

## Bamble B

### "5150"

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Behold, your highness, the Luniz are here  
Bring them in  
Man where the fuck we at who the fuck are you??  
It is I, Jesus, Shock Jesus  
And what brings you brothers to such an early fate?  
Man, no what the fuck man  
Niggaz just shot me man, what the fuck man  
How dare you use such language in the face of the  
almighty  
Fuck you  
You shall perish (beitch!!)  
It is my judgement that you shall burn in hell  
Man, noo  
for eternity  
Nooo (the Luniz are here)  
Ahhh

5150, feel me  
Psycho disco just go Luni  
5150, feel me  
Psycho disco just go Luni

I wish I had cot (what?) I wish I had some cot (why?)  
So I could sky and have a place to lay my head and plot  
A broke nigga boney  
Quick to lick but I could never steal shit from my  
homies  
I play acts and make scratch from table scraps  
and always end up fucked watchin other niggaz backs  
I broke hamps wit my folks and get pounds  
but in the mist of funk  
would they really bust rounds?  
I get woozie when I inhale all the badness  
I swear to the Lord when I was young I never had this  
problem  
I stressed the fuck out gotta doubt my own niggaz  
I try to solve my problems wit hamps and liquor  
I used to swig a 22, graduated to a 64  
and now I don't smoke weed no mo'  
And I ain't knowin where I'm headin  
Most likely it's the scene of creamery

I'm petrified of the whole scenery  
The game is some shit ya either roll wit  
Or give up because the game is quick to make a nigga  
stroke it  
For less is what I was wishin for it never came true  
So it came to plannin missions damn near shittin in my  
drawers  
I gotta play my part though and take what I can  
from the niggaz I don't got Scarface nigga I feel ya  
By any means nescenary  
That's why they find scary niggaz buried  
Carried to a whole 'nother place  
If youse a hard nigga die with a smirk on your face  
So much drama, I put my best in it  
Peace, I'd rather live than rather rest in it  
Where I'm from or where I'm headed, it ain't no love  
I give thanx that I'm alive to the man up above  
I'm still takin shit day by day  
Survivin off a nifty, that's why I'm goin 5150

Ripley's won't believe I'm shot, limp in down the block  
Tryin to scoot out, carry the bloody glock  
Cause niggaz they plot, it was a shoot out  
Tryin to take the loot out my pocket  
But I'm quick to let the glock spit at his 350 rocket  
Then I split runnin down the block  
No sense of dick made them bitch made niggaz whip  
out a guage  
Then blaze my ribcage, I'm dazed  
on the ground hella bleeedin ass out  
I remeber seein somebody put me in a glass house, I  
passed out  
Then my spirit arose up out my flesh, I'm old  
No more bullet holes in my chest  
A gold vest when I awaken for Mista Go-Tec-9 is awaitin  
The Lord has no love for playa hatin  
I'm facin Shock Jesus cause I'm the G-ist nigga to do  
the job right  
Because I'm trained up in that mob life  
Come back tonite strapped tonite  
He said if I suceed he'll bring my family and dead  
homies back to life  
A big ass eagle scooped me up then we bails out  
Flyin through the cuts goin the secret hill route  
The whole scene was a disaster  
Friday the 13th the final chapter  
Lookin niggaz wit casper the ghost  
But I float until I smoked the big man  
Slipped in quick sand  
He's gonna kill me but my spirit slipped in my body  
I yelled watch out he's gonna get me

They didn't get me, huh, they labelled my ass 5150

Chorus

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