

Dead Flowers

"What's Really Good"

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"Can you play the beat a little higher?"

[Rocky Raez]

Yea, ok, yo, listen, check it, yo

Heyo these streets hate me, but they made me a
animal
We little ghetto boys that was raised on the avenue
We drug dealers, stick-up kids, and what have you
In rap battles with the audience that clap at you
My block crazy, I never seen a cat pass through
On bright sunny days you can see my black shadow
Gats with barrels sucked under the apparel
And that's natural in a city with crack statutes
Please believe it, gun shots some keep secrets
You keep sleepin', get caught in ya Jeep preachin'
Always listen to an old man when he speakin'
To learn how to keep police agreein' on the weekend
Learn how to analyze a man when he creepin'
Learn not to never burn a bridge when you leakin'
That's street knowledge, write it down and speak about
it
Drug dealers use this rap the street outfit
I leave doubters in the back and move outwards
Watch for them niggaz with Timbs and loose outfits
Guns don't kill people, the bullets'll kill people
And bullets leave holes in people you just see through
It's all mathematics it's what the streets equal
These streets equal, city niggaz with Desert Eagles
They won't hesitate to drive-by in ten regals
And that's how it is in my life, that's how it is
(Yea, it's Rocky Raez y'all, the Ghostwriters)

[Chorus - 2x]

Heyo, what's really good? (We over)
'Cuz I got it on lock (In my hood)
We hustle what we could (In yo' block)
You niggaz ain't stop (In my block)

[Vinnie Paz]

(talking during chorus)

I got the style right breezin' and then I'm ?
Only speak to me if I allow you to talk
Cuz y'all ain't never learn that you crawl before walk
My four-pound leggin' you down like Black Hawk
The gat's smart, intelligent born vicious
Military thug who follow Allah wishes
That's why I don't eat pork and cause sickness
And that's why literal cats is like bitches
And y'all be more hard pressed to stop me
And fiends dumpin' out on the block, it's rock free
So fuck peace, cousin bring me to war
So I can have blood on my hands with C-4
I need more, need weed and need cash
Or I'ma shoot three at ya team like Steve Nash
You believe fast, 'cuz that's jus how it go down
That's how Vinnie Pazi ends up always holdin the crown
I'm holdin' it down, with five nickel nine biscuits
I live my life for Allah, the five prisoners
But y'all always in Jedi Mind business
Now your body parts are buried in five ditches
(It's fuckin' Vinnie Paz baby)

[Chorus - 2x] (Vinnie Paz talking in background)

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