch me with a different Puerto Rican Mami, who wanna do nothing but slide me I'm movin' on a twinkies dip, eyes chunky Gucci hat, Gucci sweater, couldn't feel better Stayin' at the bar, in the limelight Got the four fifth and a box cutter, I'm tight Drink all night, think all night Rock a new Air Force One's all white Bitches sweatin' me, niggas eyein' my style It's all good, ain't fucked a nigga up in a while Then Fats walked in, then Shay walked in Then Raboo, Shotti Screw, and Kay walked in Aight now, my click just stepped in the place First nigga act up, I'mma blow him in his face Where Leopard Ed, them niggas at home in the bed With 'Lonzo, he with his wiz and his seeds, yo Back to the storo', this nigga keep lookin' at me That's the same nigga, every weekend, I see At, every bar, that, I got to He starin' at me, duke, do I know you? Nah, you don't know, but I seen you around, though Shark Bar and Palladium in New Ro' Geez, I'm tryin' to figure out, this nigga steez He remember the spots, where he seen me at, please What's your name, dun? Steve, what you do? Slang trees You see this platinum Roli', hangin' off my sleeve My first thought, yeah, get faster ticket Get his chain and his watch, leave his ass butt naked Second thought, this nigga gotta be playin' He got his jewelry, all out in the club But why he so quick, tell me, he sell drugs All my niggas drinkin' Crystal, standin' on the wall Not knowin' this nigga, gon' be, my downfall And none of us look like, the working type Nine to five, never had a job in my life I'm proud of that, whitey ain't pimpin' me Even though I might see the penitentiary Still trying to pull a Heist to the Century Make bitches catch chills when you mention me Yo Steve, I don't fuck with drugs, yo Got a record company and we about to blow Yo money, don't tell me that lame shit Save it for the cops, I could see you sell bricks What's your name? La, look La, I ain't the one Won't you just come kick it with me, sometime, son We exchange math, hit 'em, straight routine way Believe, the nigga, hit me up the next day Yo, La, this Steve,

what's the deal, my friend Yo, I'm havin' a party, and I want you attend Come through, as a matter fact, bring your crew Sing Sing Killas, and the niggas from the Wu Damn, this kid know my whole family This might be the connect I want, can't be Cuz he movin' too fast, one day, if he got cash I'mma check him out, dun, how I get to your lab It's upstate, take the Deacon in the Westchester Just come through, La, and I'mma bless ya I got models, about thirty Crys' bottles And after they get drunk, they suck and swallow I'm there, what time, yo, it start around nine Got thirty girls coming, nothin' less than a dime I show up at the crib, four garage mansion Walked in, nothin' but bad bitches dancin' Some dancing with niggas, some dancing together I think to myself, it can't get no better What up Steve, yo, La, my friend You late, had a hard time gettin' in? It's good to see you, and your people Look La, I'mma tell you just what I wanna do To the point, I got about four hundred bricks And my only problem is movin' the shit What you Cuban, Dominican, but what does that matter My only concern, is makin' your pockets fatter I'm watchin' you, all the clubs, spendin' cheese What your stash look like, I guess a hundred g's For me, that's enough to buy about ten ki's Ten thousand a piece, chine white, capisce? Oh no, this shit can't be true Offerin' that price in New York, should of knew yo Steve, I don't play up out my change La, my friend, this is not a gamee Think I'd bring you to my home, just to play Yo, Steve, all type of shit happened today But anyway, I hope, you keepin' it real Cuz you know, I might take you up on that deal Thinkin', to myself, this price is a steal See him a couple times, son, I could stack a mil' Hung out with him, Cheetah's, Envy, a few times Ran a couple train, on a few dimes I'm kickin' it, harder than I ever did Copped a house, built an arcade in it for my kids Race cars, Tekken, pool tables, cool I'm lovin' my life, everything was goin' smooth Doin', yeah, forty bricks a month Drinkin' nothin' but Crys', smokin' hydro blunts Shay copped a Benz, Fats copped a Benz Screw copped a Caddy, Kay stacked his ends And damn, I wish I would of did the same Everything fucked up when them indictments came F.B.I. at my door, must of got the wrong name, it's a bust And sir, you comin' with us And we know what you been doin', for the last twelve months Fuck, I got dough, I'm going to trail, yo But Steve was a fed, Donnie Brasco

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