

Soulja Slim "Imagine"

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F/ C-Murder, Mac

Imagine making it big in this rap game
And you think it's all good
I'm here to tell you it ain't baby
You got every eye in the world on you
You gotta understand these people fear what they
don't know

Chorus

Imagine life with no jails and no laws
And no harassment on brothers in fancy cars
Now why they wanna trap me, make me a slave
They just mad cause a ghetto nigga break bread x2

[C-Murder]

I'm on the ground cuffed up like a dog
Said my cuffs too tight, but they laugh when they see
me fall
I guess my skinss too dark for them to hear me
I know they don't like me, for some reason I think they
fear me
Quit tripping on my chains and my rangs
I want to hit em, but I didn't cause I maintained
They got me FED's on the scene and they sware I got
the cream
And the stolen truck green, canine all up in my jeans
They don't realize I'm a soldier
I had a pissed, ask your son, I know he gotta C-Murder
disc
Number one in every record store
Mom and pops tap my phones, but you know I aint
slangin rocks
Take me to jail but I tell em take me off the scene
My first call go to P, he put my mind at ease
You told me not to trip cause it's a bigger picture
And if your tank don't put it on TRU, I'm a come and get
ya

Chorus

[Mac]

Woah, picture life without the crooked cops and without
the cell blocks

Would you sell rocks, or would you be like me, I'm shell
shocked

And I went through stressin (why), cause I'm already
strapped,

Bulletproof vesting

Waiting to be tested by the devil on that level

I used to sit on the porch with my uncle Ben

And I watched the murder scene when I was 13, dad,
why they come for me

And it made me crazy, and it made me lose my mind

And from time to time it crossed my mind

What if there wasn't a crime

Now Slim, would you kill for me and everything that's
true for me

If there was no law, and nobody was superstars

No state trooper cars to follow, you wouldn't have to
swallow

Your rocks, so toss the glocks with the hollow

I would kill a rich man and drink his blood, would it
bring me riches

Or would I just be selling my soul to them wicked
witches

We already in babylon, the world is a ghetto and God is
like the don,

Nigga wooooah

Chorus

[Soulja Slim]

Now we get only get one minute to pray and a second
to die

Could you picture the darkside before I let these bullets
fly

From out my 4-5 see, I know what you mean

Is it life or that imagine living life with no breath

My imagination's a motherfucker with a bullet stretch

Too much killing, I won't supply the world with a vest

But that's impossible, killing it's unstoppable

As long as they got bullets and guns they got niggas
that's droppin em

Real niggas from that ????? the world that's all about

Real niggas we won't have a reason to kill niggas, heal
niggas

My plane it runs so deep I'm a share it with yall

While my own niggas is trying to cut throat while I'm
tryin to ball

Dog, you aint never seen what I seen what I seen

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