

Stalley

"Live At Blossom"

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Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu
Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu
Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu
And all my niggas say
Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu

And I'm live from the streets
'73 Caprice with the alligator seats
Alpine beats beat the block up all night
Wood grain a good thing, we riding all types
Chevy's alright, blue pin stripe
All American me, patriotic when I ride
Bulletproof outside for you monks that starve
I got something for death wishers wishing that I
Ease up for a minute
Man I'm pushing city limits, no recruising, I didn't did it
Spend straight to the top
Made a couple benz
Now it's time to hit the block and bring my niggas out to
shop
All new fabrics, Jordan's automatic
Couple gold chains, couple 4-4matics
Keeps a nigger one static
We lie about milk city G's, we are savage
Came from the basements and the attics
Jump shot the serve rock
Beat the average line state of a young black male
The trap's so small but we trap so well
Spend it all at once and make it back so well
The circle of this how they say heaven's beyond these
gates
I swear I see heaven every time I enter the place
It's the faith I have in change
But it always stays the same as I ride around in vane
And they say

Na na na na na

Na na na na na uuu uuu
And we smoking on that
Na na na na na
Na na na na na (got me feeling like) uuu (that feeling's
like) uuu

I got my dog shades on
Blocking out these trobe lights
Eyes blood shot, I've been sippin' all night
On my 7 jay paper's all white
I'm so distant from the star type
The ones them self of music
Insanity is drilling me so the drugs I use it
To flow away from this bullshit, abuse it
Tryna escape the bull pit, that same old blueprint
But ten friends fake women the whole niners groolish
Nightmares in night is
Slight glance from Chevy chairs
Heavy is making hard to breathe
The money's so fast so it makes your heart believe
Temptation in the entertainment, all for the love of
being famous
The cool ones end up being the lamest
So rappers I spoke to became the strangers
And nameless, brainless, faceless, forgotten
Were sitting at the top now they falling to the bottom
Now they crawl around me, watching my every move
cuz I'm the next king
Gracious and militant, Martin Luther's dream
Peeked the whole scene through the lends of Malcolm
Little
Ready for the revolution, same riffle, same window
Man, what'd I get myself into?
2x What'd I get myself into?

Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu
Na na na na na
Na na na na na uuu uuu

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