

Buddha Monk f/ LeBang, Mello

"Me & My Peoples"

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[Intro: LeBang] LeBang gang, running rebels, nine ounce Holla, you know what it is, nineties [LeBang] Easy to die, but harder to live, and when it's problems Other niggas wanna borrow your kid All live for three things, money, hoes and drugs Give you three things, you can hold these slugs I know I'm wanted for that, but only God knows I'm going through stress I'm maintaining, this Brooklyn Knight, ain't nothing bout this, no paradise Rolling dice with your life at price What you want, the size of your arm or your the size of your leg We even got guns the size of your bed And sell weight the size of your head Want weed? Fuck with the dreads Mad cuz I'm back, with water, crack, coke and the caine I'm toking them things, that'll open in range Little niggas don't listen to they olders, a shame Witty cats behind bars of that, we gonna bang out til the bars is read Fuck cops, I make it hard for feds We skating off any time, anywhere Bust our guns, any time, anywhere [Chorus: Mello] Me and my peoples, hear no evil, see no evil Living peaceful, through these bald eyes of an eagle This shit is lethal, in other words, life's deadly This tight petty, cut sharp like machete's Cuz niggas ain't ready, for this new world order Running like water, will only make life shorter I'm a reporter, spread the news In this game, we choose whether or not, we win or lose [Mello] I don't know why, but lately I've been feeling closer to death Like a bullet bout to go through my chest Teflon bout to blow through my vest I ain't got shit, and plus I'm depressed So when it's on, I'mma choke you to death Dealing with stress, and I ain't try'nna settle for less I'm like a doctor with results of your medical test Give you the news, please don't get it confused I'm like a BB King, cuz I give you the blues Pick and you choose, even when you win, you could lose I ain't never been beaten, but all my life I've been abused I played the fool, went ahead and blazed a tool If I knew what I know now, I would of stayed in school Thinking I'm cool, but I was bout as dumb as a mule Couldn't hear them old fools, that was dropping the jewels Ain't nothing changed, so I figure why act strange? Seeing life from a range, it's just the

same old thing [Chorus] [LeBang] I don't know whether
I'm winning or losing, but at the rate I'm going All I
know is my destiny's choosing In my mind I think I kill
for the kings, but I'm Scar Montana So I just cut off your
hands for your rings Plus I roll with the LeBang gang,
for bullets, where ya chain hang That'll change your
main frame, still I try to maintain Fuck a deuce, niggas
that smoke backwoods that roll backwards That'll pass
ya'll and roll back words [Mello] Aiyo, they thinking
bout spitting with Mello, they better off not Spitting,
forfeiting it, and painting their back yellow I want cake,
like the cars we do, they ain't jello Spit fire, that'll roast
these dudes like marshmallows I can give it to 'em, fast
or slow, I master flows I'm after doughs, my ratchet
blows, I'm wife-shorty's bastard snow It ain't shit for me
to snatch this hoe And put the dick up in the ass and
throat, whoa [Chorus 2X] [Outro: Mello] Uh-huh, yea,
and that's just how that shit go, I told 'em Huh, listen,
just let it ride out on 'em, you know? Buddha Monk, ya'll

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