

Mr. Criminal

"Only The Strong Survive"

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Damn, another year gone by. Homies still locked up,
couple homies resting
In peace, you know what I mean?

Born and raised through out the Southern California
side
Raised in the streets by Gs, always had a sense of
pride
Used to being a hand knock, breaking into pad locks
Smoking a drinking a little bit to wash away my bathed
eyes
This was the life for me, bought to a society
The homies I came up with had a common orderiety
Breaking them laws, a problem with them my society
My father didn't want me, understand why momma lied
to me
They say that God blesses a child that holds his own
I didn't know it, but I felt it when I held my chrome
Feeling alone, feeling I got the world to roam
And it's hard to stay clean, when thieves surround your
home
Growing up hard dammit, bruised, tatted, an scarred
My home away from home was concrete and bars
Living the fast life, need to stop before I crash
Easy come easy go, living life chasing cash

I take a look up in the sky, heavy hearted feelin
stressed out
Take a hit of the chronic, blow my breath out
These are the trials and tribulations that a criminal was
facin
So I guess I gotta face it

I take a look up in the sky, heavy hearted feelin
stressed out
Take a hit of the chronic, blow my breath out
These are the life and times, ducking felonies, crooked
cops
And crimes, cause only the strong survive

Beat another case fresh out in 98

Did a year of some change, but I ain't changed I ain't
straight
Got an attitude that's worst, still connect with my turf
Pack a little.25, or 2 clips under my shirt
Put some weed in different sacs, hit the streets an go to
work
Haha, that's the way we put in work
That was right before the homie, Shy, got shot in the
face
Around the same time, my homie started takin trips out
state
Like Huey, tried and convicted as an adult
Homies striking out for slanging dope, an pistols
assault
That was the rap shit, way before the rap shit started
Homies out on the mission, blastin hittin they targets
It was us against them, fuck the world if we had to
I remember when the homie Skills gave my first tattoo
Rest in peace dawg, God bless your family an all
I guess someones gotta answer whenever Heaven calls

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Now years later in the rap game, shit ain't changed
Besides a little bit of fame, shit I still live the same
Got a lot to lose, so now I stay in my lane
But still I stay connected to the homies that bang
Ask about me from the rap game, streets, an the
system
Haters wanted some drama, then this heat's what I
give them
One of the homies grew a rat, there's no way to forgive
him
No excuse, you know the rules to this life that we livin
An it's sad but I got the paper work to prove it
Mention my name in shit I ain't had shit to do with
Gettin other homies caught up, dragging good names
down
I wish I could see you now, you fuckin bitch ass clown

Smile on the day they catch you, let those lips run now
Cooperating with huras, so look what you got now
You never know who to trust..
Turn your back on them snakes, look wat they do to us

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A moment for the homies who are resting in peace,
Too the homies in the prison cells,
Hope to see you soon homies...

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