

## Tela "Survival"

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[\* People screaming in background \*]

Hey, hey come here, bring yo ass over here right now  
Put the money in this motherfuckin', FUCK THEM!  
Just put the money in the got damn bag, just do what I  
say  
Hey, hey show me them hands, ooh shit girl  
GET WHAT I SAID GOT DAMN IT!  
Keep showin' em' ooh shit girl  
GOT DAMN IT DID YOU HEAR ME! DON'T STOP, DON'T  
STOP!

[Verse 1]

I do get me some grain, ridin' me a Stang  
Go inside this bank, decide to get em' for them thangs  
That's what had in mind, some nitro and some nines  
Pipe bombs and napalm, shit you think I'm lyin'  
As quickly as I flee them folks come to take it  
Left my ass no choice but to go off and shake it  
Shake it to the left, no no, shake it to the right  
I'm gonna shake it to the left because they left my ass  
to die  
Shit off in ya I cause that green I multiply  
Allergic to that shit back in 1989  
When I sold that dope or that purple traded soap  
All that bullshit for a highly ass rope  
They make it for that soap, that's all that she wrote  
Broke kibbles to bits , brought my mom's to pokes  
I'm stuffin' bags possessed, my dope I will compress  
Shit I would invest in some quakers on the cut  
See most of the time I got my ass in  
Then most the time I took the fuckin' ass end  
Of the stinkin' paddle, beat my ass like a rattle  
Snake because they fake, took a piss off in my shadow  
An adult lesson, I couldn't get no Wesson  
I dropped down depressin' a broke nigga stressin'

[Hook (x3) with various ad-libs]

Survival

Survival, in these streets

[Verse 2]

It's killin' me here, we livin' on the hill  
Next to a crazy motherfucker you can't feel  
That's why I keep the four-four, the mask and the boat  
Tey ass fuck with me, they ass cuttin' close  
Like those on the eighty, say hoes weighty  
Shit for me, niggas takin' half, I don't play that  
I want my cakes and eat it, the goods and delete it  
This shit could be repeated but my ass just seem to  
meet it  
Like winds through a pipe or candles to the night  
Hoes to a pimp, or a Sphinx to a dyke  
Call me what cha' like but I ain't headin' bike  
Except for twenty days and that was twenty nights  
A fuckin' December that was thick as timber  
Wolves and they tryin' to hit my rims as I deliver  
Shit to keep me goin' hoes they keep throwin'  
Monkey tools at my shoes, keep my toes swollen  
Cause I just go on fast and niggas might blast  
If I had some bullshit about who's side is grass  
So why you fuckin' cuttin' disrespectful askin' nothin'  
Ain't got shit to do but you wanna be doin' something  
  
[Hook (to end) with various ad-libs]

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