

Mista Blaze

"Ill City Luv"

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Everybody fina welcome to ill-city my land that got
Me strong, I'm a living survivor hustling on my
Streets with
Pocket change never get me wrong. Still breathing
This my season, reasons how many more days
Must be freezing,
I'll be the last of them mohicans, making millions.
Oh wait a minute, better wake up after slapping
Your face with cold ice,
Talking to your self and shouldve listen to mamas
Advice. Elevating with the flying marks ama cut
Them all cause I'm bad to the bone, two for the
Beats and kick them tweets cause I gotta lot of
Bass, and speakers that boom, (boom).
I'm rolling deep with ripgutt and g-pone deflect to
Vega follow my lead boys ama take you to a lactic,
Hella my peeps got a bunch a stacker, get drunk
Get toed so toed that we passed out yo, all
The way to the backdoor hurling even bouncers
Don't recognize us no more.

Chorus:

And this goes out to all my people, (one love to
Them honeys and thugs).
This aint the same when your not around, (ill-city is
The place to be).
Side walk bars and strip clubs use to be the spot, (
It's a trip when you remember them days).
The feeling so good life in the hood, (holler at you
Homies when I get home)

2nd verse:

I love my family dearly and really wonder how yall
Doing baby, this wont be the last words I swear
Theirs more to
Come, and if you think I'm still the same old jobless
What you call it right? I'm on a mission for some
Dividends
Cause I'm working hard to be a better man. Can
Tackle any problem as long as I find the answers
Cause you're the ones who keeps me going heavy
Burden aint occurred to me. Spread the words on
The streets,
News flash I'm dropping bombs on the down low,

Let me take you to another level with a simple plan
For iloilo
And I, just miss all of u. especially to my syndicate
Posse popping them things up, wish I could roll just
Hit me up
Fool, and I wont forget about them precious times,
For them veterans for my street thugs and them
Famillys had
Me going.
Back 2 chorus:
3rd verse:
3 years in the making and 3 years I'm independent,
Mama stopped sending checks, cause she found
Out I got a
Job and quite apartment. To my daddy who bust his
Ass to give me all his support, even when I was in
Thin ice,
Stood by my side and bailed me out of court. And I
Know when I'm bout to do something (something)
Help me
God I think I'm lacking (lacking). Fina bust with a
Cuss, and the lust so we just having guts then I
Started
Rapping. Dreams became games and games
Wishing to be famous, but these days it's all about
That money lose
The fame dawg and get vicious hey
Show love when I get home (get home) show love
When I get home (get home).
For yall it's time to shine, believe me I'm bout to
Get mine.(2x)
Back to Chorus:

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