

Slimm Calhoun

"Well"

Visit "[Well](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Slimm Calhoun]

Y'all playin with this game
And it's a damn shame
Yeah

[Slimm Calhoun]

This game real, boy, you can get scarred and barred in
it
If your heart ain't in it, caught up in this world spinnin
Before you started you was finished, dehydrated and
depleted
Niggaz is all washed up without a swallow in they cup
Cause everytime a chicken cluck, you trickin a buck
You pressed your luck and got stuck, fuckin up the re-
up
That's the ones with big talk and no game
Spendin chips but no change
All the dope and no caine
War stories but no pain
The same ones that pop lip then flag ship
Then gotta hip skip before real niggaz pop clips
You better hop hip

[CHORUS]

(Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well)

[KM] Niggaz slum and slimmed out

[SC] Chevy's is primed out

[KM] Hit traps and grind out

[SC] What's poppin, let's find out

(Well, well, well, well

Well, well, well, well)

[KM] College Park

[SC] to Adamsville

[KM] Calhoun

[SC] and Killa Kill

[KM] Got 'dro and plenty pills

[SC] Cuttin blows, hoes and dip

(Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well, well)

[Killer Mike]

In God I trust and in the crowds I bust
Smokin weed to calm down, I'm so blown off dust
It's harder to feel pain when my brains is mush
I know it's fucked up how fathers turn they back on us
And our sick sad mamas smoking crack on up
Slime-ass po-po right in the back of us

Connected muthafuckas got better crack than us
But rich muthafuckas ain't gon' mash like us
Hear sirens coming and continue to bust

[Slimm Calhoun]

Lustful ways, livin in these mistrustful days
Who said crime don't pay, niggaz out here cockin k's
Don't drop, they spray, one shot, you lay, toxic waste
One pine box, one case, I'll block yo place

[Killer Mike]

I beat niggaz senseless for Jordans and sixty dollars
Pinned hoes' toes to the earlobes and collars
In the back of a Impala, all to deliver pain
Twist her frame and hear her holler
So savage that it's gettin harder
For me to see redemption in tomorrow
So far from God that I'm finding righteous paths hard
to follow
I'm gulping vodka, I'm killin sorrow in the bottom of a
sky bottle
So depressed and sick and
Slimm young and gifted
I'm just sick and twisted

[CHORUS]

[Slimm Calhoun]

Corner-clockin, in the backroom work-choppin
From Biscayne to Boat rockin, one-stop shoppin
Guarded by glock and cash, ain't no stoppin
They party pill-droppin till all the drawers droppin
'dro-ed up, my niggaz stay poured up, sho nuff
Hold up, big bank we fold up, so who wanna roll up?
We got that heat, so you better drop that beef
Before they pop and sweep your whole block in one
heap
Stay at the gun show in a Range cockin new thangs
Like we out west, playa, down to whoo-bang
Come on!

[CHORUS]

Visit [Slimm Calhoun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.