

Little Boots

"One Eleven"

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[Chorus: Rapper Big Pooh]

All my real niggas trying to make money
All them fake nigga trying to take money
Why them little girls wanna shake for they money
You don't want no problems with me, sonny, for real

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Eight years young, Now you back home
Trying to walk a path
The straight
The narrow
Shorties on the block still getting that gwop
But they ain't like you 'cause them niggas ain't narrow
One slip-up cost your past vacation
Spent in the hell that we call incarceration
Before you came out, tried to tell you all about
How this world done changed, I know it's frustrating
I plead for my brother to have patience
They set you up to failo, better know your situation
They first tactic, we call it probation
I don't believe in the rehabilitating
They still gotta keep an eye on you, hating
That's when they throw another at you called
occupation
And damn, for a 2-time felon
The only thing you smelling is fries and beef
And here comes the Lord
You back to the street
'Cause \$5.25 won't get you a car
And people like, homie, why the fuck is you working
You should be with your brother
'Cause that nigga's star
And that there's the furthest from the God-given truth
Thinking you entitled, 'bout to tie your own noose
Every house built one brick at a time
I build mine with these rhymes
You gotta find your own juice, bro

[Chorus]

[O-Dash:]

It's hard not knowing where your meal's coming from
Your ribs get to touching
Them thangs get to busting
Scabs start pussing
Adrenaline start rushing
See your belly full, wolves get to lunching
Call myself putting all my faith in Christ
I just preserve my demons, put my faith in ice
Calculated the price, of sacrifices I made
Now I'm in the shade, seeing how the game is played
Cause kids learn at young age
They gonna either strip, move a brick
Or end up on the front page
It's like one way in, no way out
The hood is sponge
Niggas fear squeezing 'em out
Got stacks in the floor, a li'l work in the couch
Laid off, plus your girl got one in the pouch
Trying to live a good life, but this money is dirty
The way we living, bro, we ain't gonna make it to thirty

[Chorus]

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