

King T

"Stay Down"

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Yo

Sup

Dedicated to my homie Lil' Terry

Rest in peace

Front Hood Crip

That nigga DJ [Name] a/k/a Lex Diamond

151 Piru, knowmsayin?

[VERSE 1]

Not long back when I had this cool friend who got paid

And I'ma change the names to protect who's afraid

Let's call him Butch, he was superior to crooks

He ran the books and killed niggas for they looks

But peep it, this nigga told me secrets bout life

The struggles of the black and the luxuries of white

The shit was trife, my nigga's game was ass-tight

And eh, really the only older nigga that I liked

I took heed while this boss player took the lead

As he explained why niggas was addicted to greed

He looked tipsy, mashin in his black 850

"I hit a lick T, now all my niggas out to get me

And this is us, you the only nigga I trust

Cause when it's on, we the only niggas to bust"

No diggity, I know how niggas be around town

But when they talkin bout mashin on a homie, I gots to stay down

[CHORUS]

God please shine your light cause my people are sightless

And nothing's positive when you're far from righteous

We're born in a world of negative and greed

And every day for somethin dumb I watch a young black bleed

Our kids that sell drugs, was raised to be thugs

Raised to love hate, raised to hate love

And in the years to come I hope my people get hip

Stop killin off each other, let's get this grip

[VERSE 2]

And everywhere we went, man, we was strapped like goodfellas

With fresh Karl Kanis I floss Armani sweaters

While Butch, he bragged about Colombian connections

Fuckin with the Mexicans who dress like Texans

A veteran, and although I seemed mesmerized

I glanced and saw the look of fear in his eyes

He taught me: "Sometimes you can't trust your own people

They turn on ya, and all this shit's illegal

I gave up dances, bullshit type romances

Dress the fanciest, takin penitentiary chances

Now the baby gees wanna drop me to my knees

Damn, niggas tryina stick me for my ki's

Well good luck cause loc, I don't give a fuck

I put that on the set, I leave these young fools touched

With hollow point slugs through your mug young clown

You're speakin on dippin in my riches, you best to stay
down"

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

And as years went by, my nigga kept his game in gear

He moved to Atlanta, I pursued my career

Sometimes I reminisce the ways we did dirt

Cookin up chemicals, shippin out work

He kept in touch, he said he bought a five on dubs

"And when you get a chance nigga, come rock my club

These hoes get tossed when I floss on my boat

Don't sweat no hotels, I bought a crib by Too \$hort

It don't stop till the wheels break loose

I heard they tripped out and killed my nigga Big Bruce

It's all good, he's seein things much greater

Them niggas involved laugh now, cry later"

I know what's happenin, my nigga always spoke wise

Some people gotta grind, get the loot and organize

He closed the conversation, would I always be around?

"You need somethin, hit me, God bless loc, stay down"

[CHORUS]

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