

Big Syke "Till The End"

Visit "[Till The End](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

As I, reminisce about the old days,
The OJs, Devon 'n Kase,
Bumpin' grindin' in the hallways
Back in school, I broke the rules,
I ran wid fools I paid my dues
I do anything to be cool
It's funny how time flies
In the blink of an eye,
Ya see years of ya life go passin' by
As I try to maintain,
I break the chains
Weed smoke in my brain,
Just to ease the pain
I recall it was a black thang, a mack game
Now it's either gangbang or livin' in the crack game
Mercy mercy meeee, not to curse me,
Just cause it hurts me,
To see my people out ah work doin' dirt
Money comes disperse drain an accountant for what
it's worth,
Poverty stricken environments,
Lead to early retirements
Drugs moved into the ghetto by the government
I'm back by popular demand,
A easy hundred grand,
Made Marvin Gaye feel like a troubled man
Schemes calculating dreams made on triple beams
So it seems all things is for the green

Verse 2:

It's just the way it's gon' be till I die
This gangsta life, who ride throw up sets
It's for the evil mind,
Living our lives sayin' he's a friend of mine
Had these niggas wanna smoke me in the blink of the
eye tell me why?
Retaliatin' waitin' in the bushes wid the Calico
Reload and ready to go hit the floor
Ride on young hogs get ya bang on,

And make sure you got ya zones
Get ya slang on, ya caine on
It's a meetin' a short greetin'
Nobody's leavin', till we see some body leakin'
Some deady bodies bleedin',
And every place we roll we get a G-stroll
Punks jump up to get beat down and T rowed

(Big Syke)

We commence to smash, get the cash, that's all we
wanted
Wid desire expired cause every hood is haunted
By killas and jackers, tryna make it as a street hog
Bustin' out a coupe in the smog....

Verse 3:

As I begin to put 'em in bags
I'm taking drags from the shrimp
Stake that sweat, like a bitch's clit
But I gotta keep it lit,
Don't split just take another hit
Man slug to ya fuckin' dome,
And now ya spirit and soul
Has got nowhere to fuckin' roam,
I be the one that is ready to battle invitin' the one to
come try me
Who in the fuck ever said that A-Roc was bad as evil a
crimey
And goin' through bottle it harm wid dice bitch to your
fuckin' throat
He's dead and he's gone goody bye, so you know that
is all he wrote
So bon voyage to those that stand around it's time to
break
If not you'll be another fucking victim's life I take
When I was born I came along wid a pair of big ass nuts
I smoking 'em all so fuck the rest of all you rappin'
mutts

(Big Syke)

Our future's been dark since little locs in the park
Weak appetites searchin' for a light but none in sight
I know God see a nigga in this turmoil and suspense
Trapped in this gutter residence..

(?????)

Fuck friends and gets my endz is all I know
I can't trust no nigga, so you know I damn so can't trust
no hoe,
Cash been hard to find since '89, been a steady grind

Always involved, in major crime

(????)

I got a crew that'll rush a chosen few to stay true
Till the end gettin' our revenues and payin' dues
Still tow this money, payback for murdered buddies
Now things is bloody, time to play 'em like putty,
Gots to give me my props cause we comes deep
Hard rock lettin the evil mind be known on your street

Verse 4: Big Syke

Cause me and my row dogs everything we did as kids
was for the turf,
Tryna make it work, and my woman's gettin' her
feelings hurt
See that's my row dog and you my row puppy,
Not likin' him and sweatin' me's making shit crazy
Hazy days wid penitentiary ways don't make me
choose
Cemetery dates, escalate, so you know you lose
I'm cruisin' through chaos, drivin' through hell county
Disappear off the earth, only my row dog can find me
Always on the side of me in danger parlayin' on betta
days
To the Oak we'll stay down forever to our dyin' days,
I pray to Yahweh every night to lead us right across
Whoever go first, don't let the other get lost
Playaboss is what we call ourself
Soon as we got a taste ah wealth
Now we satellite niggaz wid a bigger arsenal on our
shelf,
Trained and schooled by Gs, death before dishonor
Shakin' fleas, fuck wid these you a goner, my East
partner
On my side when we ride in synchronized formation,
Making hits, pullin' licks, building our reputation
In the hood from a tiny to a G-hog,
Nothing comes closer nigga,
Than me and my road dogs.

Visit [Big Syke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.