

Chris Mann

"Always On My Mind"

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[Intro]

See most of y'all sucka ass niggas wouldn't last a week
in my hood if you was broke
And wouldn't last a day if you had money
I seen grown men cry, grown men die, for the love of
that money
In God we trust!

[Verse 1]

My trigger finger itchin', Palms itchin' too
We back-to-back in ghosts, playin' peek-a-boo
We went to war with Sosa over a brick or two
So for a hundred ki's, think what my clique could do
I'm talkin' clappin' toasts, bullets'll hit your roof
They hit his body he went in shock, no Pikachu
Niggas ain't bout it they talkin' but really pick and
choose
We on our second strike, we ain't got shit to lose
All my niggas is felons, all you niggas is tellin'
Soldier sold to them people, they gon' get you to sell
it
They gon' get you to move it, they gon' get you
abusin'
They gon' get you a wire, like niggas gon' use it
You gon' tell on your brothas, what a lame homie
I got a bullet with your name on it, and a full clip I
autographed
Kids cryin' at the viewing, I guess it was upset

[Hook]

We done went to war with the realest, shot it out with
the best
Talkin' high-end gorillas, banana clips make a mess
I seen young niggas cry, I seen young niggas fold
I seen young niggas die because a young nigga told
For the love of the money, for the love of the money
For the love of the money, love of the money
Man, them young niggas hungry, for the love of the
money
I seen real niggas cry, I seen real niggas hit
I seen real niggas die, cuz a real nigga snitch
In God we trust

[Verse 2]

Lotta niggas act Tony-like
Told them deez everything you heard but that's your
homie right
But he got killers lurkin' outside at your home tonight
They gon' hit the crib and kill the kids, oh that's Kony
right
Oh that's Kony-like, everybody bleed
Cuz he come out in 2060, Christmas Eve
First time he went to prison he ain't get to leave
Feds takin' pictures, niggas is rats, you should say
cheese
Once a local dude, shit the fire now
Never ever spit a rap but he got bars now
I'm talkin' fed time, yard up, yard down
Baby mama can't pay the bills, shit is hard now
How that make you feel, you should pay them bills
MA spittin' in them trays when they make yo' meal
Niggas shittin' out them packs just to take them pills
And his baby mama brought em in, boy this shit is real
Niggas turn to Muslim, niggas turn to Christian
They gave him life, he try'n appeal it, got him on a
mission
His homies ain't learn, they still in the kitchen
They firin' bullshit, that coka ain't swimmin'
It's coming up short, no food on the fork
Niggas is catchin' cases, niggas is goin' to court
He done slaved in the field, you the one on the porch
With the gun in your hand, try and run with the man

[Hook]

[Outro]

Hey look, I'ma tell you like this
If you in school nigga, stay in school
If you got a job nigga, stay at work
If you a family man, stay with your muhfuckin' family
nigga
Cuz this shit ain't meant for everybody dawg
Everybody talk that shit, until they get caught up in
some real shit
And then they start talkin' that shit

[Hook]

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