

Colonel Abrams

"Ashes to Ashes"

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(OG)

We're chillin in the Labb
My nigga JT, Bushy Moe, D-Moe
We finna do this for the Ninety-4
We lay that shit like you now how mayn

(OG)

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
The ghetto is turnin' into a fuckin' head rush
When I was young I used to sittin' or fantasize
But now I understand that I was born to die
Lookin' out the window of a 10 story project
I ask the question - how harder can the ghetto get?
Killer's been born to take the place of other killers
Babies growin up to be notorious dope dealers
Never went to school my school was the streets
My only diploma was the motherfuckin rap sheet
After a while no more juvenile for me
I graduated to the state penitentiary
Walkin' the yard with my partners out of Fillmoe
Killers stick together cause thats the way the game go
But in this game there's no one you can trust
So ashes to ashes and dust to dust

(D-Moe)

That's real nigga
Straight for the Ninety-4
GLP
Peep the 2nd crush

(OG)

Tryin to stay alive or survive ain't no joke , mayn
Often I feel I'm playin a russian roulette game
Sometimes it feels like a nightmare
But when I wake up my problem is still there
Can't get a job and that ain't helpin' a damn thang
So I resulted to the streets and slangin caine
We used to use knives because knives were for
toughest
But now we use automatics, pistols, grips and pumps
To kill again is a way of life

Dope fiends killin' one another over base pipes
Never took the time to get close to my family
Cause it's my family that's constantly gettin me
"Freddy's Dead" cause he was livin for the cola
Knocked or smooth another young high roller
Cause in this game there's no one you can trust
So ashes to ashes and dust to dust

(D-Moe)

The game ain't gon stop for ya, mayne
You either stick wid it
Or you gotta get up outta

(D-Moe)

Life in the fast lane cocaine dope game
Only the players change
The game stays the same
So I continue to keep my composure
Survivin in the ghetto and livin like a soldier
I keep my hand on my Nine
Cause the other side of midnight is nothin but hard
time
Black cats creepin
Rats in the gutter and dope fiends tweakin
Sometimes I feel I'm the cause of it
But now I realize the devil's just bullshit
Cause how can I be to blame
When 20 million other niggas doin' the same thang
I'm gettin in where I fit in
Cause winners never lose and losers never win
Cause in the ghetto survival is a must
So ashes to ashes and dust to dust

(D-Moe)

And it's straight like that, mayne
That real shit
Only for my real motherfuckers
And that's how we doin it in the 9-4
And we're outta here
Just like that
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
For the 9-4
For the nigga-niggy-niggy-niggy 9-4
Yeah, for the 9-4
We bout to tear this shit up, hoe
Tear it up, yo
For the 9-4
And we're out for the 9-4

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