

The Lost Boyz

"Tight Situations"

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[Verse 1]

I'm in this slight situation
I'm at this chick's crib uptown
niggas try to come through
and lock you down
it seems like a setup
now niggas try to run me from the door
half a second of gun play
then I made my detour
a shot through the glass
at the balcony
how could she
set me up like that
I call my balance and shot back
I'm jettin down the fire escape
outside it's rainin
I'm takin five steps at a time
and the meat is gainin on me
my niggas try to warn me
with my steppin
it's good though
cause on the low a nigga had his weapon
I'm jettin down this dead end real
I hit the street I got no jacket on my back
but I got Timbs on my feet
play my life with a fortune
back against the wall
I'm lookin for my enemies
I'm searchin for them all
no bullets bein fired
so now a nigga's jettin to the corner
that's where a nigga's settin
I put away my burner
now I'm searchin for the train
the only motherf**ker with no coat
I'm in the rain
as deep walkers walkin
I gotta play it cool
even though this thermal that I wore covered up my
tool

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