

La The Darkman

"Have & Have Nots"

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[Interlude; La the Darkman] Yeah come on, yeah, word
[La the Darkman] Woke up early afternoon, just after
two It's saturday contemplating what I'm gon' do Had a
long night last night leaving the studio Headed to the
kitchen and make me some cereal Fruity Pebbles or
Fruit Loops, that's how I do Sit down at the table, read
my two-way through Twelve unread messages, damn I
was buggin' Last night I didn't feel it vibrating or
nothing Up in Speed Henny'd out, I don't fuck with Grey
Goose Give white liquor to bitches, it make 'em loose
Left out with two dames, my lab, got brains Blind
folded them on the way, the'll never know they way To
my hideout, it's like a cave, come there, you be
amazed So many left and right turns, you'll think you in
a maze LaSon, Bruce Wayne, Darkman, Batman With
gadgets like guns and shit, tons of clips Butterfly
knives and box cutters all within my grip Been stabbin'
niggas and shit, better check my rap sheet Matter fact,
all them punk ass cases, I've beat By threatenin' the
witness, or hittin' them off with digits Talkin' with they
mothers, or puttin' pressure on brothers I'm the purest,
some cases didn't have to pick the jurors It didn't go
that far, good lawyers know the law Threw out on the
preliminaries, yeah, I've been there It's the Dark, L-A-S-
O-N, polly with the best of men Generals and kings,
Brooklyn to Queens The Bronx back to Harlem, I know
niggas is starvin' Staten Island they wildin', those my
brothers, beg 'em pardon [Chorus 2X: La the Darkman]
In this life, we hustle for all we got There's two side's of
the system, have and have nots Some get dough,
some get robbed and shot For all your tribulations, I
recommends a lot [La the Darkman] For the win,
thorough from beginning to the end Everybody that I
shake hands with ain't my friends Just associates, let
them get close as they suppose to get Close enough to
see that rifle, I'mma scope them with Close enough to
see that knife, I'mma poke 'em with Not that friendly,
don't laugh at all the jokes and shit Dead serious, most
times furious Like a nigga on a bitch, if she miss the
period This shit is Chess, not Checkers, the IRS gon'
check us The DEA gon' check us, the ATF gon' us If the

FBI don't check us first, murders make it worse It's ill
seein' your right hand, ride off in a herse But without
bloodshed, the'll be no peace I read that in the Koran,
silver, number three Only the strong survive, the weak
shall perish Got that out of the Bible, so many didn't
hear it The stories, how Moses and Jesus, struggled to
feed us Abraham and Mohammed, all the above were
prophets Do you history, you'll find out, life ain't a
mystery There's always been conflicts, with crews and
clicks Like back in the ocean, if you ran into pirates
The'll blast they cannons and rob your whole ship For
your jewels, your food, all your values Predators eat
prey, the same goin' today [Chorus 2X]

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