

Cole Lloyd & The Commotions

"Still Going Through a Thang"

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[Female singer]

I'm going through a thang
Ohhhohh!

[Ghetto E]

Black child, murdered on the playground
Blood stains on the ground
As they're taking his body, swish was the only sound
Fiends give ace away, suckin dicks in alleyways
I understand that crime pay, so I can't put my gun away
My cousin slangin yola on the block like Coca-cola
Til he slung a boulder to undercover narcotic soldiers
I'm tryin to drink the pain away with liqour
But the problems keep on comin
Havin visions of some nigga that's dickin my woman, in
my bedroom
I'm slowly chewin mushrooms, tryna zoom
Cuz I know the end is comin soon
My momma got problems of her own, and I'm adding
to 'em
Feds inditing bitch-ass niggas, and they rattin to 'em
Niggas stole my car for the sounds and danas, fuck
that
Got him back, he tryed to slang it to my neighbor
Cardiac arrest, from all this stress that's on my chest
Keepin it real, and yet a nigga still
Going through a thang

Chorus: Male singer (Bootleg) 2x

Oooh I'm, still going
Going through a thang (I'm going through a thang,
still)
Oooh I'm, still going
Going through a thang (Still going through a thang)

[Bootleg]

I got some problems, today has been a bad day
My auntie stole my closest odom cuz she started
smokin llel
When I walk my little girl to school, I choose to hold her
hand

The other day they found a newborn baby in the
trashcan
Dead wrong, sad song
Sunk in the hood, where we come from
In the winter time, I donate my old coats to the bums
I was raised around
Visions of my cold days, walkin prison compounds,
look at me now
My baby mama suing me, fuckin me on child support
Got me for a hundred thousand, right before we went
to court
I'm catchin myself from fallin, my record deal was
stallin
Quit tootin no cocaine, why we big ballin
These niggas wanna hang, cuz I'm makin change
Twenty-inch thangs, hellafied bain
Cardiac arrest, from all this stress that's on my chest
Keepin it real, yet a nigga still, going through a thang

[Chorus] 2x

[Esham]

Ha, ha, ha, ha
Still going through a thang
Going through some thangs, going through some
thangs
Going through a thang
I'm going, I'm going, through a thiz-ang
Wanna let my nuts hiz-ang
It's all about that product sliz-ang
Me must be out your miz-ang
Esham is who I iz-ang
Murders to said I kliz-ang
Still down to biz-ang
Biz-ang your brains out
I ride via same clout
Been packin the nine everytime I rhyme, since I came
out
I'm down with my mellow, Ghetto E be bustin the metal
I'm on the driver side, murder by switch of the pedal
Hello, once again it's them cats from Michigan
Going through some thangs, that you be like, "Not this
again"
Dem niggas sellin dope, the preacher gave us hope
And couldn't be save by St. John, Paul, or Pope

[Chorus] 2x

