

## Adverts

### "Don't Disrespect My Mind"

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[Low G]

Ghetto Soldier, I'm representin' from that Houston  
Second Ward, that be the place where I do my dirt  
Kick in doors, sellin' dope, only my God knows  
I have to do what I have to do, just to stay alive  
I lost a friend, but God blessed me with some real  
niggaz  
Hell is soft, I kept it real from the fuckin' start  
I stay strapped, cause my neighborhood so dirty  
I kiss my Grandma goodbye, but my jefa looks so  
worried  
Pitbulls from my tierra that I call my home  
It aint much, but its something I can call my own  
I go to war at any times, at any place  
Why yo punk twelve gauge, all in your face  
I want your jades, your jackets, and your jewelry  
What the fuck you on my block, if you aint cool with me  
You crossed the line, ain't no time to press rewind  
I caught you slippin' cause I heard that you dropped a  
dime  
On my perro, now he doin' twenty-five to life  
Low G, now I got to earn another stripe  
Ghetto star, Greyhound is my fuckin' car  
Ghetto clothes, but I'm feeling like I'm ghetto far

[Chorus: repeat 8X]

Don't disrespect my mind - don't disrespect my clika

[Baby Bash]

A maggots gon' be a maggot, faggot's gon' be a  
faggot  
But if they want some static, I got an automatic  
This automatic, if I grab it  
Sometimes it's tragic, causin havoc  
Bullets blastin, but he had to have it from startin racket  
Looked at the wounded and all the graphic  
The game is graphic, and the classic, in and out of  
traffic  
Money stackin, by any means keep your gadget  
And find a way to keep supporting my weed habit  
I get my shit dirt cheap, the way I like it

You disrespect the clip, puto I get excited  
My trigga finger get itchy, like I was +Lionel Richie+  
A +Commodore+, when I go to war  
so get down so I can touch you quickly  
No substitute for these thugs, who love to shoot and  
cut the loot  
You fuckin punk, that's why I don't fuck with you  
Cock strong, pretty boy but don't get it twisted  
A savage with this beat you want it mayne then come  
and get it  
Cause every blow has nothing but these bad intentions  
So now you know Baby Bash keeps it gut wrenchin'

[Chorus]

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